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FROM

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1898

1900

1902

1905

Class of 1850

Yale University

1850-1851



Yale University

Yale University

Yale

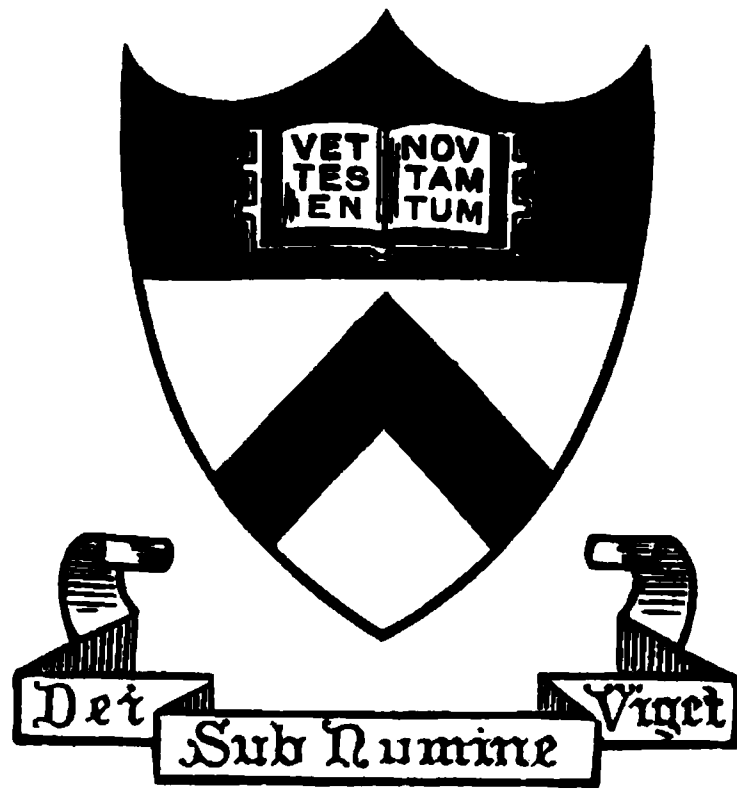
Yale

Yale University



The Class of 1895  
Princeton University

Decennial Record, 1895-1905



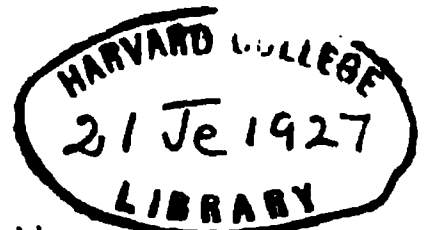
Edited by the Secretary  
Andrew Clerk Imbrie

(No. 4)

New York  
Printed for the Class  
1905

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Harding C. Newman, Concord  
CLASS OF 1895,

# Princeton University.

President,

CHRISTY PAYNE, 284 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Secretary and Treasurer,

ANDREW C. IMBRIE, 18 Vesey St., New York.

## Executive Committee.

WILLIS H. BUTLER . . . . .	Massachusetts.
JOHN W. GARRETT . . . . .	Maryland.
ANDREW C. IMBRIE . . . . .	New York.
STANLEY McCORMICK . . . . .	Illinois.
FRANKLIN MURPHY, Jr. . . . .	New Jersey.
EDWIN M. NORRIS . . . . .	New Jersey.
EDWARD R. OTHEMAN . . . . .	New York.
CHRISTY PAYNE . . . . .	Pennsylvania.
WILLIAM W. PHILLIPS . . . . .	New York.
KNOX TAYLOR . . . . .	New Jersey.

## Additional Members of the Committee for the Decennial Reunion.

CLARENCE H. BISSELL . . . . .	New Jersey.
BEAUVEAU BORIE, Jr. . . . .	Pennsylvania.
JOSEPH S. BUNTING . . . . .	New York.
CHARLES C. CRESSON, Jr. . . . .	Texas.
THEODORE S. HUNTINGTON . . . . .	Ohio.
J. WALTERHOUSE LORD . . . . .	Maryland.
CLARENCE PORTER . . . . .	New York.
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RICHARD STOCKTON . . . . .	New Jersey.
JOHN H. THACHER . . . . .	Missouri.
D. M. F. WEEKS . . . . .	Missouri.
GEORGE WHITE . . . . .	Ohio.

## To Ninety-Five.

**I**T'S the fashion with us editors to break loose in a "Preface," and print it right here in front where you can't help reading it.

Most of the letters which fill up this book were secured under a system of brow-beating for which I am unable to find any moral justification. The postage account records 428 printed circulars and 614 personal letters—not to speak of 51 collect telegrams; a magnificent total of 1093 invitations to the Confessional.

I began to think the Record would reek with scandal, whereas it seems almost fit to be placed in any Sunday School east of the Mississippi River. I have not ceased to marvel at the innocence of your lives. Such humility is beautiful.

If you get half as much fun out of the letters as I have had while they dribbled in through the spring months, I shall feel less guilty about having dared to compile this Work.

You will surely share my gratitude to the men who have written the eight "Contributed Articles." Though writing independently, and separated by thousands of miles, they have set forth, as if by common consent, the sane and cheerful view of their chosen work which Princeton fosters in every man who comes to live within her walls.

A. C. I.

New York, May 16, 1905.





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## “Blue Circular No. 10”

*NOTE:—The Class Secretary reprints the following communication with misgivings. His natural impulse is to suppress it out of mere self-respect. Yet, in the letters which follow, the references to this un-academic appeal (especially to its “14 Suggestions”) are so frequent that it has seemed necessary to print it in the Record, in order that certain mysterious allusions may thus be understood.*

New York, January 10, 1905.

**M**Y DEAR CLASSMATES:—My laziness in writing this Decennial Blue Circular has been scandalous. Already have complaints reached me from the less modest members of the class, who clamor for the chance to parade their successes and record the names of more sons and heirs; so that I dare not postpone the inquisition another day.

But I have the best of reasons for delay. The huge bulk of my enclosure \*, and the labor its preparation has involved, are at once my excuse and my justification. The “Globe-Wernicke Sectional Dormitory” (as it was playfully dubbed when the plan was first proposed) is no longer a vague idea but an accomplished fact. It is already, I am told, the subject of adverse criticism by the knockers who frequent the back room of the Princeton Club of New York; so, if for no other reason, its success is assured. A name for the new building has not yet been chosen, nor has the Alumni Dormitory

\* The Report of the Alumni Dormitory Committee following this circular letter.

Committee determined under what scheme of allotment the various entries shall be assigned to the ten classes. These details are secondary to the great facts that a plan for financing the dormitory has been agreed upon, and that the building will be under way when we go back to Princeton for our Decennial.

So now that you have read my enclosure, and have admired (I hope) the preliminary sketches the architect has prepared, I come to the real business of this circular and ask: What are YOU going to do about it? For you must know that as a member of the Dormitory Committee—moreover, as Secretary of it—I have solemnly pledged the Class of '95 to raise the sum of \$13,000, when we have actually in the bank only \$8,053.42. In times past I “touched” you—but never, I think, for such an amount as this. One of the joys of Next Year will be to know that I may write now and then without asking you for money; and I fancy the rejoicing will be mutual. But now that I’ve made the plunge I can only chatter: “C-c-come in b-b-boys! The water’s f-f-fine!” You can never help me out from the shore; but if you really love me you’ll jump right in up to your neck so that I may have good company when I walk up to the bank!

And there you have—in too many words, I suspect—my reason for *not* sending you the usual Orange Bill. What’s the use of laboriously making out bills for a paltry eight hundred dollars when one is trying to collect five thousand? I want you, Mr. Annual Subscriber, to send me not merely what you have pledged, but—shall I say?—twice as much as you know you can afford. And you, Mr. Tight Wad, may now show the color of the coin so dimly reflected through nine years of vague allusions. “No dribbling annual mite from Yours Sincerely,” (so did you proclaim); “but a check *as is* a check on the tenth year.” You thought I would not remember; and

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yet my card index bristles with notes of these unguarded promises, slyly set down against the day of reckoning—lest you forget!

My dear boy, the tenth year hath come, and I have been sitting up till the small hours trying to break the news gently.\*

### **The Decennial Record.**

The Class Record will be precisely what you choose to make it. Of course I send you a Blue Slip, with spaces where you may write your answers; but the Blue Slip is for the back pages of the Record. It is not a substitute for your letter, but must accompany it; and both, I hope and pray, will be neatly typewritten. Some of you have excellent ideas, but your handwriting does not belong in good society. There must be a dozen places around on Main Street where they know how to do the work, and maybe give you a carbon copy besides.

For the love of all that's good and holy, DON'T begin your letter by calling me "Dear Sir"; yet I can forgive even that if you will spare me the humiliation of reading: "I beg to advise you that I have received your favor of the 10th inst. In reply would say—etc., etc." Commercial life is responsible for few crimes more abhorrent than the vile habits of letter writing it not only condones, but even encourages.

I might spend money on printer's bills and turn you out a model of the book-binder's art; but if you hope to escape the carbonic acid gas that lies bottled up in some of the most expensive Class Records, I implore you to pump into your letter all the vital oxygen it will hold. Try to forget that you are "writing for publication," because the public will never see

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\* As the Record goes to press the contributions to the Decennial Memorial Fund have reached the sum of \$13,000. The Class of '95 is therefor the first of the ten classes to raise its share of the cost of the dormitory.

your letter at all. That letter is for the 240 men whom you know best, and who neither expect nor deserve to be fed pebbles when they ask for Force. Suppose you do spend a whole evening playing jiu-jitsu with your vocabulary—or two whole evenings—or six? Just remember, when you get particularly disgruntled, that the Class Secretary will come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves, if he can get as much as one evening a week to himself between now and the Decennial Reunion.

In pity, perhaps, I am led to offer a few suggestions simply as a basis for the kind of a letter I want you to write. They are not questions to be answered as in catechism, nor is every man expected to touch upon them all.

1. **YOUR PROFESSION OR BUSINESS.** Are you glad you chose it—or sorry—and why?

2. **YOUR HOME.** In country, city or suburb? Do you live there by choice or necessity?

3. **TRAVELS.** The Class Record is not a Baedeker; but if you have wandered abroad or at home, tell us where and when. Did you like it or were you bored?

4. **MILITARY SERVICE.** Whether in army or navy or state militia—before or during or since the Spanish War—your experiences and impressions would make your letter interesting.

5. **CLUBS AND SOCIETIES** of which you are a member.

6. **POST-GRADUATE STUDIES.** In what institutions and how long in each? State the degree conferred upon you, professional or honorary.

7. **LITERARY WORK.** Have you written articles or books? Give their titles and when and where published. Have you delivered lectures or made speeches? On what occasions?

21

THE D. Q. BROWN LONG DISTANCE CUP.





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8. **POLITICAL WORK.** Have you held office or have you been a candidate for office—or have you simply “worked for the good of the party”? If you have ever been an “Independent,” be brave and make clean breast of it.

9. **WHAT IS YOUR HOBBY?** It may be playing golf or collecting autographs or grinding the pianola. Every man who is any good is a crank about something.

10. **WHICH MEMBERS OF '95 DO YOU SEE MOST FREQUENTLY?** If you know any particularly good gossip now's your chance to tell it.

11. **WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR PRINCETON?**

12. **WHAT HAS PRINCETON DONE FOR YOU?**

13. **WHAT DEFECTS, IF ANY, HAVE YOU NOTED IN PRINCETON'S EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM?**

14. **WHAT IS THE GREATEST MISTAKE YOU EVER MADE?**

**The Decennial Reunion and the D. Q. Brown Long Distance Cup.**

It is too early to tell the details of our preparations for the Decennial Reunion, June 9th to 14th, 1905. The arrangements will be in the hands of the Class Executive Committee and under the general direction of William W. Phillips, Chairman of the Reunion Committee. I print an illustration of a sterling silver loving cup given to the class by Dickson Q. Brown to be “presented to the '95 man who came to the Decennial from the most distant point—Princeton, June, 1905.”

Who shall remain away with such an incentive to return?

Always faithfully yours,

ANDREW C. IMBRIE,

Class Secretary.

# Report of the Alumni Dormitory Committee of Princeton University.

THE undersigned, duly authorized representatives of their respective classes and organized as the Princeton Alumni Dormitory Committee, respectfully submit the following report to the members of the classes of 1892 to 1901 inclusive.

These ten classes desire jointly to present to Princeton University a dormitory consisting of ten entries and have agreed with the Trustees of the University to raise a sum of money not exceeding \$130,000 for this purpose. The expense of the building is to be borne equally by the ten classes so that no class will be required to raise more than \$13,000.

We submit herewith three illustrations made from preliminary studies drawn by Mr. Benj. W. Morris, Jr., which have been accepted unanimously by the Alumni Dormitory Committee and have been approved by the Board of Trustees of the University.

The building will occupy a position east of Brokaw Field and south of Brown Hall. It will be the beginning of a series of buildings which the trustees propose to erect at some future time on the east and south sides of Brokaw Field. While it will be a part of the general plan for the development of that section of the campus it will be a separate building connected with the others by an arcade only and will thus preserve its identity as the gift of the ten classes from 1892 to 1901 inclusive.

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The total amount of cash now held by the ten classes is \$48,000—an increase of nearly \$15,000 in twelve months. The Alumni Dormitory Committee has made the following agreement with the Board of Trustees of the University:

In consideration of the ten classes undertaking to increase their present cash deposits to the sum of \$50,000 before the construction of the building is begun; and in consideration also of their undertaking to collect an additional \$10,000 during the construction of the building, the Trustees of the University agree to advance the balance necessary to complete it. When the building is ready for occupancy the Trustees of the University agree to pay to the Alumni Dormitory Committee 3% interest per annum on payments made by the several classes. When a class shall have paid \$13,000 it will cease to draw interest; and if twelve years shall have elapsed since the graduation of any class without that class having paid \$13,000, said class shall thereupon cease to draw interest unless its annual payments thereafter shall be at least \$1,000. It is understood and agreed as between the Alumni Dormitory Committee and the Trustees of the University that the interest thus allowed on payments made by the several classes is to be paid back to the university on account of the building fund. This arrangement gives the younger classes the same advantage of accruing interest that the older classes have already secured in raising their funds. It has been further agreed that when a class shall have paid in full its share of the expense the said class will be entitled to place in one of the entries of the building a suitable memorial tablet. If, however, at the end of fifteen years from the time of its graduation, a class shall not have paid in full its share (namely \$13,000) the Trustees may apply the amount actually paid by the said class to any object connected with the university which the class may select with the approval of the Board of Trustees; provided always that

the Trustees are able to find a purchaser for the entry of the dormitory upon which full payment shall not have been paid by the said class.

The illustrations which accompany this report show not only the building which the classes propose to erect, but also the buildings which it is hoped the university may be enabled to build in the near future, and of which general plan our dormitory is to be the beginning. We append a brief description of the building prepared by the architect Mr. Benj. W. Morris, Jr.

It is expected that work on the dormitory will be started in the spring of this year.

Respectfully submitted,

**Alumni Dormitory Committee**

W. K. PRENTICE	'92
H. G. MURRAY	'93 <i>Chairman</i>
W. F. MEREDITH	'94
A. C. IMBRIE	'95 <i>Secretary</i>
C. B. BOSTWICK	'96
J. H. KEENER	'97
N. S. SCHROEDER	'98
J. H. HARRISON	'99
F. P. KING	1900
W. E. HOPE	1901

January 10, 1905.

Elevation of Dormitory to be given by the 10 classes.

Birdseye view of the Dormitory to the.

Elevation of the proposed group of buildings adjoining the Dormitory of the 10 classes.



Approved by the Board of Trustees  
of the University of California  
at Berkeley

and the proposed group of buildings adjoining it

## Description of the Dormitory.

**T**HE building of the ten classes is the point of interest at the northern end of the proposed group to the eastward of Brokaw Field, the grade at its upper being 35 feet above the lowest grade of the group which is to extend east and west across the south side of Brokaw Field. Accordingly, it has a very commanding position and is at the nearest point of the proposed improvements, to the life of the university.

It has been designed as an independent feature of a general scheme, and preserves distinctly its own identity. The style of architecture is a development of the Tudor or Collegiate Gothic, which has been adopted in the buildings last erected on the campus. The materials suggested are brick and stone, the brickwork to be of a dark purplish red, and the stone a light bluish gray or buff. The brickwork to be laid in variations of English bond. This means that an indistinct but interesting surface pattern or texture will be obtained, giving an effect differing from the common or ordinary brick wall, just as Irish linen differs from a smooth glossy paper.

The use of brick and stone will avoid the monotony which would arise were the white stone material of Blair, Little and the Gymnasium continued throughout the entire series of buildings. The necessity of varying the color scheme becomes apparent when it is remembered that the distance covered between University Place and the southern end of Brokaw Field is almost a half a mile. \*

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\* As the Record goes to press, it has been finally decided to build the dormitory entirely of stone, in accordance with a widely expressed preference for that material.



The extreme length of the building is 284 feet and its greatest depth is 80 feet. Ten doorways or entries are shown and the accomodation will be for a few less than 100 men. The general arrangement will be a study and two bedrooms, though in some cases there will be variations. Ample and modern plumbing facilities will be provided.

The height of the building varies from two to five stories, a feature thought to add greatly to its picturesque charm. Each of the two story sections will be an approximate unit, representing the gift of a single class. The higher portions of the building will have two entries, instead of one, for a corresponding amount of ground area covered.

Every class will have its own doorway properly distinguished and will thus secure a tangible and visible demonstration of its generosity to the University.

## Letters from the Class.

*NOTE:—The “permanent address”—where mail should be sent—is printed first and in conspicuous type. The “residence address,” when it is not the same as the “permanent address,” follows in lighter faced type. The essential facts about each man—where he lives, what he does, and whom he has married—are thus placed where they may be read easily and quickly.*



### **ALEXANDER SPEER ANDREWS**

**44 Wall St., New York**

Flushing, N. Y.

Lawyer, 44 Wall St., New York.

Dear Mr. Secretary:—

Since my last to you as an official of our good class, I haven't been to Europe or the Chinese region or any spot affected by empirical persons. For mine, Manhattan and Flushing and the tenements between—twice a day. Frequently, of course, I have considered the discomfort that must qualify a consciousness, in one out ten years, of no noble edifices founded, or chairs endowed, or lakes watered—all down in Mercer County, N. J. But there's nothing in it; no discomfort at all. Of course anybody who's been out twenty years without &c. is a slob; but the absurdity of a ten year proposition is obvious to anybody who's been out ten years. The mirage of our well meant hopes recedes, you perceive, in decimal hops.

By the way, that lake idea was mine; mine, years before anybody else's. Carnegie's waters—ha! Columbus didn't feel worse when A. Vespucci pinched the whole game. There is a satisfaction, though, in founding an entry all by yourself; the cool \$5 bill I sent you will, I rather fancy, open those fellows' eyes down there about what we can do for Ole Nashua Hall.

Terribly sorry, old fellow, I can't tell you about a wife and little curly headed chaps turning somersaults in papa's lap.

Yours,

ALEX. S. ANDREWS.

New York, February 13, 1905.

**CARRINGTON GINDRAT ARNOLD**

**30 Broad Street, New York City, N. Y.**

Lawyer. Member of firm of Nash & Arnold, 30 Broad Street, New York City, N. Y.

MARRIED: Cassandra Lawrence Lee, July 19th, 1902, Flushing, New York.

Dear Andy:—

Your last appeal reached me this morning and while I note what you say about the Record being incomplete without a letter from me, I also note that the date of your letter is April first.

However, since you insist on knowing what little I have done since leaving Princeton, I will tell you in a few words.

I came to New York in the Fall of 1895, graduated from the New York Law School and was admitted to the Bar in 1897, and have since been practicing law here, with the exception of a few months which I spent in Baltimore.

If you are familiar with the first few years of the life of a "rising young lawyer" (I was once called that in the local papers of a small town where I addressed the populace from the tail of a cart), you know the rest of the story—hard work.

For the past year, however, I have been in partnership with a Yale man and try to make him do most of it.

I was married on July 19th, 1902, to Miss Cassandra Lawrence Lee. Since leaving Princeton, I have lived most of the time at Flushing, New York.

Your sincere friend,

CARRINGTON G. ARNOLD.

New York, April 3, 1905.

**JOHN AUCHINCLOSS**

**35 Nassau St., New York**

West Orange, N. J.

Partner in Dovall & Co., Real Estate, 35 Nassau St., N. Y.

Dear Andy:—

I have just returned from California, and find sundry pathetic notes begging an answer to Blue Circular No. 10, and a letter for the Decennial Record.

Just at present I am so full of California I am not much use for anything. That's God's own country. You ask "What is the greatest mistake I ever made." I say at this stage of the game "Ever leaving California." If I had only known what was good for me, I might have had a look in on the D. Q. Brown Long Distance Cup. That certainly is an incentive to make a man come from the ends of the earth to Princeton in June, 1905.

I am afraid the publication of the Record is being held up for my contribution, so I am going to cut it short, only adding that I am looking forward to the time of my life, now just three months off.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN AUCHINCLOSS.

New York, March 4, 1905.

**RALPH WALDO BAILEY**

**55 Fulton St., New York**

65 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chemist. Associate in firm of Stillwell & Gladding, Analytical and Consulting Chemists, 55 Fulton St., New York.

Dear Andy:—

I take it that The Honorable Secretary does not wish us to talk shop. Anyway chemistry is a silent profession—prying apart the elements is a cold matter-of-fact process quite different from medicine or law. Our contact with the human element is usually in the form of a telephone exhortation to “Hurry up that test!” “Why did you get so much of this and so little of that?” etc., etc. The samples they give us range from antelopes’ stomachs to pig lead; and the questions cover all that is over, below, in, through, and mixed up with this world of ours. It is a fine old profession, but one must have a certain love for it and a large amount of patience.

The most important events of the past ten years have been those reunions or excuses for getting back to the old town and talking things over with the fellows. Foremost at all such gatherings, putting up the tent, giving out flags, or propping up the swelling banner, as we march down to the game, has been Andy. It sounds very simple but some of us know how hard the work is and how much the class of '95 owes to its energetic secretary. Why, some of us can tell just what sins we are committing merely from the color of The Circular that The Honorable Secretary sends out from his fishing tackle emporium.

It is dangerous to venture on local happenings—for has not Sport Carter told us that such things are provincial? Under this designation would come such early gatherings as the Ann Street Sandwich Club, or that notable occasion when a dozen

of us pitched copper coin at sorrowing John Bowman while he waved a bath towel over the stern of the Anchor Liner, when he set forth upon what we supposed was a life-long sojourn in Scotland. The best thing about the latter incident was that shortly afterwards John came back.

A rumor has it that Andy is going to organize a bachelor's club. There are a few of us left, but if the matter is not hurried along the membership will be so select as to make the dues uncommon high.

The desirable part of a university or college is the broad part—the part away from technical details—and to me the best part of Princeton University is the broadly human element represented by the class of '95. Gratitude is a fine thing, but have we not grown old enough to stop telling each other what Princeton has done for us, and start out to do something for Princeton?

May we all be in the old town next June to renew old friendships, and talk over reforms and plans that a short sighted world has failed to adopt.

Very sincerely,

RALPH W. BAILEY.

New York, February 7, 1905.

**THEODORUS BAILEY**

**122 West 78th St., New York**

Physician.

MARRIED: Alice Van Benschoten Foos, Nov. 1, 1902, New York.

Helen Lamar Bailey, Jan. 7, 1904, New York.

My dear Andy:—

In reply to your world renowned Blue Slip, "would say" that I am contentedly following along in the path shown by old Aesculapius and trying to cure every man, woman or child

that comes to me of any and every evil that their flesh may be heir to.

At present I am connected with three medical schools and hospitals, being instructor in Diseases of the Stomach and Digestive System at the Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, in General Medicine at the New York School of Clinical Medicine and one of the assistant surgeons in the Nose and Throat department at St. Bartholomews. I am also one of the medical examiners of the Phoenix Life Insurance Co.

I have written several articles for the medical press, all on diseases of the stomach, which I propose to make my specialty; and last summer during the vacation of the Professors I had the pleasure of delivering lectures on that branch of medical science to the post-graduates matriculated at the Polyclinic.

After trying various sites on the west side of town I am glad to say that I am at last most comfortably settled in my own home at 122 West 78 St.

Several clubs and societies have done me the honor of enrolling me among their members, such as Saint Nicholas, The Colonial Wars, The Aztec, The Zeta Psi, the Polyclinic Clinical Society, The Medical Society of Greater New York, The New York County Medical Society, The Medical Association and The American Medical Association.

Most sincerely yours,

THEODORUS BAILEY.

New York, March 9, 1905.

**WILLIAM JAMES BAIRD**

**Merion Station, P. R. R., Pa.**

64 Rue Spontini, Paris, France.

Studying vocal music in Paris.

MARRIED: Maria Uytendale Hendrickson, October 16th,  
1895, Mount Holly, New Jersey.

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Sarah Uytendale Baird, July 25, 1896, Darby, Del. Co., Pa.  
William James Baird, March 25, 1899, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Charles Hendrickson Baird, Sept. 3, 1900, Atlantic City, N. J.

My dear Andy:—

I knew my communication to the Archives of the Class of '95 was long past due, and have many, many times been on the point of sitting down and pouring out my life's story for the edification of my classmates, and incidentally their families, but unfortunately some unforeseen accident always occurred at the most propitious moment, and pleasure (?) had to give way to duty. On one occasion, when I was about to take a week off for the purpose during the latter part of January, I suddenly realize that it would seriously interfere with my contemplated return to Paris, for, as you no doubt heard, I spent the early part of the winter in Philadelphia. On another, soon after my return here, my good intentions were frustrated by the arrival of Clarence Porter, and, with all due respect to him, you know the advent of a classmate in a foreign land is a most disturbing incident. However, here I am at last, and with a contrite heart I ask your forgiveness, and cheerfully devote the fleeting hour to the good cause.

I am sure, Andy, that the delinquencies of the black sheep cause you many a sleepless hour, and I can imagine how you "tore your hair in your wild despair," and, perchance,, "piped your lachrymal glands" at our apparent heartless appreciation of your arduous duties, and in many cases, fruitless efforts. I have always contended that the dilatory answering by many of us of your circulars, could be laid at your own door, for you have always made them so clever and interesting that one would be foolish to miss an opportunity of receiving all, by answering the first appeal.

I have suddenly realized that this letter is resolving itself



into a personal one to you, and I must hasten to address myself more particularly to the Class at Large.

My life, since leaving Princeton, has been uneventful on the side of business or professional pursuits. I lived in or near Philadelphia until September 1901, when I came over to Paris, and have been residing here ever since, returning every summer to spend a few months in America. My only occupation has been and is the study of vocal music, which I find most interesting and agreeable. While I live here by choice, and enjoy it, I do not consider it Home, for *that* will always be to me the U. S. A., not far from, "the middle of the State of New Jersey." Although I have been living here for nearly four years, I have not travelled extensively since my first year in the "wide, wide," when I took a trip lasting about six months through Ireland, England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy and the Mediterranean (including visits at Malta, Tunis, Alexandria, Cairo, Jerusalem, Beyrouth, Damascus, Constantinople, Athens, Sicily, etc.). I know this sounds like a prospectus of a personally conducted tour, but it was very instructive and entertaining; in other words, in no sense a *bore*.

I have never had any military service, either army or navy, in fact, I have never "done time" under any circumstances.

At present I belong to but few clubs, as I gave up membership in the Art, University and Merion Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia when I came abroad. I still belong to the University Cottage Club, the Princeton Clubs of Philadelphia and New York, the Corinthian Yacht and Orpheus Clubs of Philadelphia, the Sons of the Revolution, and the American Club and Navy League Society of Paris. I believe also that I am a charter member of the world-renowned Wing Club of undergraduate days.

I have never done any literary work (until this minute), nor

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have I mixed with politicians. I have always been a Republican, and whenever I voted, it was the straight ticket. This may sound pretty bad for a Republican from Pennsylvania, and I may amend my remarks by saying that lately I have had few opportunities of taking an active part in state or municipal elections.

My hobby is, as you might have gathered, music.

Unfortunately I have seen but few members of '95 since I came over here, except upon my periodical visits home. John Garrett, our distinguished diplomat, I see the most frequently, as he comes down from The Hague occasionally for a little relaxation, when his arduous duties there begin to pall upon him. We have had many a good long talk of Princeton and the boys, and several celebrations on the occasions of football or baseball victories.

I cannot answer Question No. 11 from lack of material.

Question No. 12 overwhelms me with its possibilities. It would take a book properly to account for all the benefits derived from four years spent in Princeton. Suffice it to say, aside from educational advantages, I look back upon my undergraduate days with the greatest sense of benefit, because they saw the beginning of so many strong and lasting friendships, which I am sure we will live to consider and appreciate even more than now as the best and greatest thing Princeton has done for us.

I plead ignorance to Question No. 13, and as to Question No. 14, it is beneath notice. Why, Andy, I am surprised at your lack of "savoir faire." Now I am sure that you won't be deluged with answers to No. 14. Had you put your question, for example, in this shape: "What is the greatest mistake anyone of your classmates has ever made?" the Class Record would have rapidly taken on the healthy appearance of Webster's Unabridged.

In closing, let me say that I have no fond hopes of capturing Dick Brown's Long Distance Cup, for there is sure to be some cuss from The Hague, or some equally outlandish seaport, to run off with the prize; but in regard to Schumie's prize—that is quite another story, especially if HE does the judging, as I suppose will be the case. If I do not land Arthur's prize, I will have a few trenchant remarks to make to the aforesaid gent which you may assure him won't sound "*très jolies*."

And now, as a final observation, let me assure each and every member of the Class that the latch string is always hanging out at 64 Rue Spontini, that they will always be welcome, and if "You want a guide, sir?" I am on hand.

Looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you all on June 9th,

Ever faithfully,

WILLIAM J. BAIRD.

Paris, April 3, 1905.

### **GEORGE WINFRED BARR**

**Cynwyd, Pa.**

Manager Steam and Hot Water Department of Isaac A. Shepard & Co., Foundrymen and Manufacturers of the Paragon Steam Generators and Hot Water Circulators, 4th St. and Montgomery Ave., Philadelphia.

MARRIED: Ethel Harrison Stewart, December 14, 1898, at Merion Station, Pa.

Ethel Stewart Barr, Dec. 9, 1899, Merion Station, Pa.

George Bishop Barr, April 27, 1902, Cynwyd, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

Your blue spasm No. 10 reached me some time ago, and would have been answered promptly, but knowing perfectly well that my letter would be consigned to the waste basket if it did not contain a check for the Decennial Memorial, and not having the "where-with-all," I was obliged to defer writing you until I could send you the "long green."

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As you will no doubt remember, I was unfortunately obliged to leave Princeton before the completion of my course, and by the merest chance, on October 1st, 1893, fell into the employ of the Herendeen Manufacturing Company, makers of Steam and Hot Water Boilers, and ever since that time I have been endeavouring to pull the leg of the great American Public, through the well known past masters of the art of grafting, namely plumbers and steam fitters.

As you would naturally suppose, the firm I am with is losing money, and simply continue in the boiler business on account of their philanthropy.

In the Fall of '98, after having secured my present position with Isaac A. Sheppard & Company, I was married, and after wandering about for three years like a (folding) bedouin, I bought the house which I now occupy at Cynwyd. The latch string is on the outside to you and all other '95 men who get to the City of Brotherly Love and care to spend fifteen minutes on the train, and fatten the coffers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. While there is nothing terribly exciting to offer any of the fellows who happen to drop in, they will find a home where there is plenty of Princeton good cheer, and where even the kids can sing "Princeton has a Tiger with long and shaggy hair, etc."

Not being a "Fusser" and having no "Hasty Pudding," aspirations, I can confess to belonging to but two Clubs, the Princeton Club of Philadelphia, and St. John's Club of Cynwyd. I am President of the latter, and as this is an Episcopal Organization, I feel very much gratified at holding this office, although it does seem very much like an Orangeman presiding at a meeting of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

I have always given you credit for being foxy, and if there is anything in the world that would make a Princeton man write a long enthusiastic letter, it would be trying to describe

what Princeton has done for him. It has done more for me than I can possibly tell you, having thrown me in close contact with the other members of '95 and all Princeton men everywhere, and in addition to that, it has taught me in a way that nothing else would have done, the appreciation of a true man whenever it is my privilege to come in contact with one in these days when men of that type are exceedingly rare.

It seems to me that we all owe a debt to Princeton which we will never be able to repay in full, but one of which we all may pay something on account, if we remember our birthright and so try to be men in whatever walk of life we may be thrown.

With best wishes for a successful and enthusiastic reunion, and hoping to see you and the rest of the fellows on the day of the "Peerade" to the Yale Game, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

GEO. W. BARR.

Philadelphia, March 3, 1905.

**GEORGE FISHER BARTON**

**Montour Falls, N. Y.**

Manager and Chief Engineer of Seneca Engineering Co.  
Principally Bridge and Steel Building work. Also consulting engineer. Montour Falls, N. Y.

MARRIED: Mary Belle Titus, Aug. 29, 1895. Trenton, N. J.

Dear Imbrie:—

I started in to write this letter just as you have asked me NOT to; but I suppose, as you say, that Commercial Life is responsible for more or less of the frigid way of expressing ourselves to our friends in our correspondence. You will have to excuse me if I follow too closely your "suggestions" as regards the kind of a letter that would be suitable for the Record.

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I am not sorry, but on the contrary, am very glad that I chose the profession which I am now following as I seem to be particularly suited for it, and so far I have been successful. However, I attribute most of my success to my training and education, and I have advised and prevailed upon a number of bright young men, who have worked for me, to obtain an education. Three of them are, at the present time, taking the Civil Engineering Course at Princeton after having been connected with me in the practical work for some two or three years.

My work with the Elmira Bridge Co. was of a nature that gave me considerable experience and my employers were very kind in changing my work at different times so as to train me and make me acquainted with all sides of the business.

I have been connected with some of the most notable examples of Engineering work that has been done in the past seven or eight years and as each piece of work is different from all others, it keeps me from getting tired of the detail and routine work which other lines of business are apt to produce.

Montour Falls, the place of my present residence, is situated in a beautiful valley about two miles from the head of Seneca Lake. We have the famous Watkins Glen close by, and within three or four miles of where I live are some six or seven other glens similar to Watkins, and in many instances just as beautiful. In fact, within a few hundred feet of my home is a waterfall almost two hundred feet high with a delightful glen back of it, and the hills on each side of the valley are from eight hundred to fourteen hundred feet above us.

I am very fond of the country and as I can handle my business from here practically as well as from a large city, it makes my leisure hours very pleasant. Since my graduation I have not

traveled any except in this part of the country in relation to my business.

My literary work has been confined to a pamphlet on Draw Bridge Work which was presented to the American Society of Civil Engineers, and an informal talk that I gave to the Civil Engineering class at Princeton several years ago.

I am naturally very fond of the water and out-door exercise. In fact, it is a sort of hobby with me whenever I have a chance to indulge in it, but I have been very closely confined to my work and have had only one vacation of ten days in the past four or five years. I often work twelve or fifteen hours a day but whenever an opportunity presents itself, I like to get outdoors and go sailing or go through the glens that we have in this vicinity.

I see very few members of my class but believe that Haynes has just accepted an appointment as Presbyterian Minister in Watkins which is about three miles from here. I have not seen him as yet. I carry on a correspondence with Mr. A. I. Payne of the class of '96 who is now chief engineer of a large gas plant in the Kootenai Mining District in British Columbia.

I have done probably very little for Princeton, except as outlined in the first of my letter, but I speak for her whenever the opportunity comes; and I have made a resolution to do more for her when I am able, as I give her credit for giving me an education and training that is of very great value.

Regarding Princeton's educational system, as I am an Engineer, my sympathies naturally lie in that direction. I would make the engineering branch of the University more liberal, give it more standing in the university itself, allowing some of the prizes and scholarships, which are almost entirely academic, to help the Engineering students. I would like to see a Mechanical Engineering Course as well as Civil Engineering, as I think that at the present time the engineering professions

lap each other so much that a Civil Engineer should be a Mechanical and Electrical Engineer as well; at least, he should have considerable knowledge of these subjects.

With kindest regards for yourself and asking that you accept the thanks of one at least who appreciates the immense amount of work that you have been compelled to do for the class, I remain,

Yours very truly,

**GEORGE F. BARTON.**

Montour Falls, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1905.

**WILLIAM VAN DYKE BELDEN**

**Princeton, N. J.**

364 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In U. S. Sub-Treasury, Wall St., New York.

After graduation Belden took a position with the Fourth National Bank of New York City, after which he entered the employ of Brown & Fleming, shippers, and afterwards changed to the firm of Geo. Fruh. In December 1897 he left the latter firm and removed to Catlett, Va., where he remained until March 1898 when he returned to New York. As result of competitive Civil Service examination he was appointed to a position in the United States Sub-Treasury where he has remained ever since. He is living in Brooklyn and is unmarried.

**ERNEST GRAVES BERGEN**

**35 Nassau St., New York City.**

162 West 96th St., New York City.

Lawyer. Firm of Brower Bergen & Stout, 35 Nassau Street,  
New York City.



Dear Imbrie:—

I want to endorse heartily our classmates' self-congratulation for our wisdom, when youngsters, in electing a Secretary who has proved inimitable.

I cannot report to you any marriages, births or deaths. I have been practicing law ever since my admission to the Bar in '97 and I have joined the firm of Brower, Bergen & Stout; we will open offices on May 1st, 1905, at 35 Nassau Street, New York.

I refuse to answer your morbid request for a statement of the "Greatest Mistake;" not on the ground that it may incriminate or degrade, but for the reason that it would be absurd for any but the most self-satisfied, to select the "greatest" out of the many we all make.

Working for the Republican party necessitates my membership in the District Political Club—for pleasure I have the honor of being a member of the Princeton Club and the Holland Society. A hard working man has little time for travel and I have not been away for nearly five years, but before that, short trips to Canada, Nova Scotia and Bermuda have given me the comfort and pleasure of a holiday from work. The word "work" may be a key to the boredom experienced or expressed by Tom Slidell and Sammy Curtis when they return from their "travels."

May I convey to you my thanks for your valiant services, and express my desire to be remembered by my classmates, whose sincere friend I remain,

ERNEST G. BERGEN.

New York, April 4, 1905.

**WILLIAM W. BEVERIDGE**

**110 Grand Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.**

Physician,

Dear Andy:—

After graduating in '95, I entered Bellevue Hospital Medical College, the following fall; and with Shaw, and Bob Robertson as classmates began the study of medicine.

The next five years were spent in the uneventful hard grind of graduate courses and hospital work. I had a hard task to keep "Student" Shaw and Bob Robertson straight; yet, we all graduated high in our class, and took our degrees in Medicine in '98.

Immediately after graduation, I was appointed to the staff of Bellevue Hospital where I spent the next two years in practical work.

Five years ago, I came to Asbury Park, and began practice. Since that time, I have spent most of my time dodging creditors and caring for patients.

Here, I must confess that during all that time, while living so near Princeton I have visited the old College once. That was last fall; but I promise that, if I live ten years more I will be found more frequently on the Campus, and be present to root for old Princeton at her games, and join in the reunions.

Since settling in Asbury Park, I have wandered from my own fireside very little. Time and money (chiefly the latter) have held my disposition to rove somewhat in check.

My vacations have usually been spent in the south, where I have been on several hunting trips. On these trips I have encountered very few Princeton men. And they are devoid of special interest. I will also add that special legislation has not been necessary to keep me from devastating the game.

My hobby is Automobiling, of which sport I am an enthusiastic advocate. Among the incoming letters, should you find any member of our illustrious class of '95 without a hobby I'll give him part of mine and have enough left to keep me

poor, and in constant fear of the police, and special officers of the peace. However, I will say, that thus far (more through good luck than good management) I have never killed myself nor anyone else. And I have successfully evaded arrest. On the whole I will say that I have found that solving the mysteries of Greek and Latin with a "trot" is mere child's play as compared with the intricacies of the modern gasoline engine. It is also doubtful if the latter has not increased my vocabulary and versatility in English, Irish and other languages as much as, or more than, my former study of the classics.

During the summer months, I occasionally find a '95 man who has trespassed on my sacred ground. "Curley" Nelson, Jim Crawford, Bob Robertson, Shaw and Inch are the most frequent offenders. Bob Inch, you know, is a great fisherman, and it is a frequent sight to see him sitting on the rear platform of a trolley car with a fish-pole altogether out of proportion to the string of fish ever seen in his possession.

Robertson also has little excuse for his intricate knowledge of the geography of a part of New Jersey. However, he has promised to do better (one better) if I won't tell the girl's name. I almost forgot to say that at the present writing, I am still "heart whole and fancy free." Should you learn of any class-mate in anyway connected with a matrimonial agency just put him in communication with me and there will be "something doing, when the leaves begin to fall."

I am looking forward with much pleasure to our reunion in June and to meeting all the boys once more.

Yours very truly,

W. W. BEVERIDGE.

Asbury Park, N. J., March 15, 1905.

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**LYNFORD BIDDLE****Chestnut Hill, Pa.**

Lawyer; 712 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Biddle has lived in Philadelphia since graduation. For the first three years he was a student in the law school of the University of Pennsylvania where he received the degree of LL.B. in 1898. He is a member of several Philadelphia Clubs as well as the University Club of New York.

I pursued him strenuously for a letter for the book and he has proved too modest. "Excuse my delay in returning the blue slip" he wrote. "My reason is the difficulty in deciding as to whether the letter is to be or not to be; but finding that I am not able to procrastinate any longer I am afraid that the negative side wins." He promises to be at the reunion in June.

**CLARENCE HAMLIN BISSELL****Cor. Chestnut and McWhorter Streets, Newark, N. J.**

83 Clinton Ave., Newark, N. J.

General Superintendent, Murphy Varnish Company, Newark, N. J.

MARRIED: Blanche Lull Needham, September 24, 1901, Newark, N. J.

Dear Andy:—

One of the greatest mistakes I could make, Mr. Secretary, is to attempt to write one letter which will convey "Force" to the two hundred and forty men I know best. You are quite right about the handwriting, I wish every one agreed with you on that point (mine is even worse than it was ten years ago), so your suggestions shall be followed to the letter, in that way surely I can win favor from one of the 240.

Since writing my letter for the Triennial Record I have been mainly occupied with business and have led much the same life as others similarly engaged. I have travelled a little for pleasure—twice through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, besides an occasional trip to the Maine woods. I visit Chicago occasionally in the course of business, so am quite satisfied so far as any desire for a change in environment is concerned.

Living in this vicinity I often see Princeton men, but am looking forward to the reunion when so many of us will be together again and the old friendships revived anew.

Sincerely,

CLARENCE H. BISSELL.

Newark, March 15, 1905.

**JAMES BLAIR, Jr.**

**Scranton Savings Bank, Scranton, Pa.**

401 Jefferson Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

Assistant Cashier, Scranton Savings Bank, Scranton, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

I find that “I am up against it” (if you will pardon a slang expression,) and that the report of my accomplishments during the past ten years, will necessarily have to be a very common place narrative.

I am still living in Scranton, together with “Porky” Brooks, “Mother” Brady, and a number of other influential Tigers, where we try to keep up the Princeton spirit, and incidentally send to Princeton, a representative now and then, such as Mr. Cooney of the foot-ball team, to help along the cause.

One of the greatest achievements which I have accomplished since leaving college, was to represent Princeton at a Yale

FRESHMAN YEAR—1891



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Alumni Dinner, which was held here not long ago, and the burst of oratory which I gave them, I am sure would have made Whig Hall feel proud of me, and would have made her regret that she ever dropped me, either for not taking part in meetings, or for non-payment of dues—I cannot remember which.

I have traveled as far as Canada in the North, and as far as Florida in the South, helping to marry off my more fortunate class-mates and friends, and now I stand almost alone, a bachelor, and consequently an awful example of what a member of the class of Ninety-five should not be.

After leaving college, I became connected with the Scranton Savings Bank, which institution my family has been associated with since its foundation, and after serving for eight years in the capacity of Book-keeper, Receiving Teller and Paying Teller, I was made Assistant Cashier, which position I now occupy.

I am looking forward to our reunion in June, with no little pleasure, and until then, I am with best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES BLAIR, Jr.

Scranton, Pa., March 6, 1905.

### **WILLIAM JOHN BONE**

#### **Wenatchee, Wash.**

Pastor, Presbyterian Church, Wenatchee, Wash.

MARRIED: Ella Smith Hunt, August 16, 1898, Princeton.

Helen Jean Bone, August 2, 1899, Wenatchee, Wash.

Catherine Lydia Bone, March 18, 1901, Wenatchee, Wash.

George Hunt Bone, July 8, 1903, Wenatchee, Wash.

Bone entered Princeton Theological Seminary where he was graduated in 1898. Shortly after he left the Seminary, he was called to be pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Wenatchee, Wash., where he has lived ever since.



Some weeks ago I had the promise of a letter for the Record, but in spite of several heart-rending appeals, I have thus far failed to stir the ministerial conscience.

Dr. Billy Morse out in Spokane, tells me of the fine work Bone is doing at Wenatchee.

**BEAUVEAU BORIE, Jr.**

**3rd and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Jenkintown, Montgomery Co., Pa.

Partner of C. & H. Borie, Bankers and Brokers, Third and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

MARRIED: Anna Buckley Newbold, April 29, 1896, Philadelphia.

Patty Neill Borie, January 1, 1898, Jenkintown, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

I never knew what it was to feel old until I received your circular asking me all kinds of impertinent questions. When a freshman, I used to look upon a decennial reunion as one of the most ancient and respectable articles anywhere, and now—(well, here's looking at you).

I left our class at the end of the Junior year and spent that summer in a business college in Philadelphia; that autumn I went to the Farmers & Mechanics National Bank, where I worked for a year, and in the autumn of '95 entered the firm of C. & H. Borie, Bankers and Brokers, of which my father is senior member. After being with them a short time I was given an interest in the business and made a partner, and have been here ever since, trying to earn a respectable livelihood. I cannot say that it is the kind of business that I would have chosen if I had been perfectly free to make my own choice, but it seemed the obvious thing to do, so I did it.

So much for business. I was married in the spring of '96 and have lived in the country, off and on, ever since, coming

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to town every day during business hours, and returning to the country as quickly as possible. Consequently, I see very little of the rest of the fellows here, which I most sincerely regret; but the country and my family demand all my spare time.

I have done no travelling of any interest as I have not had time. I belong to a Country Club and the Philadelphia Club.

My post-graduate studies and literary work have been sadly neglected, up to ten minutes ago, since when I think I have made up for lost time.

Living in Philadelphia, I have never had any chance to do political work, as the Gang does all that for us, and no one seems to care.

Princeton made me, I did not make Princeton, although you might think so if you ever saw me there showing off the new buildings to friends that were unfortunate enough never to have been there before.

The greatest mistake I ever made was when I voted for you for Secretary of our Class, as I have been bothered by you three or four times a year ever since.

I hope to be with you next spring, and wish you all the best possible luck in the splendid work that you are doing.

Your most sincerely,

BEAUVEAU BORIE, Jr.

Philadelphia, January 24, 1905.

### **JOHN HALL BOWMAN**

**Care Jones, Caesar & Co., 54 William Street, New York.**  
472 West 147 Street, New York.

Accountant, with Jones, Caesar & Co., Chartered accountants,  
54 William Street, New York.

John spent the first year after graduation as a student in the Princeton Electrical School, and in the fall of 1896 began

a course in higher mathematics at Harvard. He remained there only few months when he left for Scotland expecting to reside there permanently. The class secretary was a member of a group of fifteen '95 men who stood on the pier of the Anchor Line and let out Princeton cheers until we could no longer distinguish John, who was vigorously waving a bath towel over the stern. He wrote some interesting letters from his Scotch home in Gardenside Terrace, Uddingston, on the banks of the Clyde.

The atmosphere of Scotland, however, got on his nerves, and in May 1897, he returned to New York and took a position with the firm of Jones, Caeser & Co., chartered accountants of New York City. He has been with them ever since and has undertaken a great many important pieces of work.

Recently, he has been in Rochester a great deal of the time, and has had charge of the reorganization of the accounting system of that city.

**FREDERICK CLARK BRADNER**

**96 Engle St., Englewood, N. J.**

Physician.

Dear Andy:—

Well, I am out here in Jersey, in a very attractive place called Englewood. I have seen you out here on various occasions, and I know you'll agree with me that it is the finest city of its size that you have ever seen. When I was a medical student I hadn't the remotest idea of ever settling in New Jersey, but I chose the country practice here, for I concluded there was a good opening. Other physicians must have thought the same, for five doctors have opened offices here since I came, three years ago. In all there are fifteen in active practice.

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Englewood is a beautiful little city of seven thousand inhabitants; I say "city," for it has been incorporated as such, and Dan Platt is our Mayor.

I am not married, nor have I any "intentions," so far, in spite of the fact that I am receiving every year so many wedding invitations, announcements, etc., from members of the Class. As far as hobbies are concerned, I am interested in tennis, and also in automobiles. I haven't a "machine" myself, but expect to have one very soon if my pocketbook will stand the strain.

I don't know whether you are aware of it, or not, but Englewood has the honor of being the home of a large number of Princeton graduates, among them being Shep Homans '92, of football fame. He played on the Englewood Field Club Football Team this fall. A large number of the team were Princeton men, and it was largely due to that fact that we won in nearly all the games, sometimes with many odds against us. Not only in football, but also in baseball, Princeton is well represented on the Englewood Field Club Teams. In fact, the majority of boys from Englewood who go to college, prefer Princeton.

I have seen a great many of the '95 men during the past year, not only in New York, but in Princeton and Philadelphia, but I want to see them all, and I hope that every fellow can go to the Reunion in June. I certainly will be there.

Before closing I want to ask any of the fellows who will take a Saturday or Sunday off, to come to Englewood, and at least spend a part of a day with me. I don't want this to go as a cut-and-dried invitation, but a real honest desire to see you. It is hard for a physician to "break away," and go anywhere to see anyone outside of town, but there are plenty of odd moments when we are not busy, and it is mighty good to see a Princetonian, especially a '95 man. So come out from the

city some Saturday afternoon or any afternoon,—see the foot ball or baseball game at the Field Club, and if you have the time, stay over into the evening, and I'll warrant a pleasant evening at the Englewood Club.

Sincerely yours,

F. C. BRADNER.

Englewood, N. J. Feb. 4, 1905.

**ARCHIBALD HARMON BRADSHAW**

**4018 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Assistant Rector of the Church of the Atonement Memorial,  
Philadelphia.

MARRIED: Mary Elizabeth Zehner, June 10, 1902, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

My dear Andy:—

Your telegram was forwarded to me at Washington, with double charges. It served me right, for not writing before, but thinking I had plenty of time, found no time.

There is no question about you being a great Class Secretary. You have more than "made good" as the new governor of Minnesota expressed it, and nobly won your seat in the circle of fifty "to do" Princetonians and their sympathisers, out for \$2,500,000. All power to the undertaking! The tutor system is just what the University needs, not only for the undergraduates, but the graduates, who tutor, so they can spend much time in study.

The Oxford men speak very highly of this method, and without doubt, have turned out world renowned scholars, in all walks of life. I wish the effort success, and if I were not a poor parson with a "wheel-barrel pocketbook, and motor car tastes" would enclose a check instead of hot air and good wishes.

The story of my life in the last ten years, has been like a

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peaceful river, with a few Niagaras mixed in for excitement, and just to keep me moving toward some "far off divine event"—I wonder what? You ask about my profession. It is just the same as when you last saw me, a clergyman, even if I have put on another ecclesiastical coat; a clergyman is a clergyman "for a' that"—or should be.

Upon leaving Princeton, I was ordained in Indianapolis, to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, and having a call to the Collegiate Church of New York City, "Reformed" five days after my ordination. Let me assure you that I was not ordained on a weathercock. Eight years I served the Collegiate Church in modern Babylon, and to the best of my ability, tried to tear down all the towers of Babel, which men were attempting to erect and to reach the skies in the wrong way.

After living nearly three years in the "slums" I was transferred to the "Fifth Avenue heathen" and found exactly the same problems to face, only in brownstone fronts and hotels, instead of tenements. Human nature is the same all over New York, and needs a spiritual Sandow, to teach exercises for better living, and to demonstrate that Wall Street is not the only place in this world and the next.

When in Princeton, I belonged to the Prelatical party, which was presided over by "the Pope" from Ireland, who is now a missionary in China; it was the beginning of the end of Presbyterianism for me. The more I thought over for-ordination, election and a limited atonement, the more I thought Calvinism was like the Waldorf Astoria—an attempt at exclusiveness for the masses, even at the expense of the infants. To me, such a system of doctrine would not measure up with science and modern religion. Believing firmly in "The Church Idea" like Dick Hatch, its historical continuity and effectiveness for the reunion of all the churches into the future "Ameri-

can Church'' I entered the Episcopal Church. As the novel sweethearts always end in reunion and happiness, so I am living happily in the Church, not of my birth, but my choice, because of conviction and in ''The City of Brotherly Love.'' But even here I find pagans who prefer their club to church on Sundays.

The Church of the Atonement-Memorial, is the place of my operations. I assure you, I am not a Pinkerton detective who speaks of ''operating'' or an Andy McCosh, who cut out my appendix, but a plain every day parson, that tries to be a man first, and a parson afterwards; with a message of life and manhood, according to Princeton's highest and best ideal.

During the Spanish war, I was Chaplain for 171st then 71st New York. Served on special duty at Montauk, and had much to do in the hospitals. My saddest duty was to read the burial services for General Wheeler's son, who was drowned while trying to save a friend when in bathing. ''Fighting Joe'' is not only a soldier, but a man with a powerful religion, that is the key to his life. The simplicity of his faith was beautiful, and inspiring. The burial services of the dead of the 71st, in their armory also fell to me. I could write many pages upon a Chaplain's experiences, but will spare you.

I read a paper before the ministers of New York on ''The Institutional Church and Spiritual Results'' and another before the clergy of Philadelphia, on the ''American Church and Modern Life.'' The memorial oration for the dead of the 71st Regiment was another effort. At present I am developing a course of lectures on the Old Testament, from the scientific point of view. In imagination I have written many books, but they have all turned out to be ''air castles.'' when I realized what ''The Gentlemen from Indiana'' had done.

My hobbies are many, old prints, old furniture, old books,

and the Reunion of all the churches, into one church, which shall be called "The American Church."

Last summer I spent in a motor car touring England and France. The fastest we went was seventy miles an hour, and we succeeded in killing a chicken. It is the way to travel—you never miss a train. The worst thing you can do is to have a break down, and walk a few miles for help.

My greatest mistake was to read the burial services for a man when it was a woman. The room was dimly lighted with candles, and after I started, could not see, and in my haste could not remember whether the little boy said Grandmother or Grandfather; to be frank, I became confused and finally said "it."

Andy, there are many things I might say unto thee, but the Quaker spirit says I have already tired thee out with many says, edit them to suit yourself, or put them in the paper basket to be burned.

Hoping to see you and all the men of '95, in June, I am,

Faithfully yours,

ARCHIBALD H. BRADSHAW.

Philadelphia, March 10, 1905.

**HENRY HERVEY BRADY, JR.**

**615 Monroe Avenue, Scranton, Pa.**

President; West End Coal Company. Board of Trade Building, Scranton, Pa.

MARRIED: Clara B. Simpson, November 15, 1899, Scranton, Pa.

Clarence Simpson Brady, June 1, 1902, Scranton, Pa.

Margaret Brady, May 2, 1904, Scranton, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

I presume in writing this letter I am to begin where I left off at the time of the Triennial Record. As my career has not been a very eventful one, there is not a great deal to tell,



In May, 1899, I left Trenton, where I had lived since graduation, to go to Scranton, Pa., to accept the position of Purchasing Agent and Treasurer of the Temple Iron Company. After remaining in this position for about two years, I resigned, as I had in the meantime become associated with several other business propositions. Since then I have been connected more or less closely with several enterprises, but my principal business has been coal mining.

About the only traveling I have done, consists of three trips to Mexico, (two of which were on business), a trip through New England by automobile, and a few days each spent at the Pan-American and St. Louis Expositions.

As to literary and post-graduate work, as well as military and political honors, I must plead "not guilty." I am a member of the Scranton Club, Country Club of Scranton, Princeton Club of New York, and Princeton Alumni Association of Northeastern Pennsylvania.

In the latter part of my letter for the Triennial Record, I stated that I was not married, not even engaged, and had no prospect of being; yet in little more than a year from that time I joined the ever-increasing throng of Benedicks of the Class—all of which goes to show "you never can tell." My wife was Miss Clara B. Simpson, of Scranton, Pa., and we were married November 15th, 1899. I am the proud possessor of two children, the elder, Clarence Simpson Brady, a young Princetonian, who began his career as a Princeton rooter June 1st, 1902, and his little sister, Margaret, who is his junior by about two years.

It has been my pleasure several times to have some of the boys of the Class stop with me when they have been in Scranton, and I can assure you all that the latch-string is always out for any member of the Class. Although I have managed to get back to Princeton each June since graduation, with an

occasional trip to the Yale game in the Fall, yet I have always had to rush off and leave the fun when it was at its height. This June I expect to come early and stay late, and I think any member of our class who does not plan to stay through the whole commencement should be compelled to present an excuse acceptable to the Secretary. I guess they would all stay rather than attempt the latter proposition.

I can't say I have done much for Princeton in the way of donating dormitories, etc., but my worst enemy cannot say that I ever lost an opportunity to root for her, or to stand up for her when she was attacked by some honest, perhaps, but misguided member of some other college.

What Princeton has done for me I could not begin to tell you. I never cease to feel thankful that in choosing my college I was fortunate enough to select the one I did.

Hoping to see all the boys in June, and with best wishes for the success of you all, I am,

Most sincerely,

H. H. BRADY, Jr.

Scranton, Pa. February 1, 1905.

### JOHN H. BROOKS

**Traders Bank Building, Scranton, Pa.**

Pottsville, Pa.

General Manager, Silverton Coal Company, Pottsville, Pa.

MARRIED: Augusta Archbald, April 5, 1904, Scranton, Pa.

Ruth Brooks, February 24, 1905, Pottsville, Pa.

My dear Classmate:—

True to the supposition of our Class Prophet on that memorable June day, when we were all congregated around the historic cannon, I started out in the world as more or less (principally less) of a politician, for in the fall of '95 I began

my apprenticeship in the office of my father who was then City Treasurer of Scranton, Pa. After serving the dear public in that capacity for about a year, I engaged in the Powder and Oil business which I followed until '98, when I was appointed Assistant Paymaster of the Langcliffe, Laffin, Greenwood and Brooks Coal Company, with headquarters in Scranton. From that time until now, I have been more or less actively engaged in the anthracite coal business. My position at the present time is General Manager and Treasurer of the Silverton Coal Company of Pottsville, Pa., in which town I have taken up my residence since October 1904, and expect to remain here for about two years, when I plan to return to Scranton to live out the rest of my days in the town of my birth, and to which I confess I am much attached.

April 5, 1904, I was married at Scranton to Miss Augusta Archbald of that City and in the fall of the same year took up my present residence. On February 24, 1905, a baby girl was born to us, and judging from the present capacity of her lungs, Miss Ruth bids fair to become one of the Tigers' most strenuous cheerers.

Every one, I suppose, has a hobby to some extent. I may at least be considered as having had one. I might say that up to about three years ago I was interested and followed up "Golf" to a great extent, and as a result traveled about the country considerably, visiting the different Golf courses; but since that time I have almost entirely occupied myself in the business world. I am a member of nine clubs; among them the Princeton Clubs of Philadelphia and New York. Though my inclination is to do much good for Princeton, I regret I have as yet not accomplished any great feat towards that end other than my continued loyalty and consequent endeavor to persuade prospective collegians that the dear old spot in New Jersey, or historic Nassau, is the only place for the youth to

spend those four years so essential to a thorough education.

And speaking of mistakes, I believe my greatest was in not taking fuller advantage of the unparalleled opportunities offered one following a course at Princeton.

My best wishes to classmates and God speed to them all! Believe me always interested in each and every one and I hope that it will be our pleasure to meet a very large portion of our class at the glorious decennial of the notorious and uproarious class of '95 in June.

Your diminutive classmate,

JOHN H. BROOKS.

Pottsville, Pa., April 13, 1905.

**DICKSON QUEEN BROWN**

**11 Broadway, New York City.**

160 W. 59th St., New York.

Director and member of manufacturing committee of Tide Water Oil Co., 11 Broadway, N. Y.

Dear Andy:—

Peace to your soul and greetings! It has given me great pleasure to receive various and lurid letters from you urging me to write to thee.

This Decennial Year finds me at the lower end of the Great White Lane in little Old New York. It is with difficulty that I succeed in making the various officials of the Tide Water Oil Co., believe that I am always hard at work, but I think I do fool them once in awhile. I am delighted to be doing what I am. Necessity forced me into it, but I intend to stay as long as possible. At times I feel sad that I am not in a business where I could get a slice of that almost ever present graft. But such is life! Water and oil won't mix, and there is nothing cheaper than petroleum but water. But it is cer-

tainly a great pleasure to furnish the wherewithal to enlighten the dark paths of the heathen.

My happy home is on 59th Street, Manhattan, and I am glad to live there, even if of necessity; 'tis also of choice. New York is near enough to Princeton to be handy, but far enough away so that I don't always, to the detriment of my business, yield to the call of the Spirit of Princeton. Yet in June 1905, I know I shall succumb to the "Call of the Wild."

I have journeyed some since college days. Europe for fourteen months was my greatest effort. From Spitzbergen to Venice, and from Stockholm to Paris I covered completely. I enjoyed myself muchly. In this country I have been from Portland, Maine, to Indian Territory, and from Florida to Macinack; also twice to Brooklyn. I liked it all.

My military experience is nit. I didn't become a hero.

I am a member of the University and Princeton Clubs, N. Y., The American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and various other Scientific Societies and Golf Clubs too numerous to mention.

My Post-Graduate studies have been confined to the following Institutions: Cornell, Mass. Institute of Technology, Technische Hochschule zu Charlottenburg, Germany, and the N. Y. University Law School. I received an S. B. degree at Boston in Electrical Engineering. (It wasn't a joke.)

No literature in mine except various illegible reports made to my business superiors and a few passable examination papers.

My political work consists in occasionally watching the polls and voting most of the Republican ticket.

If I have a hobby, it must be going down to Princeton, for I go down to the good old "Berg" as often as the law allows.

Living here on Manhattan Isle, I see most frequently the

eighty men of our Class who are members of the Princeton Club, and I am always mighty glad to greet them.

I am afraid that I have done but little for Princeton, except save a large part of my heart for my Alma Mater. Some day I hope that this will materialize into something worthy of her.

Princeton has done much for me—has cheered me up while traveling along life's rough road, has given me lots of good friends, and has fired me with the ambition to ever put my best foot forward. And it was the Class of '95 that brought me to it.

The greatest defect in Princeton's system of education is her unfair treatment of athletes. I really believe that an athlete must do better in his studies than an ordinary student. I ask from the Faculty fair field and no favor. This the athlete does not receive. The other defect is having proctors at any time—the eyes of the faculty are too numerous. Like the poor, we have them with us always.

The greatest mistake I ever made? I'm ashamed to tell you. I have made so many, and the least one of these would be great for any one else. I have come to the point that I pin a medal on myself whenever I chance to be right.

Good bye, Andy. Joy to you. Over the hot sands,

Yours,

DICKSON Q. BROWN.

New York, February 16, 1905.

**WALTER MILTON BUCKINGHAM**

2211 6th Street, Boulder, Col.

Assistant Cashier, National State Bank, Boulder, Col.

MARRIED: Janie B. Greene, April 2, 1902, Boulder, Col.

“Buck” has been in Colorado ever since he left Princeton. From the fall of 1895 until the summer of 1902, he was agent and manager for C. G. Buckingham, who had various interests

in the vicinity of Boulder, Col. A good part of the time he had charge of a ranch.

Since 1902 he has held a position in the National State Bank of Boulder, of which he is now assistant cashier. I had the pleasure of paying him a short visit a couple of years ago, and can bear witness to the fact that he has lost none of his Princeton enthusiasm by his long separation from the campus. He writes me under date of April 7, that he has "made a sincere effort to write a letter for the Decennial Record, but it does not seem to come."

### JOSEPH SHALLCROSS BUNTING

Jenkintown, Pa.

Secretary and Treasurer of the Smith & Mabley Manufacturing Co., Manufacturers of automobiles and motor boats.  
614 East 83d Street, New York.

MARRIED: Katherine Cooke Barney, November 2, 1895,  
Ogontz, Pa.

Geoffrey Cooke Bunting, October 13, 1896, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Sydney Serrill Bunting, April 11, 1900, Philadelphia, Pa.

My Dear Andy:—

It is with shame that I must confess my remissness in allowing a "hard-worked" man like you to send me a second notice. My only excuse is that your first notice arrived during the stress and toil of the Annual Automobile Show, which (like club dues, dentists' bills and life insurance) is one of the disagreeable things in life that comes with every new year. For the most exhausting of hard work, I commend to you a Bicycle or Automobile Show; and I speak from experience, for this last one at Madison Square Garden is the eighth annual exhibition at which I have talked myself hoarse, trying to explain why and how the "wheels go round" to ignorant women and children and Princeton Club members (the latter supplied with free tickets by yours truly.)

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Now to obey your instructions and answer your catechism:— I am proud and happy to say that I am advancing the cause of humanity and bringing us mortals nearer to the age of the millenium by manufacturing automobiles and automobile boats. Within a year after I left Princeton, I was given charge of the bicycle department at John Wanamaker's, where I sold thousands of \$100 bicycles for \$37.50, and less. I have been maliciously accused by many plutocrats engaged in the manufacture of bicycles, of being mainly responsible for the spoiling of the business; but I have always felt that I was working for the good of the poor man, and doing a noble work for Princeton in enabling the under-graduate to buy \$3 for \$1., thus saving him \$2, to put in the bank or in Scudder's till.

After doing what damage I could in this line, I looked around for new outlets for my destructive energy. Chancing to read in a French paper of a "devil wagon" that ran on the roads without being dragged by animal or propelled by man, I determined to look into it and in 1897 imported the first French gasoline automobile that ever came to this country. Since then I have thought, lived and breathed nothing but automobiles. I have spent many months in the principal factories, both here and abroad; and by last year I determined that I knew enough about autos to be able to build one, and to risk what little money I had managed to save over and above my Decennial Fund contributions. So the first of last year I went into partnership with Messrs. Smith & Mabley of New York, and within a year have made quite a name for our Simplex automobiles and boats.

Our racing boats, the CHALLENGER and VIGNT-ET-UN II, hold all the world's records and our Simplex Racing Car has also been successful in establishing many new records. The history of my life can be written in one word—"Automobiles." I have had no time for politics, military service,



post-graduate courses, literary work or travels. My travels have consisted of trips abroad in the dead of winter to the Paris Automobile Show, a few trips through the mud of the Empire State or over the good Jersey roads built by Pat Murphy, at a maximum speed of twenty miles per; and a dash to Newport or some nearby place in one of our boats. Just before starting our factory in New York, I had moved my family from Philadelphia out to a house I had built at Jenkintown, Pa., as I felt that the Class Boy and his brother needed good country air to develop their brain and muscle to that high degree necessary if they would ever aspire to play on their freshmen football teams or make money out of the Nassau Lit.

Since then Mrs. Bunting has been an "Automobile widow," and until some good Samaritan buys my house, my home life will consist, as at present, of spending Saturday night and Sunday there, and the balance of the week at that resort of knockers, the Princeton Club.

Very sincerely yours,

JOSEPH S. BUNTING.

New York, February 4, 1905.

**WILLIAM FOSTER BURNS**

**7157 Yale Avenue, Chicago**

Manager, Chicago office of "Hapgoods," (Business Registration), 1012 Hartford Building, Chicago.

MARRIED: Mary Luella Francis, October 11, 1899, New Lenox, Ill.

Mary Louise Burns, May 29, 1903, Chicago, Ill.

My dear Imbrie:—

Replying to your favor of some days ago in which you say that "signing the Blue Slip is not writing a letter," will say, that I gave you just what, in short, has happened to me in the nearly ten years that we have been separated. If it appeared

cold blooded or "colorless," that is because it represented facts, not fiction.

I more than intended to see you, when last in New York; in fact, I anxiously inquired the location of your office and was about to hunt you up, when I found that I would not have time. However, I hope to see you in New York or Princeton, later in the Spring.

If you don't know us you ought to. I do not know whether you have got the HAPGOOD habit or not, but I might say that there are five Princeton men connected with us, and 28 colleges represented in HAPGOODS to-day. For fear that you do not know us, I am going to take your automatic tickler system to heart and send you our Gray Booklet, which will detail something of our methods.

I want to tell you that your work is not one-half appreciated. I marvel at your fidelity to duty, extending over such a long period.

I trust that others appreciate it as I do and with best wishes for your future success and trusting to see you shortly, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

W. FOSTER BURNS.

Chicago, March 4, 1905.

**WILLIS HOWARD BUTLER**

**7 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass.**

Minister of Edwards Memorial Church, Northampton, Mass.,

MARRIED: Mary Helen Wales, December 21, 1898, Braintree, Mass.

Barbara Louise Butler, January 21, 1900, Williamstown, Mass.

My dear Andy:—

When I think that this epistle is for publication in a Decennial Record, I am disposed to remark upon the rapid flight

of time. But this would be almost as trite an introduction as those against which you warned us.

In case there may be some member of the class who cannot come to the reunion (may Heaven forbid!) let me say that these ten years have dealt very gently with me. I am neither bald nor gray. Because of plain living and high thinking I have been able to add only about a pound a year to my avoirdupois, so I think nobody could fail to recognize me as far as physical form and features are concerned. Mentally I have grown. This is due, no doubt, to my residence in the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and to the influence of the academic atmosphere with which I have been surrounded.

It was my good fortune upon graduating from Union Theological Seminary to be called to the Congregational Church of Williamstown among the beautiful hills of Berkshire County, where for five years I labored within the shadow of Williams College. If I couldn't send a boy to Princeton he would go to Williams. On my first evening in town as I took a walk I met a crowd of fellows singing the old familiar tune to which we sang "The Orange and the Black". I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. I soon came to know the boys, and, thanks to their delightful hospitality, began to feel at home. Then I got married and felt perfectly at home. We hated to leave Williamstown, but "the larger field of usefulness" opened up, and, strange to say, in another college town; and here I am in Northampton, the minister of the church named in honor of Princeton's third president the mighty Jonathan Edwards who lived here twenty-four years.

I suppose when Northampton is mentioned the average young man does not meditate so much upon the profound theologian as upon Smith College, which I can heartily recommend as a proper educational institution for the daughters of Princeton men. With Waterman '88, and Dennis '91 in the

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Faculty, and with me as their spiritual adviser, they will be perfectly safe. We won't let them study any harder than is absolutely necessary.

From what I hear of the new scholarship standard it was mighty lucky for some of us that we entered Princeton when we did. All the same I am glad that things are being tightened up a bit. Up here in New England, Princeton has been regarded as rather an easy place in which to stay. I have said all I could to disprove it, even showing how nearly I came to being dropped: but now I can refer to the report of the Committee on the Course of Study, which is as formidable a document as any ever published by Harvard University.

I am still in love with my profession, and in spite of all the criticism of the modern minister I make bold to declare that though his official position in the community may not be as high and mighty as it was a generation or so ago, and though his word may not be final in all matters of faith and practice, there is still a place for him. He may have lost his grip on the next world, but he knows a thing or two about the present world, and I believe he exerts an influence which is quite as effective as the more arbitrary authority exercised by the old time parson.

One of your suggestions offered in a kindly spirit, made me feel bad. I had begun to think that I was good for something, but I don't know of anything about which I am a crank. Possibly I am not qualified to speak. I have tried both golf and autographs. One summer McNulty tried to teach me the difference between a robin and a chickadee, but gave it up. Book-plates, old prints and first editions are ruled out until my next raise comes. But I am blessed with a back yard big enough for some strawberries, a little lettuce and a few flowers, and when I can sneak out of my study, I take to the garden. Hooroo for the Simple Life!

If sermons may be considered literary work, I have about a quarter of a barrel which I am willing to exchange with any ministerial classmate for an equal amount. Not since my editorial nights on *The Princetonian* have I succeeded in getting anything published, and with the exception of a few trips to Princeton, my travels have been confined to making parish calls, but the mileage amounts to considerable. My service to the country has consisted chiefly in attending the caucus and the town meeting, with an occasional patriotic address to the public school children and the Grand Army Post. I was made an honorary member of a Golf Club on condition that I would not introduce Sunday playing. I am an active member of the Christian Endeavor Society.

I have made some royal friendships since '95, but they are not quite the same as those formed when we read and talked and sang and cheered together in the good old Princeton days.

With glad anticipation of the chance to live them over again next June, I am

Yours as ever,

WILLIS H. BUTLER.

Northampton, Mass., March 8, 1905.

**HENRY MATHEWS CANBY**

**1101 Delaware Avenue, Wilmington, Delaware.**

Wholesale Lumber, 1011 Market Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

Dear Andy:—

Ten years out of College seemed a long while in '95, and only about a minute now that it is behind me; but it has been a pleasant minute, and that's a help. I have been living in Wilmington all that time, except about eight months in North Carolina during 1903. My business career started with no goal as to the branch in which I should specialize, but chance

THE TOWER OF BLAIR HALL AND ENTRANCE TO THE UNIVERSITY.



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put me in the way of learning about lumber and I am still at it.

For several years I ran the lumber business of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company. When they went into the shipbuilding trust, I left them and became interested in a North Carolina timber proposition. I have now become principled against ever doing it again for it brings weariness to the flesh. However, I acquired great experience during my eight or ten months in the North Carolina mountains, and living in a back woods cabin taught me what a pleasure it was to work at home and among friends. My father's death in the spring of '04, brought me back to Wilmington, and I am now established there in the wholesale lumber business. I guess I have taken root in Wilmington this time, which pleases me, as I am very fond of the country surrounding it—and of many people living there.

Through my father, I became interested some time ago in Forestry, and get a great deal of pleasure out of pursuing the study of it. It is really absorbing, and I wish all the class would take an interest in it, at least, in the economic side, for it and its kindred subjects mean a great deal to this country. As vice-president for Delaware of the American Forestry Association, I have just begun a small campaign in the State, and hope to arouse considerable interest in forestry.

I have done no active political or charitable work—this letter will give you evidence that I have never did any of the literary kind. Nor have I as yet done anything for Princeton. In fact, the credit side of my life ledger seems pretty free of entries. Really, these decennial letters are as bad as a conscience, and I never appreciated what an effect this retrospective business has on the nerves.

Let us fly to brighter climes. Two of my pleasantest times since leaving College have been the weddings of the Reverend



Doctor Lukens and the Irreverent Doctor Sloane, on both of which occasions all the sons of '95, and Old Nassau generally, acquired merit. I regret to say that I have made no further contributions to the matrimonial statistics of our much married class, but I have had many pleasant times with many members of the class, especially with Will Phillips, who periodically shows me New York as she should be shown. Janny lives quite near me and plays golf furiously and continuously.

I do not think I have ever felt the benefit of going to Princeton, and being in the class of '95 more than on my various trips about this country and Europe. I have had many interesting experiences, and made many delightful acquaintances through my connection with Princeton and '95, and time only seems to increase these pleasures.

I belong to the usual line of clubs, but the one I appreciate most is the '95 club of Princeton University, and I hope that it may be perpetuated for many years with steadily increasing vigor, and become a flourishing tree that will bear much good fruit.

Good-bye, old Tap-root.

Ever thine,

HENRY.

Wilmington, Delaware, March 9, 1905.

**CHARLES LUCIUS CANDEE**

**1126 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.**

Riverton, New Jersey.

Pastor; Calvary Presbyterian Church of Riverton, N. J.,

MARRIED: Elizabeth Laura Browne, May 18, 1899, Philadelphia, Pa.

Alice Beaver Candee, October 20, 1901, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Dear Classmates:—

Undoubtedly there are many of '95 who will be able to write letters far more interesting than mine can be. Nothing thrilling or startling or perhaps amusing has occurred, to relate which would add spice to a reunion letter. Yet these years have been exceedingly happy, and I trust they have been used to good advantage both to myself and to others.

Immediately after graduation I entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton and took the usual three years course. During a brief period of one vacation I did some missionary work in the woods of Peninsular Michigan. Another summer I was in the interior of Pennsylvania. My first regular work was in Chicago, where I was assistant Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church. Of course while there, I was able to see several of the Princeton men who had taken up their abode in that Windy City.

It was in the same spring that, nothing daunted, I took unto myself a wife. May 18th, 1899, in the city of Philadelphia, Elizabeth L. Brown became Mrs. Charles L. Candee. It is gratifying to see how steadily the members of the class have been going and doing likewise. You see how naturally I lapse into scriptural phraseology, for I have been engaged in preaching and writing upon religious subjects for these seven years. The preaching has taken up most of the time, but I have been able to do some writing, other than sermonizing, in a small way. Several articles have appeared from my pen in one of our religious weekly papers, and one longer article has been published in a monthly magazine. In addition, an historical sermon on John Calvin has been printed in pamphlet form.

It has been my good fortune to have had the privilege of some travel. In the fall of 1902, I accompanied my brother-in-law, Charles Browne, '96, on a short trip to Europe. We

went through Germany and Austria and down into Italy, I returning by way of Basel and Paris. At the latter place I had some good visits with Pop Pease and Billy Baird. [By the way, Billy has been doing mighty good work in music there. He may not admit it, because of his usual modesty, but he has developed a splendid basso profundo. It was a delight to hear him.]

During vacations I have taken several short trips in this country. These have been into Canada, to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and to points in northern and eastern New England. And not the least pleasant of the shorter trips are those when I run up to Princeton, even if it be for only a day. It always does me good to see the place. It would be hard to answer the question put by our Secretary, "What has Princeton done for you?" but I can say that, in addition to all that she has done in the undergraduate years, there is an inspiration that comes to me whenever I am able to return to the old town.

Yes, I suppose I have a hobby. I have always been fond of music, and of singing in particular, and I find great fascination in "grinding the pianola." With keenest delight I am anticipating our reunion in June. I shall be there with my wife and daughter, and we will be glad to see any of the fellows at Prof. Hibben's house, where we will be the whole week.

Most sincerely yours,

CHARLES L. CANDEE.

Riverton, N. J., February 22, 1905.

**HOWARD DOTY CARPENTER**

**Hancock, Mass.**

351 Tyler St., Pittsfield, Mass.

Eng. Department, Stanley Electric Manufacturing Co., Box  
1293, Pittsfield, Mass.

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Classmates of '95:—

Greetings to you! Patience be with you while the events of ten years are recorded. For me the Princeton days passed gradually and naturally into the days of the pedagogue. My lot has been cast in pleasant places. The South and West have been the scenes of my labors. I'll not relate my teaching experiences at length, though these have been satisfying on the whole. Nor can I place on record any hairbreadth escapes to thrill you, though I've been located where side-arms are regarded an indispensable of gents' furnishings, and where Judge Lynch yet holds court.

But though a typical "Yank," the sunny South for me,—the South where the watermelon and the pickaninnies bask in the rays of the tropical sun, where the spirit of hospitality is abroad in the land, and where the art of living is not yet forgotten. I mention specially Kentucky the Beautiful, sung so well by James Lane Allen and others. But those of you who've tarried for a time in the Blue Grass region readily join in praises of Kentucky. I could write a letter on that topic alone.

Since the pedagogical period, I've become electrical in my pursuits, having spent three years in Massachusetts in the employ of the Stanley Electric Co. I'll not inflict on you a detailed account of these later days. Sufficient that progress is evident, though much remains yet to be done.

Now what have I done for Princeton, our Secretary inquires. I regret to say that I can mention few benefactions in that direction. As to what Princeton has done for me, I can speak with more assurance. Those four years completely changed my outlook in life, and, though many points of view have been modified, the Princeton influences abide. "Way down deep in my heart" there is, too, the same feeling for

“Old Nassau” and her sons. It has not been my fortune, however, to meet Princeton men “en masse” for many a day.

If writing to undergraduates, a propos of mistakes, I’d advise to refrain from gambling, carousing, and polling and kindred evils. But to the “old grad” such advice is out of order. We’re all more or less fixed in our habits by this time, and the College days a memory—but such a memory! We trust that in June that memory may be quickened for those of us who meet for the reunion.

Until then, adieu.

Yours decennially and perennially,

HOWARD D. CARPENTER.

Pittsfield, Mass., March 25, 1905.

### **CHARLES VAN BERGEN CARROLL**

**Peoria, Ill.**

General Manager of The Peoria Evening Star.

MARRIED: Augusta Smith, February 11, 1899, Peoria, Ill.  
Edith Lyle Carroll, November 16, 1899, El Paso, Tex.

In November, 1895, Carroll was associated with the St. Louis and East St. Louis Electric Railway Co. Later he took an extended trip abroad, part of the time in the company of Schumy and Ferguson,<sup>93</sup> and the Riggs twins of '94. In January, 1900, he became the publisher of the “Peoria Journal,” but sold it in July, 1903, and bought an interest in the “Peoria Evening Star,” of which paper he became the business manager and the treasurer. This paper has the largest circulation of any newspaper in Illinois outside of Chicago.

I am unable to explain why a newspaper man is too modest to write his own biography. In the Kid’s case, I am sure it is not because of a lack of loyalty to Princeton, or to the class.

After the publication of the Quinquennial Record, he wrote

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me an exuberant letter about that little book saying that it "provided him with a good lot of information regarding the chaps whom we probably think more of than any others on earth, and whom we see so seldom, now that we all have to hustle if we want pie for dinner."

**JOHN COLLINGS CATON**

**478 10th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

Minister of the Twelfth Street Dutch Reformed Church,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRIED: Rachel Davis Boyd, June 7, 1904, Fonda, N. Y.

Dear Andy:—

It is a grave task to write for future generations and do something that will be held sacred by the posterity of the class. It is an encouragement to be reminded that the effort is only for the class and not for the public. The charity of the fellows is to be expected—that vile thing the "public" is without mercy.

When I sit down to reflect on the past ten years I am amazed at the passage of time, and I feel about as I did when I got the sheepskin. Of course, there was some hope then of really doing something worth while; the wonder now is that hope persists. And were it not for the Class Record, modesty might require silence in face of promises without results.

I envy no man his business and am proud of mine. I patiently hope that others do not pity the ministry because of me. It would be vanity to presume that others congratulate the ministry that I am in it; nevertheless I honestly like the work and humbly think there is no other work to compare with it. For real continuous usefulness it has no peer; for rewards of human gratitude it excels all others. But comparisons excite hostility. I believe all that about the ministry, mind you, but wonder sometimes why beliefs run counter

to experiences. Is it fatuity to deny experience in the interest of beliefs? My casuistry will not help me out. There is surely some design in creation, however, that has made the heart to hope in spite of seductions of hopelessness. And somehow the charm of power associated with getting the college diploma does not vanish. I still believe I am better able to do something because of that incident of Commencement ten years ago, in spite of my inability to prove how, from reference to actual achievement. It is easy to see how fame is accomplished, simply to do what Marconi has done before he does it; or write "The Other Wise Man" before Van Dyke, and reap his laurels.

Ten years should record accomplishment. The only excuse for any absence of a record is that we are in school yet, and expect soon to get out and get busy. But that is poor consolation when some in the class have shed their swaddling clothes and are men. It is, at any rate, proper to be proud of them and to sit in the shadow of their growing greatness.

I enjoy my work. I have seen it in three separate communities. First in a country hamlet in the hills of Schoharie County where the rock ledge was within eighteen inches of the surface, and a plow would write its annual story of toil and pain on the face of long slabs that the glacier once used as tablet for its record. I learned deep sympathy with the farmer and found him quite a superior character.

I next worked in a village, near the New York Central Railroad, and enjoyed few virtues and many vices which many small railroad towns cultivate. There were as many saloons as groceries, churches, and schools together. Some of the distinguished characters were widely known because of their neglect of honesty, decency, and manhood. But that was all the more reason why I should be glad to be busy; only others do not see the need quite as clearly as the minister would

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have them. No place is without one righteous man nor was this without charm and romance (for me at least), for I found my wife there. It is no small achievement, I assure you, to woo and win a member of the Church. Aside from competition with others who have the world, the flesh, and the devil on their side, the Dominie has also to wonder where may be the balance of dignity between a critical deacon and his own youthful feelings. It is a stimulating exercise. The subtleties of Jiu-Jitsu are not in it with the wrestle of a preacher for a wife.

The third field is right here in Brooklyn. In addition to a little religious work we have to raise a protest against "rotten transit," etc.

This, then, represents my travels—the migration from a country hamlet to the Borough of Brooklyn. There has been plenty of variety of incidents, enough adventure to relieve drudgery, and uncertainty to keep me humble. One needs not the excitement of active military life to keep up the fighting instinct. Be a parson and the blood will not get sluggish, especially if there is any Protestant blood in a man. There is enough iniquity about to warrant a standing army of fighting parsons.

I wish I could say that I had written a book. The nearest I have come to it is to have sent in an essay to the old college written on an impossible subject and for my pains was gratified by receiving my M. A. Have written a little for our Church paper, and have read things for ministers' associations, but have the feeling that other greater things are yet to be done. Therefore I am not without hope.

I suppose ten years out of Princeton should be time enough to have demanded public recognition. However, I take pleasure in having a Congressman for a deacon in my Church. In this unseen way I influence the country. Some day it may



be known how much moral influence was exerted through the Twelfth Street Reformed Church upon the present administration. My political glory was in voting for the successful candidates right straight through. That gave me some compensation for seeing the team defeated last fall. There was a bunch of '95 men in the section. I saw Nevin there and he proposed at a critical moment of the game that I prove the efficacy of prayer—a very good idea—but requiring that we both take part. So the team lost.

I have done this much for Princeton—in that the examiners of my essay were enlightened; and this much more—that I have not persecuted them for more degrees! Princeton has done everything for me in that I married a Princeton man's daughter, and a Princeton man's sister.

My greatest mistake was a quarrel I once tried to pick with Pat Macloskie. If he had been as hotheaded as I, there would have been but 239 men in the class. It was over an examination in physiology. He asked me about some nerve, bone or muscle that I was convinced had not yet been created. Pat knew creation better. Still, obstinacy is as old as consciousness, and I had a right to one or both, so I chose the former. My penalty should have been severe, but it was a heap of coals of fire, in the end that I was numbered with the elect.

Mr. Secretary, I envy the "long-distance" man who wins the D. Q. Brown cup. I hope that I am not the long-winded man.

That is a fetching proposition to build a dormitory and have a '95 entrance. I can safely say I wish I had \$5,000 to give. Lest you be discouraged, I shall do something, and like worthy church members, shall think that others can do the rest. I offer this suggestion, however—emulate the colored parson, and pass the hat until you get all you want and all we have. I wish you, Andy, for the sake of '95 and

Princeton, as well as for yourself, a long life and a happy one.

Your Classmate,

J. COLLINGS CATON.

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 6, 1905.

**RAY HARRISON CARTER**

**Falling Spring Manse, Chambersburg, Pa.**

Pastor of The Falling Spring Presbyterian Church, Chambersburg, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

In ten years I have achieved neither fame, fortune, nor family. These are the unexciting annals of my life:—Three years in Princeton Theological Seminary, 1895-1898. Five years Assistant Pastor of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, June, 1898—June, 1903. Ordained by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, October 16, 1898. Installed Pastor of the Falling Spring Presbyterian Church, Chambersburg, Pa., July 2, 1903. Billy Cooke presiding and delivering the charge to the people. This position I still hold.

On October 4, 1904, I was appointed a missionary by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and in December was assigned to the Punjab Mission in India. I expect to enter on this work in the fall of this year.

While in the Seminary, I took a two years P. G. course in the college, and received my A. M. in 1897. The only club of which I am a member is the Nassau Club of Princeton; the only society, the Kittochtinny Historical Society of Chambersburg, Pa. I am an Independent in politics, although I have been chairman of the Chambersburg Republican Borough Convention. My one hobby is, and always will be, Princeton.

Yours as ever,

RAY H. CARTER.

Chambersburg, Pa., February 3, 1905.

**JOHN ADAMS CHAPMAN**

**150 Lincoln Park Boulevard, Chicago.**

In Manufacturing Department of the International Harvester  
Co., McCormick Division, Chicago.

Dear Andrew:—

Your letter of Jan. 31st deserved an earlier reply, but it arrived in Chicago just as I was preparing to leave for an extended European trip and so found me too busy to give the time to an answer that, as you say, the Class has a right to expect.

My life since leaving college has been devoted to business. Five years of my manufacturing experience were spent in the shops, where morning attendance was required, not by the Chapel bell at 8:15, but by the whistle at 7 o'clock.

I am now with the International Harvester Co., in the Manufacturing Department, and at present I am investigating manufacturing conditions in Europe. Sweden is different from America in certain ways and some of the class may be interested in a few of the customs there.

On entering an office you find yourself in an outer closet, where you at once proceed to take off your hat, overcoat, and rubbers (for all wear rubbers in Sweden), and hang up your umbrella. It rains several times almost every day, sometimes alternating with sunshine and snow storms. They observe office hours from ten in the morning until two, and then from four until seven in the afternoon. Breakfast is at nine, dinner at three, and supper at nine thirty at night.

At the beginning of a meal, you are served with what is called a "smorgasbord," which may include delicacies such as shrimps, sardines, a raw turnip (!), etc., and such butter as you may want for the rest of the meal you will do well to reserve at this time. Water is never served by any Swedish

men at any meal, but instead enough wine, both in variety and quantity, to make you wonder if you are going to be able to leave alone.

Gefle is one of the largest lumber exporting cities of the world; their exports being 99,000,000 sq. ft. annually. We enjoyed driving around from one office to another in an open sleigh, the driver sitting behind us. It is pretty far north, being on a parallel with Hudson's Bay, but the severe cold of our American winters is not experienced here.

The freight cars carry five tons or 11,200 lbs. as a load which seems rather small compared to our 80,000 lb. cars in the United States.

With kindest regards to those who may have been interested enough in the above to read it, and best wishes to you, believe me.

Very truly yours,

JOHN A. CHAPMAN.

Gefle, Sweden, March 14, 1905.

**CHARLES COCHRAN**

**804 Glenwood Ave, Williamsport, Pa.**

Secretary and Treasurer and Assistant General Manager,  
Susquehanna Bloomsburg & Berwick R. R. Co., Watson-  
town, Pa.

MARRIED: Martha C. Perley, April 28, 1903, Williamsport,  
Pa.

Martha Perley Cochran, March 26, 1904, Williamsport, Pa.

My Dear Andy:—

In writing you concerning my career since the glorious class of '95 separated, each to make his way as best he could, I wish to start off by saying that I have no apologies to make, and do not "beg to advise you that I have received your letter of the 10th inst," or anything of that kind. Everything that is of any interest to you, me, or the rest of the class has hap-

pened to somebody else, and I wish to inform you that I favor you with this letter simply to keep you from worrying, and thus save the wear and tear on your temper.

As you will notice by the heading of this letter, I am now a Railroad Magnate (or Maggot) whichever you prefer. Previous to my connection with this road I served an apprenticeship of nearly two years in South America, about the same length of time in Alaska, and about an equal length of time doing nothing. Since becoming a Benedick, I have lived in a suburb of Williamsport called Vallamont, where I have a garden in the Summer time, and a hot-air furnace in the winter, thus keeping in pretty good physical condition. I have never seen military service, or done any literary work. I took a Post Graduate study in law for a year or so, but found that there were about 10 people to every lawyer, and decided to give up the study of law, and let my 10 stay out of jail. My principal political work to date has been working for Parker and Davis in 1904, and in voting for Bryan in 1900, which I did, not because I believed in the 16 to 1 ratio, but because I was too tired to split my ticket.

My history as a business man, I reckon very properly begins in 1900, following my return from Alaska, when I was made Asst. General Manager of the Cresson and Clearfield Coal and Coke Company, with their office in Philadelphia. I was with this concern about two years, and left them with the intention of taking up the position which I am now holding, which was delayed on account of a hitch in the reorganization of the old company, and I filled the interval of about six months holding down the position of Paying Teller in the Banking House of Cochran, Payne & McCormick, Williamsport, Pa.

To the best of my knowledge and belief, the greatest mistake I ever made was trying to write this letter, and I sincerely hope that my classmates will be as easy on me as they can.

Trusting to hear from all, or most, of the members of "Dear Old '95" at the coming reunion, I am, with best wishes to all,  
Yours sincerely,

CHAS. COCHRAN.

Watsonstown, Pa., February 8, 1905.

**HOWARD AUGUSTUS COLBY**

**7 Wall St., N. Y. City.**

Plaza Hotel, N. Y. City.

My dear Classmates:—

It is just seven years since I have written or heard from you and wish I only had to write that often to everybody. I have had no business since I left college and am sorry for it, for I really believe it is harder to be a good loafer than to have a good business. The majority of men without business are in jail.

My favorite hobby for the last five years has been automobiling, and though considered a careful driver, I have been invited to visit a number of police stations in the States of New York and New Jersey, and have not had a room with a bath yet. It was only a short time ago, I was touring quietly through a small town in the southern part of New Jersey, when a man with a star on his bosom rode up to me on a bicycle. I asked if he could tell me where the best hotel was and he said he would show me just the one for me. I thanked him and he took us all to the police station. We were very much disappointed in not finding a warm dinner awaiting us.

I belong to a number of clubs, but as you do not pay the bills, they will not interest you.

The only military service I have participated in was the carrying of parts of regiments in my car from Orange to Paterson, N. J., during the time of the riots. One of the officers said, "Let me out, I would rather get shot."

As for politics, I have only had one experience. My brother was running for some kind of a political position in Essex County, and they say I got all the saloon votes. However that may be, I did not vote for him.

I have looked into Christian Science and New Thought and read *The Simple Life*, but for safety generally carry a bottle of whiskey in case things get too complicated.

The best piece of literary work that I think I have ever done was a reference that I gave my chauffeur that stole my automobile. It ran along these lines:—

“It gives me great pleasure to recommend Julius Robberino. I have found him perfectly honest in small matters, he would take nothing that he could not see or was red hot. He was perfectly courteous when sober, but I never found him sober. He leaves me of his own accord at my request. Anyone wishing to be relieved of a large family may engage him with perfect confidence.

Hoping that he will secure a position giving him full scope, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

H. A. Colby.”

I see one of the questions before me that our good old Secretary has given us to answer, in order that it may help us to write our letter: “What has Princeton done for us?” I could answer this in a hundred different ways, but I can say for sure, that it never did me any harm, and that they were four of the best years of my life, and I really believe that I would go over those four years again with the same old crowd and would agree to go to the chapel at least twice a week.

With kindest regards to all, and hoping that nothing will prevent my seeing you on the 9th of June, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

HOWARD A. COLBY.

Palm Beach, Fla., March 9, 1905.

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**CHARLES BEACH CONDIT**

**49 Mt. Pleasant Ave., West Orange, New Jersey.**

Liberty Corner, Somerset Co., New Jersey.

Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Liberty Corner, N. J.

MARRIED: Mary Maude Kynor, June 15, 1904, Orange, N. J.

Dear Andy:—

As they say here in the vernacular, "I hain't got no typewriter, and nobody on our Main Street ain't got one nuther." But as you see, I have found some one who does typewrite, and who also is kind enough to typewrite this for me.

You have asked me to give an account of myself since graduation. Well, I thought the days of examination had passed for me, and then too, (don't you know?) it isn't nice for a minister to talk about himself, for a minister should be a humble man. But you may be excused this time, for I am told that the great, cold, critical world says that we ministers aren't what we ought to be along the humility line, and especially those of the Presbyterian variety. Evidently you agree with the world, and think me able to blow my own horn. Well, I suppose, if I must, I must; and so without further delay will try to tell the fellows what I have been up to since graduation.

As told in my letter for the Triennial Record, the first three years after graduation were spent in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, with several other Ninety-five men. While in the Seminary, I also took P. G. courses in the University and received my master's degree in 1897. Almost immediately after graduating from the Seminary in 1898, I came to Liberty Corner, N. J., whither I had been called by the Presbyterian Church in the place to become its pastor. On July 7th, of the same year, I was ordained to the Ministry by the Presbytery of Elizabeth, and at the same time installed Pastor



of the Liberty Corner Church. And here I have been ever since.

You ask in your blue circular whether my home is in the country, city, or suburb. Of course, Andy, you know well enough where it is, for you have been "out;" but for the benefit of the other fellows I would say that it is country, real country, sans railroad, sans trolley cars, sans telegraph, sans everything modern except the telephone. But still for all that, it "ain't so worse," for we have free, large draughts of ozone and plenty of good friends who supply us with all the pork and 'taters we can eat. And so I am happy.

Then too, I go to New York sometimes, and have been mixed up in several different organizations outside the place. For one year I was president of the Raritan Ministerial Association, twice have been president of our C. E. Social Union, and am now a member of the State committee of the C. E. Society. I am also on several committees of the Presbytery.

You say that the fellows might want to know something about my literary work. Well, my published articles consist principally of communications to our own township paper, the Bernardsville News. If any of the boys should desire copies, I am sure they could secure them by writing to the editor. In regard to my speeches—why, the whole country round here is fairly surcharged with the "hot air" that has escaped from my lips; how large a quantity I dare not tell, but I am sure that the atmosphere is tempered thereby in the winter time!

The farthest I have traveled since graduation has been to California, and I was not bored, either, by the journey. Last Spring I was sent as a commissioner to the General Assembly, which met at Buffalo.

I have attended several reunions since graduation and have enjoyed them all. I also bump into some of the fellows once

in a while, but not very often, but hope to see a whole batch of them next Spring at the decennial. Princeton has done much for me, but thus far I have done very little for Princeton. Hope I can do more in the coming years.

With love to all the fellows,

Fraternally yours,

CHARLES B. CONDIT.

Liberty Corner, New Jersey, January 17, 1905.

**LESTER MORRIS CONROW**

**295 Willow Avenue, Long Branch, N. J.**

62 Marchmont Crescent, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Presbyterian Minister.

MARRIED: Annie Belle Dobbin, September 28, 1904,  
Newark, N. J.

Conrow entered Princeton Theological Seminary where he was graduated in 1898. He was then called to be pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Corning, Ia., famed as the native town of Teddy Norris and "Cherub" Wells.

In 1901 he was appointed minister of the Presbyterian Church in Chestertown, N. Y., but shortly afterwards was called to the church at Lamington, N. J., where he remained until the fall of 1904.

Soon after his marriage in September 1904, he went to Edinburgh, Scotland. About this, I am indirectly informed. His occupation is reported as that of a Post-Graduate Student at Edinburgh University.

I have written to him several times recently without reply. I was in Edinburgh not many weeks ago, and had I known at the time of Conrow's presence there, I should have secured his letter by main force.

**ALBERT SAMUEL COOK**

**Towson, Maryland.**

Superintendent of Schools of Baltimore County and Secretary and Treasurer of the Baltimore County School Board, Towson, Maryland.

MARRIED: Helen J. Earnshaw, December 27, 1898, Gettysburg, Pa.

Elmer Earnshaw Cook, March 28, 1900, Reistertown, Md.

Katherine Norris Cook, March 31, 1902, Towson, Md.

Dear Imbrie:—

After three years at Bel Air, Maryland, as principal of the Academy and Graded School, I went to Reistertown, Baltimore County, Maryland, as Principal of the Franklin High School. Two years later, in 1900, I was appointed to my present position as Superintendent of the Baltimore County Public Schools, and Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of County School Commissioners of Baltimore County.

I am sure that public school work is a good field for a college man who is in sympathy with it, and who has had special training and experience in public school teaching. As a student in his profession, the school superintendent has before him a very broad field—the history and principles of education, to understand which he must draw on history, sociology, philosophy and psychology.

I am very pleasantly located here in Towson, the county-seat of Baltimore County, where my brother, E. J. Cook, '92, is practicing law. Towson is seven miles (forty minutes by trolley) from the City Hall of Baltimore, and all the suburbs of the city are in Baltimore County; but the City has no connection with the County government.

A diploma from Princeton is a valuable asset in my field of work. The Princeton "Faculty Committee on Teachers and Schools" keeps in close touch with all graduates who

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are teaching. Last April I was recommended by that Committee to an important educational position in a large city of the Middle West, and my application had the hearty support of President Wilson and the Alumni Trustee of Princeton and the Alumni Association of that city. There is also a Princeton man on our Board here, and largely through his influence the Board decided to offer sufficient inducements for me to remain in Maryland, which was very much to my liking. One of the inducements was six weeks' leave of absence each summer to attend a university summer school, and I spent last July and August in Columbia University and Teachers College, New York, where I expect in time to get my A. M., and possibly a doctor's degree, as both of these degrees may be obtained there by taking courses in education. Most of my work last summer was on undergraduate courses, which are a prerequisite to graduate courses in education.

My professional work there was the most helpful I have ever had, and so strenuous that I did not have an opportunity to look up our most august Secretary, though I hope to drop into your place of business during the coming summer.

The freedom of discussion in the lecture courses at Columbia was a revelation to one accustomed only to undergraduate work.

I very much fear, Mr. Secretary, that a pitfall for the unwary is lurking in the question, "What has Princeton done for you," for how can one answer it, without the feeling that he should send a check twice as large as he is able?

Very sincerely yours,

ALBERT S. COOK.

Towson, Md., January 20, 1905.

**WILLIAM BROWN COOKE**

**105 South Fourth Street, Steelton, Pa.**

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Steelton, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

It was hard for me to get enough of Princeton. After spending three years in the regular course at the Theological Seminary, I stayed a fourth year for post-graduate work. Eight years in the old town, and not a day too much!

In January 1900, I came here to become the minister of the Presbyterian Church and here I have remained through five happy years. The varied work of the pastorate in an industrial town has kept me busy. Smoke and steam from a forest of stacks, the roar and flame of furnaces, the clangor of rolling-mills, and the throbbing of engines, with much night work and Sunday work, and a feverish rush to fill quick contracts in busy times, and an even worse idleness and want in dull days, and under it all the cutting competition for place and price—all this does not go to make up a very churchly atmosphere. But it adds zest to life. It gives impulse to the desire to show men the blue sky above the smoke and the still voice in the noise, and the kindly ways of charity through the tangled ambitions of business and politics. It calls for a man's best efforts. One longs for the penetration of a doctor to see just what's wrong, and apply the remedy, for the patience of a teacher to be content with slow progress, of the logic of a lawyer to force home the truth.

So this is my work. Not much excitement about it, except to watch the drama of the inner life unfold; not much globe trotting, except little journeys to the homes of the needy; no military record, except an occasional brush with violators of law and order, or an attempt to straighten out the choir—these adventures belong to the church militant; no civil posi-

tions beyond serving as juryman for a week; a few honors at the hands of neighbors and fellow ministers to encourage the young brother; no books published but much ink used and a few volumes of theology and history read; during the summer tennis and golf, in winter long walks, to keep the flesh under; in politics, as in religion, a protestant for the rights of the individual.

For further information and more intimate gossip—"here, the steps of Old North are vacant. Let's sit down and talk it all over. And tell me, what have you been doing all this time?"

Cordially yours,

WM. B. COOKE.

Steelton, Pa., January 18, 1905.

**ALLEN WICKHAM CORWIN**

**5 Highland Ave., Middletown, N. Y.**

Lawyer; 3 Empire Block, Middletown, N. Y.

Recorder (City Judge) of the city of Middletown, N. Y.

Elected November 8, 1904.

Second Vice-President of the New York Casualty Co., 35 Nassau Street, New York.

Dear Andy:—

Because the past ten years have not witnessed my elevation to a place of distinction in the affairs of State or Nation; because I lack, deplorably, that literary and fine imaginative sense essential in any successful writer of fiction; and because I simply cannot reply to your "14 suggestions" without replying to them, I may be pardoned for offering, in my plain, blunt way, the following complete ten-year autobiography in order of chronology and importance:

In the fall of 1895 I entered the Harvard Law School, at Cambridge, Mass., and in June 1898, graduated with the

Degree of LL. B. In September of that year I entered the Law Offices of Judge J. Rider Cady, at Hudson, N. Y., was admitted to the New York Bar in the January following, and formed a partnership with Judge Cady, for the practice of law, under the name of Cady & Corwin, which was later changed to Cady, DeLamater & Corwin. In September 1901, left Hudson and opened an office at 120 Broadway, New York City, and practiced alone at that address until January 1904, when I removed to Middletown, Orange County, N. Y., my permanent home, and am now practicing in the latter City. Was nominated by the Republican City Convention, after a hard contest at the Primaries between two tickets, for the office of Recorder (City Judge) and was elected on November 8th, 1904. Have been on the bench since January 2d., 1905, and hold office for four years.

Member of The Princeton Club of New York City; the Pi Eta Society at Harvard; The Middletown and University Clubs at home.

Am fond of political life and entertain a respectable ambition. Not married and yet manage to lead a happy existence. I am also 1st Vice-President of the New York Casualty Co., of 35 Nassau Street, N. Y. City.

Were I to suggest any change in the Princeton Educational System it would be to ask for more extended instruction in English—along the Harvard plan.

Your persistent patience, dear Andy, merits a more illuminating response, but as yet I am not making history in the limelight.

Sincerely as ever,

ALLEN W. CORWIN.

Middletown, N. Y., February 24, 1905.

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**SAMUEL G. CRAIG****Ebensburg, Pa.**

Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Ebensburg, Pa.

My dear Imbrie:—

I suppose that you have heard that the difference between a good speaker and a poor one, is that the first speaks because he has something to say, while the second speaks because he has to say something. Possibly the saying holds good as regards letter writers. If so, I fear that you will be disposed to throw this document in the waste basket. However, I must do something to escape the "important" letters that you have been sending my way.

Of course you will not be expecting anything very startling from a bachelor preacher.

The fall of '96 found me again in Princeton, where for four years I divided my attention between theology and football. Before leaving Princeton, I received the M. A. degree from the University, and the B. D. degree from the Theological Seminary. Soon after my departure from Princeton, I was called to the Presbyterian Church of this place. The Church of which I am pastor is one of the highest in the State, (altitude 2,250 feet), hence it is evident that I have been climbing up in the world rapidly. My sermons have been attracting wide attention. Witness the fact that during the summer months the Pennsylvania R. R. runs a special train from Pittsburgh every Saturday night, so as to give the inhabitants of that village an opportunity to profit by my words of wisdom. There are a few Philistines who imagine that the train is run to give them an opportunity to breathe our mountain air; but of course they are mistaken.

If time permitted, I could in answer to question No. 7, give you a list of the sermons I have written, and the speeches I



have made, but as this would necessitate a two volume record, I refrain.

I must confess that I made one great mistake. I entered Princeton as a senior. I ought to have entered as a freshman.

Your friend and classmate,

SAMUEL G. CRAIG.

Ebensburg, Pa., February 9, 1905.

**ALFRED CRAMER**

**433 Penn Street, Camden, N. J.**

Physician.

Cramer studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and received his degree of M. D., in 1898. He then became a resident physican at the Lackawanna Hospital at Scranton, Pa., where he remained for several months when he was appointed to the Cooper Hospital in Camden, N. J. For the past five years he has been practicing in Camden.

Early in February he promised to contribute his letter to the Record, but though I have practiced all my wiles upon him, I have been unable to coax a confession.

**HARDEN LAKE CRAWFORD**

**41 West 57th Street.**

Banker, and dealer in Investment Bonds. Senior Partner of  
H. L. Crawford & Company, 25 Broad Street, N. Y. City.

MARRIED: Annie Clay, October 17, 1900, Fruitvale,  
Alameda County, California.

Harden Lake Crawford, Jr., December 6, 1902, New York City.

My dear Andy:—

I might start with a P. S. to my triennial letter, and then bring my diary up-to-date, but our view point changes so with the run of years that it would be like piecing a new garment with an old patch.

SENIOR ELECTIONS—DECEMBER 11, 1894



Again I might put down my past actions in groups such as: trips to Europe 3; to California 4—being indefinite on purpose so as to prove an alibi should this written testimony ever be used against me.

Again I might give the excuse (for not writing at all) of those who were invited to the feast; for I too have married a wife, and have bought a parcel of ground, (and built a house on it), and a few animals other than oxen.

As far as my diary is concerned, it would, I am afraid, bear a close family resemblance to the one I kept as a child most of whose pages recorded the interesting (?) information that "the thermometer registered 45% weather bright. Went to School this A. M., and had my music lesson this afternoon." The only change would be substituting the word "work" for the school, and the same word for music lesson.

If I mistake not, I hold the class record for getting to work first (it is the only record I do hold) as I started in the morning after class day as an office boy in the bond house of N. W. Harris & Co. The advantage of a college education immediately showed itself, in that I received \$5.00 a week compensation instead of the usual wages of \$4.00

Tommy Slidell soon joined the school with me and when he came into the office as Freshman I somehow moved along to Sophomore. This class had an extended course of three years instead of one, and then the Junior year came with the formation of the firm of Thompson, Tenney & Crawford.

The next year I became number 63 on Andy's list of married men of the class of '95, and since then my favorite club is "Home" and the New York, Princeton, Appawamis, Strollers, Automobile Clubs, etc., take a distant reclining position.

Oh! yes, I have one. Two years old and a dandy. He is handicapped by being named after his father; but unlike him is a great talker and gives promise of being able to learn:

“The war must go on! We must fight it through!” with all the enthusiasm of a natural born Princetonian. He also is getting his arm in trim to throw a few balls at Yale about 1919.

Let's see—this was all during Junior year, wasn't it? Well, shall I say Senior year began July 1904, when the firm of H. L. Crawford & Company took up the business left off by the dissolution of my former firm? Senior year is usually the beginning of the end, but now that graduate schools are holding sway, I trust that we may successfully pass our examinations, and simply hang up another sheepskin on the walls of our memory, to mark, not the end of the old, but the right to strive for the new.

Yours very truly,

HARDEN L. CRAWFORD.

New York, February 6, 1905.

**JOHN FORSYTH CRAWFORD**

**Grand Island College, Grand Island, Neb.**

Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy, Grand Island College.

MARRIED: Bertha M. Adams, June 25, 1901, Centerville, Ia.

John Adams Crawford, July 5, 1903, Beaver Dam, Wis.

Dear Classmates:—

My work so far has been pushing me farther away from Princeton with each move, with little hope of getting back to the reunion. Last fall I came out here to the State of natural ventilation, where automatic fans are not needed. The winds are prevailing west, and I may get blown back to Princeton yet. Pending such removal, I am trying to follow humbly in the steps of Jerry Ormond, with the hope of showing some young ideas how to sprout.

For four years I was Pastor of my first—and probably my last—church; but I could not resist my old hankerings, and

now I am hammering away in the class room, preparing embryonic philosophers and country school-teachers. This is not the place or the way to make money, but I have never struck any more interesting work or more solid satisfaction. Wife and son are entirely worthy of the class, and the boy is preparing as rapidly as possible for Princeton.

If any of you ever pass through on the main line of the Union Pacific, stop off a train and hail me, or stay awhile, and give me a piece of Princeton in the deprivations of this solitude. I wish I could join you at the reunion, and if the gale is right, perhaps I shall.

Fraternally,

“FUZZY” CRAWFORD.

Grand Island, Neb., January 17, 1905.

**JAMES STONER CRAWFORD**

**1228 Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

502 Jeannette Street, Wilkinsburgh, Pa.

Lawyer. Partner in firm of Patterson, Sterrett & Acheson,  
1228 Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARRIED: L. Mae Wilson, June 16, 1903, Pittsburgh, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

Your last note urging me to make my letter “bright and clever” and “full of ginger” is only another example of an attempt to teach an old dog new tricks, terminating, as you will observe, with the proverbial result. To tell the truth, I have delayed my letter for a while, vainly hoping to catch a spark of inspiration and have even sought the society of such effulgent bodies as Warren Seymour and Charlie Hamilton, trying actually to get in the way of a few stray sparks, but without success. No, my dear Secretary, in the words of the prophet: “Ginger and wit have I none, but such as I have, you are welcome to.”

It seems only day before yesterday that we were care free seniors loafing out our last few weeks "midst the scenes we know so well," yet you ask us to give you an account of ourselves for the ten years that have elapsed since graduation. My autobiography covering that period would not make interesting reading, for my life has been quiet and uneventful. There is one red letter day, however; June 16, 1903, was the date of my marriage to Miss L. Mae Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Wilson of this place. Owing to the fact that I had just gone through a siege of pleuro-pneumonia, we spent our honeymoon, and in fact most of that Summer, in the Adirondacks. Up at Lake Placid we were delighted to run across Danny Dexter and his bride. They were on their honeymoon also.

Our home at present is in Wilkinsburg, a near suburb, but we are just about to begin building a house in Homewood, one of the residence districts of the city, which we hope to be occupying before another year, and where you and any other classmate who may be good enough to come to see us will find a warm welcome.

As for your questions, Andy, there isn't much for me to answer to most of them. My travels have not extended beyond a radius of a thousand miles, I have had no military service, have written no articles or books, made no speeches, delivered no lectures, (except to the office boy), have done no political work of any consequence, have not held office nor been a candidate, and if I have a hobby, I am not aware of it. But what characteristic thoughtfulness you displayed, dear Secretary, in adding that fourteenth question, "What is the greatest mistake you ever made?"

Did you ever experience the consolation of finding at the tail end of a tough examination paper a question you knew something about? I had that feeling when I saw your last

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question, for, unlike old "Cam," I have made many mistakes. One in particular I recall, was made in freshman year, one evening, on Nassau Street. I mistook a bunch of sophomores for my own classmates. I thought at the time it was one of the greatest mistakes I had ever made. I suppose I never did make one attended with more immediate consequences, but there have been many with consequences much more serious and far reaching. There is no mistake I regret more than the neglect of opportunities while at Princeton, not only those which the curriculum affords, but those afforded by the college life as well. I suppose there are few college men who do not realize how much more might have been made of those four years, but no amount of preaching ever seems to bring the truth home to the undergraduate.

I have noticed no defects in Princeton's educational system. The recent changes seem to have been dictated by wisdom and experience. The criticism of Princeton which I hear most frequently, and which I find most difficulty in meeting, is the alleged aristocratic tendencies of the college life. If there is any justification for this criticism, it is much to be regretted. Old Princetonians have ever been proud to boast of the democratic spirit of the place.

My post graduate study was in the Pittsburgh Law School, from which I received the degree of LL. B. in 1897. That same year I was admitted to the bar, and have since been practicing here in Pittsburgh. For the first three years I was associated in practice (on a salary) with Thomas Patterson, Esq., a leading lawyer here. In 1901 he formed a partnership with James R. Sterrett and M. W. Acheson, Jr., under the firm name of Patterson, Sterrett & Acheson. After a year as a nominal member of this firm, I became, and still remain an actual partner. Men of finer character I have never known, and my association with them has been most congenial,



pleasant and helpful. There are now five in the firm, the other member being B. R. Ewing, '94.

You ask if I am glad or sorry I chose my profession and why. I am glad, because I enjoy my work. Disappointments and discouragements there have been in plenty, but there has also been a fair measure of success, pleasure and satisfaction. I have always known that I could never be a Webster or a Choate, but there is much the rest of us must do in order that the Websters and Choates may be unhampered in their greater work.

As to Clubs and Societies, I am a member of the University Club, the Edgewood Golf Club, the Pennwood Club of Wilkinsburgh, and the Allegheny County Bar Association.

I have just received a copy of "Soc" Huston's book. If you have not already read it, you will be delighted to renew his acquaintance through these "dreams of the woods." I always felt that we would eventually hear great things of Paul.

Billy Beveridge made me a visit last Fall. Beveridge is making a name for himself, and incidentally lots of money down at Asbury Park. While Beveridge is not married, do not be surprised to hear encouraging news from him almost any time. He is manifesting a deep interest in feminology, and seemed particularly well pleased with the Pittsburgh specimen.

With kindest regards and best of wishes to yourself and the other two hundred and fifty best fellows in the world, and hoping we may all meet in June around the old cannon, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

JAMES S. CRAWFORD.

Pittsburgh, Pa., February 25, 1905.

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**CHARLES CLEMENT CRESSON, JR.****San Antonio, Texas.**

815 Grayson Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Lawyer. Alamo Bank Building, San Antonio, Tex. Assistant  
United States Attorney for the Western District of Texas.

Dear "Andy" and Classmates of '95:—

Or to use the phraseology of our class boy, that worthy son of a worthy sire of a glorious class, as Master Geoffrey would say, "My Class Men."

Certainly our hard-working and faithful Secretary has surpassed himself in his last "Circular No. 10" for our Tenth Year. With its formidable array of questions, it carries me back to before graduation, and all the replies we had to make for our first set of statistics.

As a lawyer, I believe in advice being given, taken, and incidentally well paid for, and I know the value of an expert, therefore, we can do no better than follow the plan so considerately as well as carefully outlined for us in "Queries Fourteen," by that most finished expert of secretaries "Andy." So at the risk of retelling somewhat the things our last letters embraced, feeling in many places the dryness and egoism of this letter, yet consoled by the fact that this re-compilation and codification will give our histories complete to date, I will plunge "in medias res," even when I am awed and made to feel like a school-boy writing for a medal by the thought of Schumy's silver loving cup to be given as a prize to the best letter. The competition with all our literary luminaries debars me from this contest, but just enter your sole representative from the Lone Star State, "The Texas Kid," in the race for the D. Q. Brown Long Distance Cup.

My profession is that of a lawyer, and it is the only one I have ever tried, as I have been practicing here continuously

since October, 1897. Certainly I have never regretted my choice, for I believe it is one of the greatest and best fields for a college man. There is plenty of hard work, but it is varied and interesting, it requires energy and application, still one is greatly the master of his own time, and more than any other calling are you in the glare of the public lime-lights, it is the open door to a political career and advancement. I have lived uninterruptedly in the metropolis of Texas, San Antonio, where I was born, ever since beginning the practice of law. My home is located by choice on one of the seven hills surrounding our city just two miles from its center, with us a suburb, and is always open to each and every '95 man who strays this way. You may all be sure that I will consider it a personal insult if any of you ever come here and dare to stay at any other place. Remember, this is the Southland with its fame for hospitality.

Since our last class letters, I have made one trip to New York, and our Septennial Reunion, one to San Francisco, two to New Orleans, one to St. Louis and the Fair, and many smaller ones in this State. Always I had pleasant company, the visits were enjoyable and I only want to repeat them.

All my military service was had in the militia before entering college, but living near our Army Post here, one of the largest in the United States, and my father being a Colonel in the U. S. Army, may, by affiliation, be ranked as military experience.

Of clubs, I am President of "The San Antonio Lawn Tennis Club," Secretary-Treasurer of "The Cotillon Club of San Antonio" and hold that same office for the Princeton Alumni Association of Texas. In societies, I am a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, San Antonio Lodge No. 216, and belong to a Greek Society, Phi Kappa Psi, my chapter being Texas Alpha, I having joined that fraternity with the

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alumni last fall when it was established in the University of Texas, at Austin; also in a short while I will present my application for membership in the Loyal Legion, of which my father is a member, and to which I am eligible.

In the Fall after our graduation with a number of our class, I entered the New York Law School, remaining there two years, graduating in June of 1897 with the professional degree of Bachelor of Laws. That same month I was admitted to the New York Bar, and the October following to the Texas Bar. Since then I have been admitted to practice in the United States Courts.

To the charge of having written books, I distinctly plead "Not Guilty," whilst as to articles they have been confined to professional briefs, newspaper effusions on local affairs and situations, and political matter.

In the line of addresses and speeches they have been quite frequent, as presentations at banquets, holiday orations, political addresses, stump speeches and jury "spiels."

So now when I say, like my father before me, I have always been a Republican, do not faint nor be surprised at it because I come from Texas. We are getting enlightened down here, they are seeing the error of their past ways with their brutal Democratic majorities. In the last four years we Republicans cut down a Democratic majority of about 236,000 for Bryan to only about 116,000 for Parker, a loss to the Democrats of about 120,000 in four years. If in the next quartet of years we do as well, Texas will join Missouri in the ranks of "the dominant party." I now am, and for the past year have been, Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of Bexar County, and on our Republican Congressional Committee as the representative from this County. Last Fall I was duly nominated by the Republicans for County Attorney of Bexar

County, Texas, but could not accept the nomination and make the race owing to business reasons.

I have twice held public office politically, having been Asst. City Attorney of this city from March 1, 1901 to March 12, 1903, inclusive, and on January 12, last, I was appointed and qualified as Asst. United States Attorney for the Western District of Texas, with official residence and headquarters here. This position I am still filling.

As for my "hobby" I construe this to mean my sporting diversions. In the winter we have great hunting around here, for Southwest Texas is truly the sportsman's paradise, ducks, quail, dove, deer and turkey are in abundance, and in the summer our nearby gulf coast gives the best fishing in the world. There is surely the home of the tarpon, and often I run down for a day or two to sail out in our sloop and land a few.

Besides these sports in the way of athletics or games, I have been playing quite a lot of tennis in the past five years, having managed to collect about thirty loving cups as trophies and prizes. For three years I held our Club and City Championship in the singles, whilst with my partner, Semp Russ, we have held the double championship for five years, the State of Texas doubles for the same length of time, and the Gulf States Doubles, won at New Orleans, for two years. Last Fall we were runners up in doubles at the Olympic Championship, and in the Texas Tournament.

My answer to the next question shows an unfortunate condition for me, when I say that with the exception of those '95 men I met during our Seventh Year Reunion and on my trip then, I have only seen Imbrie, Upson and Offutt since leaving New York in the Fall of 1897. You fellows who see each other frequently do not know nor realize what a pleasure you have,

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cannot imagine how hard it is to be thus practically, permanently severed from about 240 of as good men as live, almost to give up utterly the fast friends of four and six years, to lose roommates and classmates, to be compelled to keep on missing them. However, I am indebted to Imbrie and Upson for the all too short visits they paid me here, and to Offutt for some pleasant hours at New Orleans last year.

And now for the reciprocal questions, what we have given to Princeton, what she has done for us. I cheerfully own myself the debtor, and await the opportunity, the chance to attempt to repay her. For Princeton gave to me four of the happiest, care-free years of my life, with friendships which will endure forever, taught me what honor meant, what men are and should be, established ideals in many things, gave me an object of devotion, lent me a poise, trained my mind to think, my body to act, and fitted me as far as in me lies, to the uttermost of my capabilities to take a position and a standing in my portion of the world.

And in return we have here all endeavored to honor her name, build up her reputation, gain students for her rolls. Beginning with the class of '93, there have been thirty-three San Antonio boys at Princeton, no other college outside of this State can show such a record, nor compete with us. Our reunions every month or so are celebrated. "The Princeton Crowd" here is well-known professionally, in business, socially, politically and generally.

Princeton may have defects in her system—possibly has—but I am in no position to know them. Certainly she needs money, but the present move of the alumni will remedy that. I believe the best reply to this fatal, unluck number "13" lies in the toast: "Here's to our college, may she ever be right, but right or wrong, still our college."

And now for the final question, "the greatest mistake,"

Like the rest of mankind, I have made many errors, to pick out the most monumental, would be impossible. Perchance some of our married men might say that giving up their liberty and joining the Benedicks was a fatal error, if we could guarantee that their better halves would not see the letter. Then if we bachelors should say our greatest mistake was in not having already married, we would illustrate the contrariness of human nature. At that rate, however, our greatest mistake would more likely be our misfortune, not our fault.

Having filled out your skeleton, Mr. Secretary, I come to close my letter, and find you have left me nothing for a peroration, so I can only repeat my invitation to you all, repledge my devotion to class and college and remain for a rousing reunion.

As ever your classmate,

CHAS. C. CRESSON, Jr.

San Antonio, Tex., March 22, 1905.

### **CARLETON CURTIS**

**1 East 53rd Street, New York.**

Curtis's home has been in New York City ever since he left college. I see him frequently at the Princeton Club, and he is also a member of the University Club of New York. He has traveled considerably since leaving college, once having taken a trip as far as Siam. I hoped that he would write us an interesting letter of his adventures, but he has begged off, asserting that he doesn't like to write letters, and that he doesn't think he could interest the class anyway.

I have tried to dissuade him, but his modesty has prevailed. He is an enthusiastic Princeton Rooter, and attends all Class Reunions and big games. He is unmarried.

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**JAMES FREDERICK DALE**

**Trenton, N. J.**

443 Bellevue Ave., Trenton, N. J.

Secretary, Department of Labor of New Jersey, State House,  
Trenton, N. J. Also, newspaper correspondent.

My Dear Andy:—

Am not very strong on obituaries and therefore find it hard to catch even the last edition of the Decennial Record. Since leaving college I have been engaged almost continuously in newspaper work. This is still my vocation with an added stunt in the Department of Labor of New Jersey. This does not mean hard labor for a fixed term, for much of the work of the department is to prevent labor on the part of those too young to work. That fact, combined with the election returns, made me eligible for the position. With best wishes for the health and happiness of yourself and the other 238 Decennialites of 1905,

Your sincere friend,

JAMES F. DALE.

Trenton, April 4, 1905.

**WALTER RAINES DARBY**

**31 Middlesex St., Westfield, New Jersey.**

Salesman for The Pittsburgh Reduction Co., manufacturers of  
Aluminum, 99 John Street, New York City.

MARRIED: Jennie Drake Fowler, June 21, 1904, Westfield,  
New Jersey.

Dear Andy:—

I know you will be pleased to learn that I received your various letters as well as a telegram which you so kindly sent "**collect**," urging me to make haste with my letter, which I



am doing. It may interest you to know, however, that I did not receive your telegram for two days and came near not receiving it all, as the telegraph operator made the name "Darling" and it went to some other chap who paid the charge, which was very considerate of him. He might not be so considerate a second time, so I must write or pay for telegrams—therefore I write. But what to write? "There's the rub"—for I haven't done anything to merit fame or honor. I am not a clubman, a politician or a traveler; but simply a worker, whose youthful dreams have been modified by time and contact with men.

The farther we leave our undergraduate days behind us the more we appreciate them and as we sit and watch the smoke curl up from our pipes it is pleasant to recall "those days of gladness 'neath the Orange and the Black."

Sincerely,

W. R. DARBY.

New York, April 7, 1905.

**WILLIAM NELSON DAVEY**

**49 Wall Street, New York.**

East Orange, N. J.

Manager of the Adjusting Department of Johnson & Higgins,  
Average Adjusters and Insurance Brokers, 49 Wall Street,  
New York.

Davey has always lived in East Orange, N. J., and since leaving Princeton has been with the firm of Johnson & Higgins, average adjusters and insurance brokers of New York City.

He pleads an overwhelming amount of work for his failure to contribute a letter to the book; and yet his letter of apology across which he has written, "not for publication" has so much of the spirit in it that I hoped his published letter would have, that I regret more than ever that he should have left the

bare recital of facts to be thus coldly set forth by a disappointed editor.

**JOHN THOMAS DAVIS**

**Elkins, West Va.**

Vice-President, Davis Colliery Co., of West Virginia; Vice-President Coal & Coke Railway Co., of West Virginia, Elkins, W. Va.

MARRIED: Elizabeth I. Armstead, November 10, 1897, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hallie Elkins Davis, July 27, 1898, Elkins, W. Va.

Mary Armstead Davis, October 5, 1900, Elkins, W. Va. Died July 28, 1901.

Henry Gassaway Davis, Jr., January 6, 1902, Elkins, W. Va.

For a while after leaving Princeton, Davis studied at the Columbian Law School in Washington, after which he became manager of the Junior Coal Co., at Elkins, West Va. He has recently become vice-president of the Davis Colliery Co., of which his father the Hon. Henry G. Davis, is president.

I wrote to him a half a dozen times to contribute a letter to the Record, but he insists that there is "nothing to say."

**WALTER DAVIS**

**24 South Washington Street, Wilkesbarre, Pa.**

Physician.

MARRIED: Emilie Phillips, July 6, 1898, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Emilie Margaret Davis, January 24, 1901, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Harriet Alice Davis, February 4, 1903, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

In order to have the privilege of reading the other "autobiographies," here goes. I have made a living for eight years in a profession in which I never saw much prospect of getting rich. This has kept me busy working or worrying, most of the time. Sometimes I have thought that my fellow-citizens have failed to realize fully what a good thing they have among them.

My spare time has been spent largely at home. As a general practitioner of medicine, I try to acquire a wide experience by tackling all sorts of cases, and sending as little work to specialists as possible. I have had work to do in spare time as Pathologist in our City Hospital. I was also City Bacteriologist for three years.

What papers I have written have been for our Medical Society describing operative or other cases. I tried one political speech. The next day I overheard a man say, "A young fellow named Davis spoke and he got off one of the damndest arguments I ever heard." I wonder what he meant.

What traveling I have done, has been in the shape of short trips to rivers or mountain streams for bass or trout. There can be little of battles, sieges, fortunes, I have passed. As for hobbies, I think horseback riding is to the front just now.

I think one would have to know himself well to tell his greatest mistake. If we could know how far we are from reaching our highest possible development and destiny, we might figure out what the greatest mistake has been.

I shall enjoy reading the other letters. Will you pardon my not being more decent about answering yours?

Yours very truly,

WALTER DAVIS.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., March 4, 1905.

**CHARLES ERNEST DECHANT**

**52 William St., New York.**

Marion Ave., N. W. cor. 200th St., Bedford Park,  
N. Y. City.

Assistant Secretary and Treasurer of The Casualty Company  
of America, 52 William St., New York.

MARRIED: Daisy Markel Bantz, June 27, 1900, Kansas  
City, Mo.

Dear Andy:—

Our class is certainly to be congratulated for its wisdom and foresight in the choice of its Secretary. I am glad that there are only a few of us procrastinators, but these few serve to show forth your virtues in patience and perseverance.

When I received the first "Blue Circular," I had no idea that I should come in on the "last call;" but here is your letter (the fifth if I haven't lost count), declaring me to be one of the few still "conditioned." Moreover, I have no excuse to offer unless it be my extreme modesty and aversion to rushing into print, and a desire to follow the sage advice, "If you have nothing to say, say it."

To save the class further expense in postage, however, and in order that your patience, dear Andy, may not be too severely bent, I will endeavor to work off this "condition" and shall be well satisfied with a "sixth group."

The Triennial Record left me Professor of Mathematics at the New Jersey State Schools, Trenton, where I remained until the summer of 1900, when I resigned to get married and accept the Principalship of Ursinus Academy at Collegeville, Pa., for a term of three years. I enjoyed my work there very much, and for two years I was closely associated with Dr. Urban, professionally known to '95 as "Bum." Unfortunately our Institution had not yet been discovered by a Rockefeller or a Carnegie and I had not as yet mastered "frenzied finance" to the extent of devising means of paying my own salary. Consequently I was obliged to look for more remunerative employment, and finding nothing more promising, I accepted a position in September 1903, as Cashier of an Insurance Company in New York.

For the information of the Alumni Dormitory Committee, I will state, however, that it is not Mr. Hyde's Company.

In January 1905, I was elected Assistant Secretary and

Treasurer of the Company, in which capacity I am still struggling with the subtle problems of frenzied finance.

With best wishes for your success and a glorious reunion of the Class, I am,

Yours truly,

C. ERNEST DECHANT.

New York, April 3, 1905.

**JAMES WINDSOR DECKER**

**515 Madison Avenue, New York.**

Physician.

I suppose Jimmy thinks that I see him so frequently that it is ridiculous for him to write me a letter. Apparently, the only microbe of which Jim has the slightest fear is the one that lurks in a bottle of ink. There are several members of the class who can testify to the excellent work Jim is doing in his profession.

He studied medicine at the New York Homoeopathic Medical College, and upon his graduation in 1898, was appointed a resident physician at the Flower Hospital where he remained for one year.

In 1899 he began the practice of medicine in New York City. He is still a bachelor, and appears to be busily engaged taking care of his two active room-mates, "Schumy" and Fitz Speer.

**HOWARD DE FOREST**

**Princeton Club, 72 East 34 Street, New York.**

Dear Imbrie:—

Confound it, man, there seems to be no choking you off from this letter game—and I sent you the Blue Slip, too, all

carefully filled out. Why can't you be satisfied and not ask for more?

That last appeal of yours though, has touched my heart. It is so pathetic with its "in a few days" bait. You deserve any sort of a letter you want and if I had anything of general interest to write to so amicably persistent a Class Secretary, you would have had it long before this, of course; but, upon my soul, I've nothing entertaining to put down, as the Blue Slip has fully attested.

I'm out here in Southern California for the winter, because of my attack of rheumatism brought on by the "simple life" of the east. Here I'm naturally leading a wild west life, (Pasadena variety). Anyone who has been out this way will understand. For those who have not—well, in its placidity Pasadena resembles Montclair, N. J. With the coming of spring, I get back to New York.

Now don't send any more of those heart-rending letters. If this contains any news that's fit to print, print it and be hanged. I'm not sure that they keep typewriters out here. This is a very respectable town.

Sincerely,

II. DE FOREST.

Pasadena, Cal., March 16, 1905.

**DANIEL WEAVER DEXTER**

**103 South Main Street, Elmira, N. Y.**

56 West Main Street, Norwich, N. Y.

Minister of the First Congregational Church, Norwich, N. Y.

MARRIED: Nelle Edna Johnson, August 5, 1903, Elmira, N. Y.

Dorothy Johnson Dexter, June 4, 1904, Norwich, N. Y.

Dear Classmates:—

I am looking forward to the day when I shall have in my

hands the Decennial Record of the class which graduated from Princeton near the close of the last century, in the year 1895. Where are the men? What are they doing? are questions which of late have often come to my mind as memory recalls the old Princeton days.

I am one of those who has not been in close touch with Princeton since graduation. I have been unable to attend any of the reunions, or to run down to a baseball or football game, or meet the men at the club: I have missed the chat and gossip of what one and another of the '95 men are doing in the world's work. I have met very few members of the class in the ten years. I owe much to our splendid Secretary, whose breezy circulars have kept pulling on the old ties which will bind the classmates of '95 into a lasting fraternity. Now and then those unwelcome black bordered cards have reminded me that some faces will always be missed in the future.

Absence and time have not effaced my interest in any man, however little we touched elbows in the old days. I hope the Record will be filled with letters from each and every one.

Occasionally I have learned of the doings of some through the press, or other print or from chance sources. Colby plays golf, Platt cuts down telephone poles, Thacher writes, Johnny Poe fights, Huston is an author, Carter turns missionary, Ben Butler gets a call, Willie Phillips loses three pounds, Dunn is a promoter, a lot get married, Seymour gets sunburned, Al Corwin calls on me a couple of times and makes red letter days. When I trot out that Decennial Record, I want to find a good deal in it to fill in the blanks.

I have not a long story to tell about myself. The ten years have been occupied with a post graduate year in Princeton, two years in the Chicago Theological Seminary, a fifteen months pastorate in Port Washington, Wis., spent in organizing and building an infant church, a year of travel and study

abroad, when I attended the Universities of Berlin and Marburg. I met Dick Brown at the Kaiserhof in Berlin at a Thanksgiving's dinner, and have not seen him since.

In January '01, I assumed the pastorate of the First Congregational Church in Norwich, N. Y. In October '04, I received a call to the Good Will Congregational Church of Syracuse, N. Y., but I am still anchored in Norwich. In August '03, I married and soon became the father of a fine girl named Dorothy Dexter. There's the whole story. I have neither grown famous nor rich, but I have kept out of prison, and found increasing contentment and pleasure in my work in the ministry. Our Secretary asks if we have received any honorary titles? I can boast of only one, "Elder" Dexter.

There is a group of men of the class of '95 whom I would like to meet in a body at the reunion in June, and that is the men who entered the ministry. I would like to have a room to ourselves, compare experiences; we are different men than we were ten years ago. Are you all glad of your choice to-day? Are you all on the firing line? Its a long line from New England to Alaska, and from Alaska to China. I have you all marked in my book, and nothing will more interest me than to hear a word from or about you. My word to you is, Rom. 15:13.

I hope we will all see each other at the decennial, and if that is not to be allowed here's to your good health and prosperity, and three times three for Old Princeton and the best University for the culture of men in all God's many lands!

Fraternally yours,

DANIEL WEAVER DEXTER.

Norwich, N. Y., March 1, 1905.



**RALPH SELTZER DILLEY**

**P. O. Box 1314 Philadelphia, Pa.**

1528 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia.

Manager, F. P. Dilley & Co., Importers and Wine Merchants.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dilley writes that there has been no change in his affairs since the Triennial Record was printed, and that nothing of note has happened to him except his three months trip abroad in the spring of 1904.

Ever since graduation he has been with the firm of F. P. Dilley & Co., of Philadelphia, importers and wine merchants. He is unmarried.

**HUSTON DIXON**

**106 West State Street, Trenton, N. J.**

Lawyer. 27 East State Street, Trenton.

MARRIED: Marguerite Alexander Lee, April 14, 1904, Trenton.

My dear Classmates:

Ten years out of college! I am sure that this is the reflection of every one of us as we sit down to write this letter. We expected, of course, to be both rich and famous by this time, and most of us are neither. My experience has been that of most of you, I presume—a steady grind.

After reading law with the Honorable William M. Lanning, now United States District Judge, I was admitted to the Bar as an attorney in 1898 and as a counselor in 1901. I opened an office for myself at No. 27 East State Street, Trenton, in the Fall of 1900, where I have since been practicing law.

I am still holding on to the two jobs mentioned in my Triennial letter—Clerk of the Mercer County Grand Jury and

Secretary of the Board of the Trustees of the Lawrenceville School.

One important event, at least, has taken place. On April 14 last, I married Miss Marguerite A. Lee of this city, and now reside at 106 West State Street.

I have always had an interest in politics, and last fall was elected as a Republican member of the Common Council of this City for a term of two years. I am a member of the Princeton, Republican, and Trenton Country Clubs.

With best wishes for the success of all my classmates, I am,

Yours sincerely,

HUSTON DIXON.

Trenton, N. J., February 3, 1905.

### **GAIL A. DRAY**

#### **Hotel Metropole, Chicago.**

Law and Real Estate, 1211 New York Life Building, Chicago.

After leaving college Dray went abroad for a few months, returning to his home in Chicago in the fall of 1895. He began the study of law at the North-Western University and was admitted to the Illinois Bar in June 1897. For a time he was associated with the law firm of Isham, Lincoln & Beale, but has recently practiced under his own name, having made a specialty of real estate matters. In the spring of 1905 he was reported by Billy Morse to be active in real estate and lumber affairs in the vicinity of Spokane, Wash.

His home is still in Chicago and his office is there in the New York Life Building.

**TRUSTEN POLK DRAKE**

**Yalaha, Lake County, Florida.**

Fruit Grower, Yalaha, Fla.

MARRIED: Alice Walton Hocker, December 3, 1902, Jacksonville, Florida.

Trusten Polk Drake, Jr., September 30, 1903, Yalaha, Fla.

Dear Imbrie:—

I had debated the question of coming back to Princeton for our Decennial as it happens at the very busiest time of the year for me; but that "Long Distance Cup" clinched the argument. I fully intend to be there and lay violent hands on it unless Johnny Poe butts in from the Philippines, Liao Yang, Patagonia or some other foreign strand.

My life since leaving Princeton has been rather uneventful, as my occupation of fruit grower would indicate. I have, however, the finest little son and heir unhung, and will match him against anything his size that walks on two feet. It is needless to say he is already booked to enter Princeton.

Yours sincerely,

TRUSTEN POLK DRAKE.

Yalaha, Lake Co., Fla., January 21, 1905.

(In September following '95's graduation, Drake began work in the Pittsburgh Steel & Iron Works. He went to Yalaha, Fla., in November 1895, and has been there ever since engaged in orange culture, having charge of the interests of his brothers and himself in Florida.)

**DAVID DUNLOP, Jr.**

**Petersburg, Va.**

President of "David Dunlop" (Inc.) Tobacco Manufacturers,  
Petersburg, Va.

**MARRIED:** Lena B. Davis, November 21, 1893, Washington, D. C.

• David Dunlop, II, December 21, 1894, Petersburg, Va.

John Minge Dunlop, July 28, 1896, Petersburg, Va.

Compton Dunlop, January 10, 1899, Petersburg, Va.

Dunlop has been in the tobacco business in Petersburg, Va., ever since leaving Princeton.

He is now president of the corporation of "David Dunlop."

### **ARTHUR DUNN**

**424 Connell Building, Scranton, Pa.**

1111 Delaware Street, Scranton, Pa.

Lawyer. Firm of Dunn & Dunn, 424 Connell Building, Scranton, Pa.

**MARRIED:** Augusta Pratt Fordham, December 21, 1897, Scranton, Pa.

Arthur Dunn, Jr., October 18, 1899, Scranton, Pa.

John Fordham Dunn, April 8, 1901, Scranton, Pa.

**My dear Classmates:—**

As much as I would like to see you all again, I don't like this next reunion. With its advent, we pass into the ranks of "Old Grads." The first five years out of college I grew old quite rapidly. Since then I have been gradually growing young again, and but for these class reunion reminders, I would not realize the approach of the time, when the forehead is creased with wrinkles and the hair is streaked with gray.

Ten years make many changes. Business life is a great development. What little lambs we were, (Stately Seniors!), absolutely innocent of the realities of life. By profession I am a lawyer, by practice a business lawyer. I am glad I chose it, because it brings a man nearer and nearer to reality and truth. (This is not intended for a joke). Perhaps you have never thought of it, but the preacher sees the best side of mankind, and the lawyer the worst. The preacher sees the side that is kind, sympathetic, and giving, the lawyer sees the side

that is cruel, wicked and selfish. They go to the preacher when they want to get married; that is the love side. They come to us when they want a divorce; that is the hate side. They come to us to extricate them from the results of their wickedness, from the results of their crimes, to put them through bankruptcy for the purpose of escaping the payment of their debts, to break contracts unprofitable to perform, to persecute and to prosecute, to gratify greed and selfishness. Or, perhaps, it is a church fight, a church choir scandal to-day, and something worse to-morrow.

And this little dissertation brings me to my hobby, of which you would know. Physically, it is riding horseback. Mentally, it is political questions. Spiritually, it is a great reaction from "piety," a great progression toward real religion, a great reaction from all kinds of shams, of all kinds of self-righteous cant and forms, and a progression towards absolute reality as manifested in ones life; the reaction from so much praying and singing, and so little doing. All this I suppose is why I am such a great admirer of Roosevelt. I am quite sure he goes to church, prays and sings hymns, but that is such a little part of his religious life that we hear almost nothing of it. His has been a great active life of deeds. He is helpful and square, and these two characteristics constitute true religion. Ninety per cent. of religion to-day is believing and praying; about ten per cent. is doing. A reversal of this percentage is the Roosevelt kind, and my hobby. A life of good clean fun, including all the games forbidden by the Methodist Church, foursquare in business and helpful to all—that is life, the kind of life worth living.

In our class president's triennial letter, he raised the question as to how many of us had broken away from our youthful ideals. The young manhood of the country suddenly immersed in the standards of the business world must soon

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surrender their ideals, but for the example of a Lincoln or a Roosevelt.

The history of my ten years out of college could be summed up in the one word, "WORK." Graduating in debt, married within four months after being admitted to the bar, should be sufficient evidence of that.

I have traveled a great deal, my most extensive trip being with my wife to Europe this last summer. While in The Hague we called on John Garrett at the American Legation, and were informed that he would return the following Monday to help the Queen open Parliament, or something to that effect. We had a pleasant chat with Dan Platt and his wife in London. After returning to this country, I spent three weeks in West Virginia stump-speaking for Roosevelt. In spite of my efforts in his behalf he carried the State.

I occasionally see "Sun Fish" Walker when in West Virginia, and Phil is emulating the example of his father, who was the greatest orator the State of West Virginia ever produced. Phil's political ideas are not popular in his State, otherwise we should see him in public life. Lucius Kennedy is a neighbor of mine, doing splendid work as a physician. Incidentally, he favors various girls with no permanent results. Jimmie Blair takes care of my overdrafts on his bank, and in that way I plod along the precarious path of finance.

Just now while President Eliot is denouncing football, I might testify that the most Princeton did for me was to give me the "football spirit." While in New England a year ago last fall, I was thrown in with some Yale people a few days prior to the Yale game. They naturally asked me whether I expected Princeton to win. I told them, certainly, and they asked for what reason. I replied that a Princeton man never THINKS defeat. He always goes to the game with the determination of victory, and further that Princeton had not

won for three years, that the spirit of determination for victory increased in a geometrical progression with each defeat, and that three successive defeats were the greatest number ever known to Princeton mathematics. That kind of football spirit in the contests of life has done more for me than anything else learned at Princeton.

I have two little boys, one five and a half, and the other four years. They have been playing football for the past two years, with their father as head coach. It is the ambition of their mother and myself that they will some day play on the Princeton team.

In conclusion, I have become a great optimist, especially on the subject of matrimony. I love to live—enjoy everybody and everything. With all the bad we lawyers see, it is a good world to live in. I am glad I came and shall be sorry to go.

Forgive the word “I” in this letter. It is the only unpopular thing in life. Yet I would know something of each one of you, what you do, think and feel, and what manner of man you are. And that I take it is the purpose of these epistles.

Your friend and classmate,

ARTHUR DUNN.

Seranton, Pa., March 14, 1905.

**GEORGE HAMILTON EDWARDS**

**671 East 23rd St., Flatbush, New York City.**

2223 Beverly Road, Flatbush, New York City.

Secretary of the Centaur Co., Manufacturers of “Fletcher’s Castoria” and other preparations. 77 Murray Street, New York City.

MARRIED: Mary Florence Williams, April 5, 1899, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Imbrie:—

I am living in Flatbush, a suburb of Brooklyn, in the same quiet way as when I last wrote you.

In May last I made a very pleasant change in my business, and am now Secretary of The Centaur Company of New York. None of the fellows will know the company by the name; but some may, if I tell you our product is "Castoria."

I enjoyed seeing some of the '95 men at the foot ball game last fall. I am hoping that I may be able to get to the re-union in June.

With best wishes to all

GEO. H. EDWARDS.

New York, February 2, 1905.

**VICTOR EDGAR EGBERT**

**633 South Negley Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.**

Oil Producer, 614 Times Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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To Andrew C Imbrie

18 Vesey St New York

Sent you cheque yesterday addresses and business  
Not changed could write letter about low price crude  
oil or interesting points of chicken fights one  
wouldnt be interesting and the other you wouldnt  
publish good bye V. E. Egbert 358P

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**MACOMB KEAN ELMER**

**Navy Department, Washington, D. C.**

Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Navy.

My dear Andy:—

After leaving Princeton I entered the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and was graduated with the class of 1898. I took my hospital course at St. Joseph's Hospital in Philadelphia and shortly afterwards entered the Medical Corps of the United States Navy. At first I was stationed at the Boston Navy Yard, but soon went across the continent to Mare Island to join the U. S. S. RANGER.

My "cruise" on the RANGER took me along the Pacific coast from Seattle to Panama. We were in the latter place during its last "revolution." Once we went to Nicaragua where a similar condition of affairs was going on. By far the greater part of our time however was spent along the Mexican and California coasts.

While in San Diego I met "Rufus" Choate and "Buck" Buckingham. I saw "Rufus" frequently, but "Buck" only once. He was on his honeymoon. Rufus is married, and is associated with the leading bank of the city. It is needless to say, he is one of the greatest hustlers of the place. In San Francisco I ran across "Joe" Flint on several occasions.

Since the RANGER went out of commission I have been stationed on the U. S. R. S. INDEPENDENCE at Mare Island, the U. S. T. S. PENSACOLA at Yerba Buena Island, and the U. S. R. S. HANCOCK at the New York Navy Yard.

Yes. I am mighty glad I chose medicine as my profession. Frankly I do not think there is any profession that can compare with it.

My speeches have been few and far between, and hardly

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worth recording. I delivered the lectures on physiology at St. Joseph's Hospital during my term there.

My hobby is still the glorious game of tennis.

I am a member of "The Association of Military Surgeons of the United States," and the Princeton Club of Philadelphia.

Very sincerely,

MACOMB K. ELMER.

U. S. Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 7, 1905.

**EDWARD HILTS EWING**

**Stoughton, Mass.**

Physician and "Medical Examiner" in Norfolk Co., Mass.,  
Stoughton, Mass.

MARRIED: Agnes Kelso Kennedy, June 20, 1899, Philadelphia, Pa.

Marjorie Ewing, July 16, 1901, Stoughton, Mass.

Helen Ewing, April 1, 1904, Stoughton, Mass.

Dear Andy:—

For seven years I have been a country doctor up here in Harvard's country, where the Princeton cheer is not heard.

All these years I have been looking after "baby cases," colics and ingrowing toenails until about the only thing I can write is a prescription, and many think I don't even know how to do that, so you must depend on the other fellows for stuff to pad that record.

Medicine is not a cinch. The first few years you starve and then when you get busy there is no time to eat, so the last is as bad as the first.

Yes, I am a crank on a few subjects, the growing of the gladiolus, infant feeding and the raising of White Plymouth Rocks.

I am working overtime now on the School Committee. Every

country doctor is supposed to take on a side-line like that, or the Board of Health.

Some years since the Governor thinking that perhaps I would have greater success with the dead than the living, appointed me Medical Examiner in this district, which corresponds to coroner in many states.

Politically I am a Roosevelt republican.

The members of the class I see most frequently are Frank Morse. I saw him once—he was down in the front row, Kellar was doing some stunts and was using Frank as a foil, taking the usual rabbits and cards from his pockets.

I am not guilty of having done any literary work. Answer to No. 14—Doctors never make any mistakes.

Fraternally yours,

EDWARD H. EWING.

Stoughton, Mass., April 17, 1905.

**JOHN THOMSON FARIS**

**1810 Lafayette Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.**

Pastor, Markham Memorial Presbyterian Church, Menard  
and Julia Streets, St. Louis.

MARRIED: Clara Lee Carter, February 2, 1898, Wheeling,  
West Va.

Bethann Beall Faris, May 26, 1902, Mt. Carmel, Ill.

My dear Imbrie:—

“A letter from Mr. Imbrie,” was the call which greeted me on the coldest morning of last January, when the morning “rassle” with fires that wouldn’t burn had been something fierce. The letter’s arrival was well-timed. Andy’s letters are enough to make a hippopotamus dance for joy. They are like a breath of fresh air to the guileless Freshman whom loving Sophomores are trying to smoke out (I’ve been there.) —I move you, Mr. President, that Imbrie’s series of ten cir-

culars be incorporated in the Decennial Record, that class secretaries yet unborn may be able to tell how to do their work.—(Say. Imbrie, does that give me enough of a bootlick to get my name spelled right in the Record?)

Now if you want to get straightforward facts about me, perhaps you'd better ask someone else. You see, I'm prejudiced. Folks say I'm lazy. I don't know but that it is true. In fact, you might say that hatred of exerting myself is my strong point. I like an easy chair, a warm fire (or an electric fan) and the latest penny dreadful. In spite of this failing, they put up with me for five years in a church in a small Illinois town. (N. B. The church still lives.) Three of these years I served as Stated Clerk of my Presbytery—you may be sure it was because they couldn't get a better man; I was a last resort.

I have been pastor of a St. Louis institutional church for the last two years. There is much to do here that I don't have much chance to think whether I like the city better than the country. When I came here I missed the familiar greeting of every man, woman and child. It isn't so bad now. There are a thousand or so members of the Sunday School, and they make me feel at home. You should hear them when I get into a mob of them, on their way home from public school. "There's the praste!" says one. "Naw, it's the tent preacher!" says another. "Yer wrong, it's the Sunday School shyster!" is the word of a companion. There's fame for you!

I'm not as bad as some '95 men. I haven't written a book. I haven't written much that could be dignified by even the name "article." A couple of hundred skits for such papers as the "Christian Endeavor World," "Forward" and the "Sunday School Times" tell the tale of my literary activity. The least said about these (and about the sermons I preach) the better. (The first time I preached—it was in a little

country school house near Chicago—the organist remarked: “You ain’t much like our regular man.” Fishing for a compliment, I asked her to tell me the difference. Her answer was short—but it spoke volumes: “Why, HE PREACHES!” I can’t forget the emphasis, and the look of scorn on her face, as she thought of what I had been doing. Faris stock took a lively tumble that day—and it hasn’t recovered yet.)

If you expect me to tell the greatest mistake I ever made, you’ll be fooled. It wasn’t getting married, and it wasn’t going to Princeton. I wish that everything that I’ve done had been as sensible. But I’m not going to select one mistake out of the thousands,—yea, tens of thousands—which are noted in my card index. No, not even to suit you, Andy Imbrie.

I don’t see many of the fellows. But I hear a good deal of some of them. How it does warm the cockles of a fellow’s heart to learn that a man you used to see every day at Princeton is making a name for himself! And how one does like to open the wedding announcements of the men who have, after many years, concluded to take the plunge of matrimony!

May they all succeed in life, and may they all (note that ALL, Imbrie) get married.

Yours for the new dormitory,

JOHN T. FARIS.

St. Louis, January 17, 1905.

**RICHARD MILBURN FARRIES**

**198 Broadway, New York.**

113 Waverly Place, New York.

Lawyer. Firm of Brewster & Faries, 198 Broadway, New York.

Dear Andy:—

You are all right, a good sort of a fellow and all that, but

you ask too many personal questions, and a fellow to do full justice to your fourteen suggestions would have to write a book. Take for instance "Cow" Nevin's political and literary work and travels, and "Poler" Hayes' experience with the King of Greece, and "Bob" Inch's fishing experiences and anecdotes! Why, if these three fellows would tell you all, or even a small part of the things that they have seen or done, or had done unto them, under those respective subjects, there wouldn't be room for any other letters in your record book.

But maybe they will not, and relying upon that fact, I am glad to tell you, and others whom it may concern, that I have been engaged in the practice of law in New York City since my admission to the bar, and must say that I like the business all right—when I have it. The fact of not having had all the business that I could possibly swing, has necessitated my living in a boarding house here in the City, that my dreams of a brownstone front on Fifth Avenue and a summer home at Newport, and a stable of two-minute trotters are nearly as far from realization now as they ever were. However, I have not given up hope.

I have never been a soldier, nor a sailor, nor an author, but have had some little experience with politics which might be characterized as "working for the party." I am a member of the Princeton Club of New York, but Ralston Fleming is the only '95 man I have been able to find there within a year, except, of course, the night of our class dinner.

Since I began the practice of law, I have had three vacations; one consisted of a ten-day trip to Canada, another a two weeks trip to North Carolina, and the third a four weeks cruise on the Hamburg American Yacht, Princessin Victoria Luise, through the West Indies Islands and the Spanish Main. This last trip was certainly "worth while," and caused me to miss the violent winter weather during the month of

February 1904. There were several old Princeton "grads" abroad, and a good many times when we hadn't anything better to do we used to amuse ourselves by playing the game "Kid" (Cresson taught me in College; but I'm sorry to say "Kid" only transferred to me his knowledge of the game, not his luck.

Now, Andy, why do you say that "every man who is any good is a crack about something?" Do you realize that this places all your fellow-classmates—and in fact all mankind—in two classes: viz. cracks and failures? How would you feel if you were asked to give a categorical answer to the question: "To which of these two classes do you belong?" Would you feel like admitting that you belonged to either? Now I ask you this because I must confess that I have no single, particular amusement to which I devote my spare time to the absolute exclusion of all other amusements. I like fishing, hunting, camping out, golf, tennis and several other sports or pleasures equally well, but if you must know what I would like to have as my hobby, I'll tell you. Give me a two-hundred dollar bill and an opportunity every day to take a drink in the "Speakeasy" with a first-class square team.

Space will not allow me to tell you in the matter of 45 days that I have no business in making "him" my hobby. I had read our busy work, but I had to leave for Princeton, and I was sure that I had no time to go to the "Speakeasy" with a first-class square team. I had to leave for Princeton, and I was sure that I had no time to go to the "Speakeasy" with a first-class square team. I had to leave for Princeton, and I was sure that I had no time to go to the "Speakeasy" with a first-class square team.

Now, Andy, why do you say that "every man who is any good is a crack about something?" Do you realize that this places all your fellow-classmates—and in fact all mankind—in two classes: viz. cracks and failures? How would you feel if you were asked to give a categorical answer to the question: "To which of these two classes do you belong?" Would you feel like admitting that you belonged to either? Now I ask you this because I must confess that I have no single, particular amusement to which I devote my spare time to the absolute exclusion of all other amusements.

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UPPER PYNE

LOWER PYNE





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**GORDON FISHER****450 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.****2300 Braddock Avenue, Swissvale, Pa.****Lawyer. Associated with firm of Dalzell, Scott & Gordon, 450 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.****MARRIED: Matilda C. Milligan, June 6, 1901, Swissvale, Pa.  
Gordon Fisher, Jr., May 25, 1904, Swissvale, Pa.****Dear Andrew:—**

I have not delayed answering your Blue Circulars because of any laziness or disinclination on my part, but because I wished to give Providence as much time as possible in which to bring about some adventure, mistake or happening in which I should be concerned, and which would make this letter more interesting than it would otherwise be. Providence has, however, refused to help me out, and whatever I have to say can be said in a very few words.

I think in the letter written for the Triennial Record, I told of my studies at the New York Law School for two years after graduation, of my taking the degree of LL.B., at that Institution, and of my subsequent admission to the Courts of Pennsylvania as a full-fledged attorney-at-law. Since that time, I have gone on practicing law, and hope to be able to follow the profession for some years to come. The only event of the last few years which is worthy of mention is the fact that I became a married man and the father of a family.

In reply to your suggested statement as to whether I live at home by choice or necessity, I can only say that there is an element of both extremes in the fact that I live at home, for I chose the place where I now live and at the same time I am compelled to stay there by the fact that I have a lease which has not yet expired, and it is a necessity that I either stay there or go somewhere else and pay the rent at the place where I now live.

My life here at Pittsburgh has been narrowed by all those obligations and duties that fall to the lot of a young lawyer anywhere; and as it seems as if a majority of our class must be lawyers, a rehearsal of what I am doing would be a "twice told tale" to most of them. Fortune has favored me by permitting me to travel somewhat, both at home and abroad, and if I have any hobby that is more pronounced than another, it is that of wishing to see new places.

The data which appear in the blue slip attached to this letter really tell more of what I have been doing since graduation, and is certainly more interesting than if I were to elaborate it, especially as I could not do the latter without seeming egotistical.

Yours very truly,

GORDON FISHER.

Pittsburgh, March 4, 1905.

**CHARLES LEON FISK**

**Sabetha, Kansas.**

Minister in the Congregational Church, Sabetha, Kansas.

MARRIED: Marion Ballou, April 26, 1899, Chester, Vermont.

Marion Agnes Fisk, July 29, 1900, Oak Park, Ill.

My dear Imbrie:—

I have put away from me the task of writing such a letter as has been decreed every member of the class of '95 must write, but your last letter has produced results. I have the old home-sick feeling to see the old campus. I began to make plans this morning to attend the reunion this June.

When I graduated in '95 I had decided to enter the ministry. The September following found me in Chicago, a student in the Chicago Theological Seminary. At the conclusion of my first Seminary year I took the superintendency of a difficult

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Chicago City Missionary field, known as the Berea Congregational Church. I remained in this charge seven years, specializing in the study of sociology. I succeeded in making some reputation for myself in my own denomination.

My field, it will be interesting to note, was in the thickly congested district of Chicago in the near vicinity of the McCormick Reaper Works, where Stanley McCormick was at the time manager at the factory. With the help of this and other manufacturing plants, and some money gathered from the rich suburban Congregational churches, I managed to purchase lots and get plans drawn for one of the most up-to-date Institutional Churches. Just as I was about to leap into fame as a successful friend of the poor and down-trodden in the neglected wards of the city, and as one who has discovered the secret of building up a Protestant Church, along Institutional lines, in the seething conglomerate mass of nationalities such as one can find only in Chicago, I was compelled to give up city work, and according to Doctor's orders go to the country to rusticate.

I left Chicago in the Spring of 1902 and have since lived in a busy hustling country town or, as they prefer to say out here in Kansas—a city of the third degree—Sabetha by name. I have succeeded here far beyond my expectations. Since coming here three years ago, we have built a beautiful parsonage, a parish or club house, and have made things go to such an extent that financially as well as numerically, our church is the fifth largest Congregational Church in Kansas. They tell me this has been accomplished through my ability as a public speaker, and as a mixer among men. All of which reflects credit upon my Alma Mater and the splendid set of fellows composing the class of '95.

Cordially yours,

Sabetha, Kansas, April 3, 1905.

C. L. FISK.

**RALSTON FLEMMING**

**220 Broadway, New York.**

Lawyer. Partner of Flemming & Flemming, 220 Broadway, New York City.

MARRIED: Bertha Bryan, June 30, 1897, Staten Island, New York.

Bryan Flemming, November 7, 1898, New York.

My dear Andy:—

I honor Blue Circular No. 10 at thirty days sight and am sitting up beyond bed time to do it.

My first decade has brought me a family, a home, and a fairly well established business. Since my marriage in 1897, I have resided in New York, and for five years have maintained a Summer place on the South shore of Long Island. Two years ago I built a house at Edgemere, within a hundred yards of the ocean, and inside the limits of the City of New York, where two delightful summers have been spent, and where my friends of the class will find a welcome and a bathing suit awaiting them.

My business (ten years ago I would have written it "profession") has advanced to the point where—having lost my quota of cases and learned the habits of the bar—I decline to act without being paid for it. I ventured into the Criminal Courts once—it was in Jersey City, and I wanted to see our friend Hoos administer justice—but he was not punctual, and my time was limited. Some day when I have leisure I intend to see a criminal case tried. By the way, Bob Inch has been my client. I found him such a success in the role that I can recommend him to the lawyers of the class, particularly as he did all the work and gave me the credit for it. Bobby is chargeable with a comment on the class which deserves record. I met him in the Astor House one day and we lunched

together. Our talk drifted to the class. Bobby said: "They are doing well—all doing well—but I notice when we go to the theatre it is fifty cent seats." Bobby rarely honors me with a visit now, but I have a phonograph record of "The Banana Song."

One former member of our class crossed my path a few months ago—L. M. Terry, who left us in Sophomore year. I met him in town by chance and saw him several times. He has a mine in Mexico.

The Undergraduate Scrap Book, containing its piece of Cam's hat and glass from the Chapel Door, with a memento of Lady Nelson's "Puck & Judge," has become interesting to my small son and has been supplemented by an Alumni book, both of which may prove interesting to the Class of 1920. The Fates guessed right the very first time when they awarded that book to my custody, for no other of its contributors has yet provided a son to dispute its possession with Bryan. I shall probably permit that young gentleman to speak for himself next June—for boys have become so common in the class that the pioneers should make themselves heard.

I cannot better close a Decennial letter, my dear Andy, than to express my appreciation for your service to the class the past ten years, and to thank the Reunion Committee—and particularly Billy Phillips, whose troubles in that direction I know best—for the pleasant days I've spent in Princeton since '95.

Sincerely yours,

RALSTON FLEMMING.

New York, February 15, 1905.

**JOSEPH MARSHALL FLINT**

**University of California, Berkeley, Cal.**

2508 Green St., San Francisco, Cal.

Professor of Anatomy of the University of California.

MARRIED: Anne Drusilla Apperson, Sept. 15, 1905, Pleasanton, Cal.

For a while after leaving Princeton, Flint travelled and studied in Europe and the fall of 1896 found him entered as a student in the medical school of Johns Hopkins University.

In 1900 he was assistant professor of anatomy in the University of Chicago and spent the summer of that year taking post graduate courses in medicine at Leipzig, Germany.

I had hoped that Joe would write me a good letter for the book; but for some unexplainable reason he has sought to escape publicity.

In 1901, when I had journeyed as far west as San Antonio, and after a brief visit with Kid Cresson had turned back home, I received one of Joe's delightful letters from the University of California, part of which I shall risk quoting:—"I learn from Kid Cresson that you came to the borders of California and then renigged—which shows that you must have cared more for the Golden Sheckles than you did for the Golden Gates. It is a pity, for they are worth seeing and incidentally some of the scattered sheep would like to see the shepherd. Try it again; and then come all the way up. This is an attractive cosmopolitan place and I am going to enjoy it. Incidentally, I have met seven or eight peripathetics among whom are Kid Cresson, 'Minnie' Minott and 'Mike' Elmer.

"I came out last spring on a leave of absence from the University of Chicago to assist the Marine Hospital in stamping out the plague in Chinatown. After finishing that work I was offered the Chair of Anatomy in the University which I accepted. My duties begin in September and the work will be

attractive I think. If any of the men come out this way give them my address."

Joe has now been at the University of California three years and has recently been given an extended leave of absence for study abroad.

**CURTIS SMILEY FOSTER**

**5822 Ellsworth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Physician.

I should say that Foster and McNitt might easily divide between them the honor of being the most modest men in the class if I am to judge by the extreme hesitancy with which they approach the task of writing letters. Of the twenty-nine communications I have addressed to Foster in the last ten years, I have received just six answers; all of them models of brevity.

After leaving Princeton, he studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and was admitted to practice in 1899. Ever since then he has lived in Allegheny and Pittsburgh.

As I had occasion to relate in the Triennial Record, the only news I have received comes from Woolly Logan, by whom it is recorded that on the evening of the Pennsylvania-Harvard game in the fall of 1895, he walked up Chestnut Street, in the company of Elsie Kennedy and Reddy Foster, "forming hollow squares and cheering for Princeton at every corner." Let us hope that this commendable habit has not been discontinued.

**EDWARD JEANES FOULKE**

**243 West Tulpohocken Street, Germantown, Pa.**

Assistant to the Real Estate Officer of the Germantown Trust Co.

"Funny" has been with the Germantown Trust Co., ever since he left Princeton. He is not a prolific correspondent. He



simply filled out my blue slip and although I sent him four printed circulars, five personal letters, a postal card and a C. O. D., telegram, I have been unable to break through the shell of his modesty. Even the assistance of his bosom friend, Clarence Illingworth, has been unavailing.

I feel certain that he will be at the reunion, because I can never remember a Commencement when he has been absent.

**JOHN SELBY FRAME**

**Fargo, North Dakota.**

Lawyer. Firm of Newman, Holt & Frame, First National Bank Building, Fargo, N. Dak.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Rutter Gilbert, April 26, 1905, Superior, Wis.

Dear Andy and Classmates:—

It is fitting that such as I, having once upon a time, these ten years gone by, essayed to be a humorist, and lighten the many carping cares of the grave old senior, should perhaps write in lighter vein, and yet when I reflect that this letter will be published with the others, at a time when the great and glorious class is celebrating its tenth birthday, and I shall not be there, I find that my risibilities are dampened, and a feeling of great longing possesses me.

And yet I have much to be thankful for. The memories of those four short years in College are a continual inspiration. Then too, fortune has placed me in a young man's country, where all is activity, and life is crisp—a place where people "do things." This prairie ozone gets into one's blood, and before one realizes it, he bursts forth into a joy-lilt (please note that word lilt; it's all right in its place, and this is the place for it).

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When Homer wrote that poetry,  
    (The *Ilaid* he called it)  
And laid the scene just where he did  
    Most grievously he "balled it."  
He should ha' known  
    That this here place  
Where I am dislocated  
    Has got old Greece backed off the map  
In fact, evaporated.

Of course, I could go on and write this whole letter in just such a sustained and elevated style as said verses aforesaid—but I ain't a goin' to, so there!

I presume, inasmuch as I have not been much in evidence since our triennial, that I should give an account of myself; and as this letter is not for publication, but simply to the 250 best fellows on earth, I can afford to be confidential.

In the first place, after traveling a year in Europe, studying some, and incidentally finishing off with a ten weeks course in the hospital at Wiesbaden, I returned to America to regain my health, and incidentally found it in New Mexico, several thousand miles from where I lost it (curious how one's health will travel).

But if you fellows want to forget care and take a new lease of life, go to Stan McCormick's ranch in New Mexico, engage Pop Pease for overseer and pianist, Johnny Poe, the tuneful, as cow-puncher, Stan, as genial host (and the keg hung high), and let John Harding and me in on one side, and we will do our d——t! (Angels could do no more).

To retrace, having picked up a little superfluous energy, I changed saddles and started in to prepare for Law. It was great sport! Trying to look prosperous with empty pockets, posing as a Beau Brummel on nothing a year. If any of you good fellows don't believe me, just try it, only I am afraid now that you have all struck your gaits and are settled down

and old gray-haired fathers, and some of you almost grandfathers, you would hardly care to exchange your prosperous lots for anything so unsubstantial as mere, entertaining experiences.

I first saw the light of North Dakota in May 1901, and since that time it has been "git up and git" most of the time in order not to be frozen out completely by the other fifty-six lawyers in this busy little city. It would not have been right for me to take all their business away from them, especially as they were older than I, and most of them had families to support, so I did not take it all.

The worm will turn, however, and strange as it may seem, I too turned up into a reorganized partnership, consisting of the senior member of the firm by whom I was first employed, a mighty good Harvard man, of the Class of '90, as second mate, and said worm, myself, under the firm name of Newman, Holt & Frame. Then, as though that were not enough good luck for one lone individual, Fickle Dame Fortune, who turned the cold shoulder to me when I was down (in the mouth) and out (of funds) now smiles most kindly, and before even this letter is published, I shall have cast off the sombre robes of Bachelorhood and joined the ranks of the beaming Benedicks. If you look through the vital statistics you can find out all about it.

Have I made speeches? Why, most certainly! I have taken to the short timbers (to-wit: the stump) on two occasions in the interests of Republicanism, and enjoyed the fruit of my labors by seeing the State go safely Republican, (It has always been safely Republican). So far, however, by lively side-stepping, I have been able to keep out of public office and have retired, for the time being, from the glamor of the forum to the less spectacular walks of private life. But fellows, this

is a great country, and Fargo is a great little city and I wish some of you could be induced to come out here.

It is true that oranges do not blossom beside the car tracks, neither are icicles our staple diet, and if the Winters are long, our Summers make up for them. There is but one drawback, and that is the absence of Princeton men out here. Harvard, Yale and Cornell are represented, not to mention the Western Colleges, but a dozen good, live Princeton men could control things.

Take the first train for the West, turn to the right, and I'll meet you.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN S. FRAME.

Fargo, N. D., March 7, 1905.

**ROBIN WILLIAM CUMMINS FRANCIS**

**3781 Oakley Avenue, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Physician. 19 West 7th Street, Cincinnati, O.

MARRIED: May Edith Schellinger, July 4, 1903, Chicago.

My dear Andy:

In some ways it scarcely seems possible that almost ten years have passed since we all sat together under the elms for the last time as undergraduates of Old Nassau, and yet in other ways the time seems longer. I feel a trifle like moralizing to-night but I guess I'll cut it out this time.

A Doctor's life is not one in which vacations are of frequent occurrence, and consequently I have only been able to get back to the old scenes once. I saw the Yale game in June 1902. But my thoughts have been there many a time, and I have tried to imagine myself joining the festivities at the Inn or on the Campus. But it was a far cry from reality. However,

if I know Fat Phillips and the rest of his bunch, I will have a chance to enjoy a royal time next June.

I am afraid that I have not done anything startling, but I have tried to do my best at all times. I have held office in various Medical Societies all the way from President up to Secretary (that "up" is in appreciation of our secretary). For the past five years, I have been a member of the Faculty at the Medical Department of the University of Cincinnati; which, by the way, is the oldest Medical College west of the Alleghenies.

I was married on the great and glorious Fourth, so please remember that I appreciate every celebration you may participate in, in honor of the event. And right here Andy, I am going to disobey orders and answer one of your questions:—The greatest mistake I ever made was in not marrying sooner. I gamble on one thing—that I had the most novel wedding trip of any man in '95. If any one wants to know more about it, I will refer him to you, our already overburdened Secretary, or to the rest of the bunch who met that boat in New York.

Since the first of last June we have been living in our present suburban home surrounded by a splendidly wooded ground of two hundred by two hundred and ten feet, and even in Winter we feel that life is certainly worth living.

My wife says to tell you that the only cause for jealousy she has is the time, energy and interest I give to working for Princeton whenever there is an opening. She doesn't mean it, Andy—the jealousy part—for she is just about as loyal to Princeton and '95 as I am. There have been few of the boys here during these ten years, but I have enjoyed short visits from John Bowman, Courtland Nixon and Knox Taylor. I wish they could have been with me longer and that others would come around.

A few more months and we will be "it" again, in the strictest sense of the word, to everybody by '05. How I wish we could all be there in person, but some have gone beyond, and others will be detained. However, those of us who are there will try to do our duty by the absent ones; and '95 usually does what she sets out to do.

Yours in Princeton and '95,

ROBIN W. C. FRANCIS.

Cincinnati, O., February 1, 1905.

**JESSE HOWARD FRY**

**Rochester, Pa.**

With H. C. Fry Glass Co., Rochester, Pa.

MARRIED: Florence Ellis, October 2, 1901, Rochester, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

Really, I started to write to you on January 10, when the Blue Circular arrived, as I knew from experience your follow-up system would catch me, and for once, I wanted to show you that your energetic work was appreciated—but (d—those buts) I never finished it; and so here I am without an excuse.

Your second appeal comes here with the thermometer twelve below zero, and you speak of enthusiasm: Not enough gas in the factory to melt a candle. All those pots of glass getting cold. Why Andy, my dear boy, trouble such as you mention is a mere jest. But (excuse me) back to your catechism—I see it doesn't touch on misfortunes or adversities. Right you are, and back to the woods I go. "A grasshopper hops and a butterfly flies." That seems to explain why I am in the glass business. All the Frys that I know are in the same business. We are the best of the lot. It is a brilliant career.

Referring to your question eleven, I don't know that Princeton has received the benefit yet. We make good glass. Some

foolish people say we don't. Did I tell you we had the method patented? If I did not live in such a slow town you might have heard why I chose the glass business for my Hobby, Literary work, Political work, Club and Society, Travels and Military Service.

So few members of '95 get out this way that I hear very little about dear Old Nassau. I am beginning to look back on those old days and I wonder how different it would be if we all could go back again. Have you felt that way?

I believe I was the first Fry to go to Princeton, and if I don't send another there within the next twenty years, you can tell your friends about the greatest mistake I ever made.

Ever sincerely yours,

J. HOWARD FRY.

Rochester, Pa., February 14, 1905.

**WILLIAM HILL FULPER**

**Flemington, N. J.**

Flemington, N. J.

Secretary-Treasurer, Fulper Pottery Co., Flemington, N. J.

DEAR SIR:—

*Replying to your inquiry for letter for Decennial Book,* WOULD SAY that nothing of importance has happened in my life since the Spanish-American war.

In 1899 I took hold of the Fulper Pottery Co., Flemington, N. J., which has been in our family for a number of years, and ran this in connection with my Oil business in Newark. In 1902 I gave up my Oil business and devoted all my time in a business way to Pottery in Flemington and moved from Trenton to Flemington to be closer to it.

In 1901, I purchased an automobile at the Automobile Show held that year, and ran the car with more or less success until

last year when I purchased a 24 h. p. Thomas Car, and ran same all last year.

I have had no extended pleasure trips, but have been in territories bounded by New Orleans, Chicago and Montreal on business trips. I spent the greater part of the Summer 1902 at Lake Keuka, New York State. Otherwise, my vacation has been along the shore at Spring Lake. I take no regular vacation, but get away from Friday to Monday or Tuesday. This Summer it has been entirely in my automobile.

I have kept in touch with Princeton and '95 by attending baseball and football games, and at the reunions that we have held at Princeton and by reading the Alumni Weekly.

I am sure our Decennial Reunion will be a grand success and if necessary, I will move mountains to be present. I am,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. FULPER.

Flemington, N. J., February 3, 1905.

[The Class Secretary begs forgiveness of "Dutch" for the Italics placed at the beginning of his letter; but the temptation could not be resisted.]

**DEMETER NICOLA FURNAJIEFF**

**Kustendil, Bulgaria.**

Missionary at Kustendil, Bulgaria.

MARRIED: Zoritz V. Karaivanova, September 15, 1898,  
Princeton, N. J.

Nicolaicho D. Furnajieff, September 10, 1899, Kustendil,  
Bulgaria.

Vasilcho D. Furnajieff, October 16, 1900, Kustendil, Bulgaria.

My dear Andy and Classmates:—

No one of you fellows can imagine with what sadness I sit down to write these few lines, and the reason is that I am not able to come for the decennial celebration at dear old Princeton. The Secretary of the Treasury does not permit



it. I could "swipe" the "D. Q. Brown Long Distance Cup," but it won't pay me the journey of 6,000 miles! My good friend "D. Q." did well in making the offer, but is it fair when he has not made the provision for the fellows to try his race? Well, I envy you fellows that are better situated than I am, and can get together to celebrate and renew old loves and fellowships. Please then remember Furney, and he'll do the same.

Now, as to giving you hints about my life and work these nearly ten years, let me say first that I am in the gospel ministry and am thankful to be where I am. No work like God's work, and no hope like the Gospel hope. My work has been steady in Kustendil. I have had calls and opportunities to accept larger fields and higher salary, but have felt that I am called in this city, with its sad superstitions and ignorance of gospel truths, as well as with its fine opportunities of work among the hundreds of young men in the Pedagogical Institute. I have also been called to at least two large churches in Macedonia, but Ray Carter is quite mistaken when he sings, "and old Turkey is the stuff, for she gave us Furnajieff." I cannot go to do any work in Turkey unless I go as a revolutionist.

Andy asks about "travels." I have not traveled much except last year. How can I? On a salary of \$26.40 per month I am supposed to support my family of four, and a servant girl, besides being the largest giver to the treasury of the church and all other benevolent purposes. Then, don't suppose that life is much cheaper with us than it is with you, for, aside from fruits and vegetables, which are cheap, for clothes and shoes I pay fully as much as you do, and for books more, as they must come from your country. Of course, I deny myself the benefit of new books.

However, last year, 1903-1904 I had the opportunity of

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visiting your country again. It was a great pleasure, but the "pleasure" was occasioned by the famine among thousands of Macedonians, who were brought to starvation by the Sultan, the same way as the Cubans were by the Spaniards. It is unfortunate for us that we are so far away from your direct interest and contact with us! I met all the fellows in and around New York. I stopped at the hotel "W. W. Phillips, 135 East 34th Street, New York City," and found it very pleasant, comfortable and homelike. I would recommend the "hotel" to others, but I feel sure the proprietor will strenuously object to it. He likes his "heathen" classmate whom he wants to help—that's the reason. This trip made my sixth crossing the Atlantic.

I am a life member of the Bulgaria Evangelical Society, whose purpose is moral and religious. For the last three years I have been its secretary and am to continue so for at least one year more.

For the present, I am the moderator of the General Assembly of the Evangelical Churches of Bulgaria—an office held for three years. This is the highest office a minister can hold in our Protestant Community of Bulgaria.

We have a Summer School once every three years, chiefly for the ministers and other religious workers. After I returned here, they elected me as secretary of the Summer School, but now I am its president, and am just preparing the program for the next one in August.

Of articles, I have written quite a number, and every one has been published! At present I am preparing a book on "The Being of God, and the Immortality of the Soul." The first part is ready, but the second is very difficult. Do not imagine that it is original; thanks to the English language. Lectures I have delivered quite often in different cities.

My "hobby" is to familiarize myself with the contents of all my books, so I can put my finger on what I need.

I don't see classmates often, but I hear about some at times. So Ray Carter is going as a missionary! Good for him. Ray will make a good one, but he won't come out this way.

What have I done for Princeton? Been training two youngsters for Princeton. They sing daily:

"Pennsyl—Pennsyl—Pennsylvania!  
Pennsyl—Pennsyl—Pennsylvania!  
Pennsyl—Pennsyl—Pennsylvania!  
Down with Pennsylvania!"

The possibility of crack football players is very evident. But when I contrast this with what Princeton has done for me, that is quite another question. This I cannot explain, it is too much for words.

Dear classmates, I am in a great need of a church building to hold services, lectures, concerts and various temperance and educational entertainments. This is a good place for me to place the question before you—can't some one or several of you together send me the glad tidings that you undertake to build a church in Kustendil for a work sadly needed and as Christian and humanitarian as you can imagine? No better memorial, no better investment for life or death. And the cost need not be more than *Two to Three Thousand Dollars*.

The lot is purchased now two years and is in the very heart of the city. You may reserve all the privileges you want—so we can have the use of the building. I take the liberty to say this, because the fellows know me how frank I am and how bold to state what I feel is the best work and policy for a wise man.

Hoping that you will have the best of time at the Decennial

Reunion, and that the class will do its full share in the proposed Alumni Dormitory,

I am your classmate,

“FURNEY.”

Kustendil, Bulgaria, March 3, 1905.

**THEODORE FASSIT FURNESS**

**711 Locust Street, Philadelphia.**

In the experimental laboratory of the Philadelphia Rubber Works, 2425 South Street, Philadelphia.

At the time the Record goes to press, I learn from members of Furness's family that he is too ill to write a letter for the book.

Shortly after leaving college he secured a position with Stevens & Co., of Philadelphia, manufacturers of architectural terre-cotta.

About 1897 he spent several months in New York City with the New York Belting & Packing Co. After that he returned to Philadelphia, where he has remained ever since, and when last heard from was in the experimental laboratory of the Philadelphia Rubber Works.

**JOHN WORK GARRETT**

**Evergreen, Govans, Baltimore Co., Md.**

The American Embassy, Berlin, Germany.

Second Secretary to the Embassy of the United States of America to Germany.

Dear Andy:—

After graduating and until I received my first diplomatic appointment nearly four years ago I was engaged in business and occupied with a variety of affairs at home in Baltimore and in the far south west. With the quaint enthusiasm of the

youngster just let loose on society I went at it with a confidence born of utter inexperience. Happening to be, through no fault of my own, the head of a family interested in many things, it fell to my lot to be made director in a dozen or so concerns ranging in utility from railroads to decorative arts. Most of them have survived. With great effort I managed to find time, despite these arduous duties, to get a good deal of other kinds of pleasure out of these six years. I was often in the West, riding along the Grand Canon of the Colorado and over many other parts of Arizona and getting to know the Urrac' and Cimarron in New Mexico, where later on Stan McCormick and I went into the cow business and got health, happiness and an immense wad of experience out of our venture.

In '96 I came abroad with Ray who died at Leamington in England on October 2nd of that year. Early in '97 I paid "Pop" Pease a visit near Ensenada in Lower California where he was existing on a ranch and later on went down the west coast of Mexico from Guaymas to Mazanillo and rode up and down the deep barrancas and through the thirsty dust of Colima and Jalisco to Guadalajara. After spending a little while in the capital I came home, sailing from Vera Cruz to Habana and New York. In the summer of this year I went west again—to New Mexico—returning in a very roundabout way through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, going as far to the east as Halifax and there, luckily enough, falling in with "Funny" Foulke. We went together to Fredericton and down the St. John and on by boat to Boston.

I was again in the West and in Mexico in '98. In '99 I went to New Orleans with Tommy Slidell and Howard Colby. We wanted to see once more what it was like. Tommy and I recuperated later on in the rice swamps of southern Texas where the snipe are almost crazy to be shot-at. Back to Baltimore

and after a week in that quiet town off again, this time in Manila, with Joe Flint and three other good fellows. Manila was very interesting in those days. From the Club porch one afternoon we watched a scrap between a monitor and a bunch of misguided, white shirt-tailed natives on the shore. The monitor won. Another day we saw a real fight out beyond the water-works in which Lawton commanded our forces. We rode and tramped to San Fernando, where Joe, with great outward calm, took snapshots of the insurgents in their trenches. The men with whom I was were doctors sent out to study tropical diseases. I went with them as a sort of balance of their seriousness and with a vague idea of looking into the problems of colonial government. They found plenty of good material to work on. I found plenty of problems but for me it was a little too soon after Dewey's victory, for we had been able then to make hardly a start in the undertaking that the splendid Americans who have since been sent to do the white man's work in our eastern possessions have carried on so well. After two months of it I left the other fellows and went down to Java. It had always been a dream of mine to see that wonderful island, in size about as large as New York and Cuba, with nearly thirty million little brown men and women living on it and so well governed that these same little people not only feed themselves and are happy but send breadstuffs to their less well-off neighbors of the eastern seas. There is no more beautiful country in the world than Java with its deep black forest-jungles brightened by brilliant colored flowers and birds, the monkeys chattering at you, the queer little villages lying side by side with great old Hindu temples and most unbecomingly of all in these days a motor-car, striding across the tops of trees in the great sultanates, such as Djakartta, where the rays of many the clothes they wear, the arms, everything takes you back to

reality where you can have been before only in the wildest stretches of your imagination.

I apologize! I ought to show that I know that travellers' tales are taboo. The rest of this one shall be very short. Homeward bound I lay up for ten days at Kandy in Ceylon, landed on the continent at Tuticorin, travelled from Madras to Bombay, there met Joe Flint who had come by an altogether other way (which I hope he will tell you about) and with him crossed the "ferry" to Aden and so on through the Red Sea and the Canal back to Marseilles, Paris and old New York.

I am sorry for it but after all there is little to write about these years except the traveling. Of course other things happened to me, but either they were hum-drum or for some other reason they don't bear repetition. In 1900 I went to Norway. On the way back I met Joe Flint again and together we went to Heligoland. In the fall I was in California and on the "Bar Seven K" ranch.

This knocking around was after all only incidental to the serious intent, which I could not hurry, of getting things in shape so that I might be ready to begin the work to which I had been looking forward since even before Freshman year. My chance came in 1901. President McKinley appointed me Secretary of Legation at The Hague and I took up my new duties on July 25th of that year. It was good luck that let me begin my work at this post. The Hague is called the whispering gallery of Europe. It lies near the center of the old world's activities and is certainly none the less interesting for being the home of the Permanent Court of Arbitration. My first experience of arbitration was in 1902 when I acted as Secretary in the case arising out of the seizure by Russia of some American sealing and whaling vessels in the Okhotch Sea. This case was not, strictly speaking, before the Permanent Court for it had arisen prior to The Hague Convention

of 1899, but it happened that the sole arbitrator was one of the Dutch members of the Court and the hearings were held in the Court's building. The first case referred to arbitration under the terms of The Hague Convention came in the following year. It had to do with a difference of opinion between the United States and Mexico as to the payment of the income of a certain foundation known as the "Pious Fund of the Californias." By far the most interesting matter that has come before the Court, however, was the so-called "Venezuelan Preferential Treatment Case" resulting from the difficult situation of affairs in Venezuela in 1902. Eleven Powers were represented before this Tribunal, the arguments were of very great interest and the decision, rendered in February 1904, must be looked upon as a novel and most important contribution to the methods of intercourse in use between nations. I was fortunate enough to be called upon to act as one of the Secretaries to this Tribunal and was able to gain experience that years of the ordinary routine could not have given me.

In 1903 Luxemburg was added to our Mission and in July of that year I visited the little Grand Duchy with the first American Envoy ever sent there. The establishment of a new mission is a ceremony that some of these days I should like to tell you about. I have been to Luxemburg several times since then. It is interesting to us Princetonians to remember that the rulers of Luxemburg belong to the House of Nassau. Not long ago the Hereditary Grand Duke received some photographs of Nassau Hall. His curiosity was aroused. When did it get the name and why? My Chief is a Yale man. All he could do was to point me out as a son of old Nassau and so it fell to me to poll up the history of our old building in order that I might explain as best I could how we came to honor ourselves in choosing our name.

Last year President Roosevelt appointed me delegate to the



Hospital Ship Conference which met at The Hague not very long before Christmas. The plenipotentiaries of the twenty-two Powers represented concluded, and all but one of them signed a Convention and I, on behalf of the United States, put my scrawl on the big white parchment.

During these two years I have been twice home, once in a great hurry after the fire in Baltimore to see what there was left of the old town. There was a good deal left, and especially that best asset of all: the pluck of everyone who had gone through those trying days. With the exception of these two trips I have hardly left my posts. Once in a while I go to Paris or London for a week or ten days. One winter "Pop" Pease and I started for Rome on our Christmas vacation, but we got no farther than Nice. There "Pop" fell ill, was tended to and after what must have been a fearful time of it was altogether cured. "Pop" is the very latest one of us to marry. I wonder if he has heard of a speech made a little while ago by the President of the University of California. Did you see what he said of us, Mr. Secretary, of fine fellows like you and me? "Bachelors," he said, "are bandits, guerrillas and outcasts. They don't take part in the normal life of society; they are abnormalities." Can it possibly be true?

I have joined a good many clubs: the Metropolitan in Washington, half a dozen in Baltimore, the University, Grolier, Strollers' and of course the Princeton in New York, one in London, a couple here and a few more in other places. But I don't suppose, Andy, though you have taken pity on us and have offered more than a baker's dozen of suggestions as to what we should write, that you really wish to be taken seriously. Do you expect a man to deliberately blurt out even an intimation of his greatest mistakes? Not if he can help it! I have no hobby, or at least I have had to give it up. To ask a budding diplomat what political work he has done is not

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discreet. This letter is far and away my most monumental piece of "literary" work—hard work. I have given you a full account of my military service—on the porch of the Manila Club.

I have not seen many '95 men. "Pop" Pease, Billy Baird, Walter Lord, "Buck" McCammon, Tom Pierson and Ted Otheman have stayed with me in my little bit of Dutch house in the Lange Vijverberg. I wish there had been many more of you. I have been oftener with Billy Baird than anyone else for he has been living in Paris which is not as far as some other places. "Irish" Hamilton (who wrote facetiously on the back of his card) and Arthur Dunn came here when unfortunately I happened to be away for the moment. I went to the first and to another dinner of the Princeton Club of Paris. But it is really hard to keep in touch at such a long distance.

A little later on in the year I am to go to Petersburg. Whether the change of post will keep me away from the decennial I do not yet know. I am not my own master, but nothing but the "exigencies of the service" or dire circumstances over which somebody else than I has absolute control will keep me away. I know that my longing to get back to the old campus is greater every year and this year greater than ever. I want to see all of you old fellows. If, unhappily, I cannot be in Princeton in June, I have promised myself to call a meeting of the '95 Club of Holland (or of Russia as the case may be). We shall elect a Chairman and unanimously decide to send greetings to our classmates, wishing them, with all our heart, good luck and the success each one of them deserves to meet.

Affectionately,

JOHN GARRETT.

Legation of the United States, The Hague, The Netherlands, March  
14, 1905.

[As the Record goes to press I learn that John has been appointed Second Secretary of the Embassy to Germany, so that he will soon go to Berlin instead of St. Petersburg.]

**RENA WILLARD GIBBS**

**435 6th Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Forest Ave., Bellevue, Pa.

Assistant Engineer with Philadelphia Co., in Electric Street Railway and Electric Lighting interests. 435 6th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARRIED: Anna Hamilton, October 21, 1904, Pittsburgh.

My Dear Classmates:—

Before giving you any details either of my own actions or those of any '95 men who happen to come within range of my vision, permit me to murmur, that one Andrew C. Imbrie, the Secretary of our glorious class was certainly well chosen, for I doubt very much if many could be found who would have the patience to write time and again to fellows, who like myself, find it much easier to put aside or at least postpone answering his requests. It surely will be no fault of his if the Decennial Record is not voluminous, at least.

Letter writing never has been a strong point with me, but if I understand the "spirit" which prompts this Record it is not the well chosen words and gusts of eloquence with which these letters are clothed, but that which they contain.

As most of my more intimate classmates will doubtless remember, it became necessary (not at the request of the faculty however) for me at the close of the Sophomore year to settle down and earn my "salt." Giving up College when I had had such a fine time, and was connected with such a "fine bunch" of fellows, was a sore disappointment to me; but although I never graduated, I am, always have been, and always will be for Princeton, and especially for the class of '95.

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My work has been confined, since leaving Princeton, to Civil Engineering, principally with the traction interests in and around Pittsburg; which interests, together with the Allegheny County Light Company, were consolidated a few years ago, under the Philadelphia Company.

In my present position of Assistant to the 2nd Vice-President, my work, while engineering in character, covers a much wider field and is very interesting.

My last visit to Princeton was on October 22nd last, while "on our honeymoon" stopping to see the Lehigh game. The old town never appeared to better advantage than on that beautiful Autumn day, and I envied the fellows in spite of my own happiness.

Frequently I meet the '95 men in Pittsburg, more often than others probably Thomas, otherwise known as "Bill" Leggate, who in spite of the wiles of the fair sex, and my persuasive powers, has stood proof, and still flits from "flower" to "flower." I still have hopes for him, however. William Mac Coll ("Mac") occasionally permits his beaming countenance to shine upon us, and it is very welcome; I understand he is a reverend Professor of Kiskiminetas, and while instructing the young idea, instills a quantity of Princeton "spirit" on the side.

Lest I forget and before I utilize more than my allotted space in the Record permit me to halt, and with a "locomotive" for Princeton and '95, wish you all much prosperity and happiness.

R. W. GIBBS.

Pittsburgh, Pa., February 2, 1905.

**GEORGE TUTTLE GOULD, JR.**

**Princeton Club, 72 East 34th St., New York.**

448 Central Park West.

Salesman with Mendel, Dale & Co., Automobiles, New York City.

MARRIED: Anna A. Chadsey, March 7, 1902, Boston, Mass.

Shortly after leaving Princeton, Gould went into the tea business with J. Gould's Son & Co., of New York City. A few years later he removed to Boston and was with the Old Colony Trust Co., for a while and after that with the Long Distance Automobile Co. At the present time he is living in New York City and is salesman for Mendel, Dale & Co., dealers in automobiles. He is a member of the Princeton Club.

**JOSEPH DOUGLAS GREEN**

**115 East Water Street, Syracuse, N. Y.**

714 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

With Millsbaugh & Green (coal business, wholesale and retail),  
115 E. Water St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Dear Andy:—

I am still at the old stand selling coal sometimes. I am not married or engaged. If you really need a type-written letter, send these few facts to Dick Brown. It is one of his best stunts, writing letters for other people. He always knows more about me than I do myself, so if you need any more for the book just call on Dick. I am sorry I cannot furnish something worth printing.

Faithfully yours,

JOS. D. GREEN.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 7, 1905.

(Note by Editor: Dick says he knows but won't tell.)

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**WILFRID MATCHIN HAGER****Ogontz, Pa.****MARRIED:** Clarissa Butler, Nov. 11th, 1903, Ogontz, Pa.

Janet Hager, Sept. 30th, 1904, Rydal, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

I hope this letter will reach you in time for our Decennial Record. Absence from home for several weeks is my excuse, and the reason why it has not been written and sent you before.

You will find with it your blue slip and my contribution to the fund for the dormitory, which, it seems to me, will be a very suitable class memorial and an eminently practical one.

My various occupations since graduation have been as follows: For the first two years a practical experience in the iron business at Berwick and at Scranton, Pa., followed by nearly two years in New York, selling iron. During this time, however, I had made a trip to New Mexico with Hugh Hodge of our class, who had purchased a cattle ranch there, and formed then a strong liking for ranch life. So, in the summer of '99, my health not being good, I went to Silver City, New Mexico, to become a partner with Hodge in cattle raising. I have remained interested in that business ever since, and spent most of my time west until my marriage in 1903 to Miss Clarissa Butler of Ogontz, Pa. With the exception of a winter abroad and a summer spent at Rydal, Pa., I have been at Ogontz since my marriage. It is probable, however, that the coming summer will see me west again with my family, and the trip ordered by physicians to make certain a recovery from a recent illness, may keep me away from the reunion.

Looking over your blue slip again prompts me to add that I have done little worth recording, have no hobby, and the

greatest mistake I have ever made (is this an Irish Bull?) will be to stay away from the reunion. It surely seems hard luck to have to miss such a propitious occasion, but it cannot be helped, and I wish you all the very best kind of a good time.

Sincerely yours,

WILFRID M. HAGER.

Ogontz, Pa., April 6, 1905.

**GUSTAVUS ABEEL HALL**

**88 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.**

103 Spangler Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Cleveland Sales Agent and Acting Manager of Cleveland Branch of John A. Roebling's Sons Company, 88 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRIED: Alice Haxall Carpenter, October 30th, 1901, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

John Alexander Hall, 2nd, November 4, 1902, Trenton, N. J.

Dear Andy,

I certainly am filled with shame and confusion when I realize the number of times you have appealed and the length of time which has elapsed between your first letter and your last heart-rending cry for help. I cannot stand it any longer—so here goes with a strong arm for assistance to one of the best fellows and most faithful class secretaries that ever drew breath. No, don't say you cannot print that, for I could not help just a slight expression of my feelings in this regard—the rest of the letter is to the Class, and you are just one of the "bunch" of the best fellows who ever lived.

I feel out in this middle West, (where I have been now for a little over a year), just as if I were living in a desert, but now and then there is an oasis in the shape of some '95 man who drops in for a while, and then I brace up and scan the horizon for the "next" who, unfortunately for me, is usually a long way off.

I began a few days ago to realize how aged I was becoming when I saw Teddy Huntington for the first time in ten years, but as the time of the June harvest draws nearer, I begin to feel young once more, and long for the sight of the vista of Blair and Little, then the view of the green campus, then the call of "'95 this way," and best of all the sight of all your faces and the hearty slap on the shoulder and the "Gee, but I'm glad to see you again."

I am not attempting to answer Andy's stereotyped questions, but I will say, that the greatest mistake I ever made, was leaving you all when I might have stayed longer. I have realized this more every year, and it is a constant source of regret.

Th world has treated me well enough and I have no reasonable cause for complaint except that we cannot "turn time backward in its flight" and live over again those happy days.

Here's to you each, every one! And remember, boys, there's always a heart open for you and a hand ready to help you in

Yours faithfully ever,

"BUCKY" HALL.

Cleveland, O., April 4, 1905.

**CHARLES LEE HAMILTON**

**531 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.**

1435 North Highland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Secretary and Treasurer of the S. Hamilton Company, Music business. 531 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I have had numerous characteristic notes from "Irish" but no connected letter that gives satisfactorily the history of his life. He has been since graduation, in the music business with his father in Pittsburg and just now he is secretary and treasurer of the S. Hamilton Co. He knows his business. I was



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one of six '95 men who sat in his back office one day a couple of years ago watching Irish unload a thousand dollar piano on a couple of innocent looking old ladies.

In 1900, just before the Quinquennial reunion, he wrote: "I do not wish to excite myself unduly, but if I go down East by June 5, or so, I will call on the boys for a day or two. Do not arrange any special programme, or put me down for any speeches. Furthermore I have always had a distaste for brass bands and patrol wagons at the depot."

In May 1901, I learned the following: "Am as before—to be found at 335 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg. Have some insurance, no family, not married, am slightly gray, weigh 187 lbs. (Troy), enjoying life."

In January 1905, after a piteous appeal for a letter for the Record, I received the following:—Your very flattering epistle of the 16th etc. To think that the Record (capital R) would be incomplete without some of the etc. So here are some: born Pittsburg, Jan. 18, 18—, entered Princeton College September 1891. Graduated from Princeton University June 1895 with the finest bunch of classmates a human ever had. Died———. Fill in all the blanks to suit yourself. Any kind words you may add will be read by my heirs and assigns with sneers, scoffs and jeers. Do your worst. They may never see the RECORD. Wish you health to carry on the good work. We cannot fully appreciate what sacrifices you have made to do all the work of secretary since June 1895.

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. L. HAMILTON.

SENIOR YEAR—1895



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**CLARENCE MITCHELL HAMILTON****Oriente Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.**

Vice-President of Smith & Mabley, Incorporated. Importers  
and Manufacturers of Automobiles and Motor boats. 513-  
519 7th Avenue, New York.

MARRIED: Jane Lathrop Farrington, October 18, 1904, Cro-  
ton on Hudson, N. Y.

My Dear Classmates of '95:—

I make this contribution to the Decennial Record with apologies and you will have put the blame on our energetic Secretary who has threatened me with his many colored notices (I received a yellow one to-day saying the blue form I filled in for him, some time ago, contains only "colorless statistics.")

If I had the ability I should submit a water color sketch of my life for the past ten years, the first five years of which I spent in travel—which is such a common thing to do I won't go into details, except to say I was on the water the greater part of the time (not necessarily, however, on the water wagon!) Those five years will always be remembered with great pleasure. The last five years I have led a "Fast Life" which needs a little explanation lest I be misunderstood!

Our classmate, Joe Bunting, started me as a brass polisher in the automobile business—from that it is only one step to become a first class operator or Chauffeur and what they THINK they don't know isn't worth knowing. When you are a Chauffeur you make large sums of money easily, so at the end of a year, I became a member of the firm of Smith & Mabley Inc., 513-519 7th Ave., New York, and a Director in the Smith & Mabley Manufacturing Co.—who build the fastest automobiles and motor boats in the country. So you see why I lead a "Fast Life."

My blue slip KINDLY sent me by Andy, and returned by me, gives my vital statistics, the most important one being

my address—so don't fail to look me up when in the neighborhood. I hope to see you all in June, at Princeton.

CLARENCE MITCHELL HAMILTON.

New York, February 20, 1905.

**EDWIN DODGE HARDIN**

**Cuba, New York.**

Pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Cuba, N. Y.

MARRIED: Bertha Sherrill Wynkoop, November 20, 1902,  
Cuba, N. Y.

My dear Andy:—

Really your examination paper is most searching—I shall not say, inquisitive. It reminds me forcibly of the questions a man has to answer when he seeks to enter the ancient and honorable estate of matrimony, according to the laws of the State of New York, to wit: age, occupation, complexion, eyes, hair, grandfather's height, great-grandmother's maiden name, previous condition of servitude—and the Lord knows what else! But as in the case of marriage, when it is presumed a man responds to the inquisitiveness of a paternal State gladly and with alacrity in the theoretic and blissful contemplation of the high privilege of being driven through life in double harness, so I also joyfully respond when I think how happy my letter will make us all. For my heart warms at the knowledge that there are those who are consumed with anxiety to read the startling revelations of my thrilling and illustrious personal history. I therefore gladly give the advance pages of my memoirs to an expectant class. These are not the MEMOIRS OF SAINT SIMON (Remember how we used to wrestle with him?), nor of SHERLOCK HOLMES, nor yet have they the inimitable vigor and action of THE LOVE-LETTERS OF AN ENGLISH WOMAN. So don't expect too much.

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I graduated from the Auburn Theological Seminary in 1898 and amid the thunder of guns and the fearful carnage of our brush with Spain I began my work as minister of a small church in Niagara Falls. Here I remained till 1903, when after dallying about three months with the typhoid, I quit work and visited Europe, and Asia and Africa for five months. On my return in the fall of 1903, I was called to the Presbyterian church in this town where I have been now a little over a year. Here endeth the record of my exploits.

From rumors that reach my ears, there seems to be no serious menace from race suicide as far as Princeton, or in particular Ninety-Five, is concerned, whatever might have been the fault in that regard that Roosevelt found with Harvard. They tell me there is a fine, vigorous crop of sub-freshmen growing up in whom loyalty to Princeton is congenital. The safety of America is assured. In view of the fact that I have no son to send to Princeton, I am trying to turn the heads of a few young fellows in this region toward that fountain of wisdom. I hope to succeed. There is a deplorable lack of Princeton men in this part of the country. I know of none in my vicinity. The nearest Ninety-Five men are nearly a hundred miles away—Buck Master and Jake Otto in Buffalo, and Dougal Ward in Rochester. I saw Dougal a couple of months ago on the street. Nowadays he is dealing with patients with, I imagine, the same ability with which he used to deal with base-ball, foot-ball and Latin.

The greatest mistake I ever made? My dear Andy, modesty bids me hold my peace. I shall however stipulate in my will that it shall be inscribed in my epitaph that he who comes to weep over my dust may read it and be wise. In the mean time, I hope to live long enough to get down to Princeton in June. OUR DECENNIAL! We are getting on, my boy. But we

will never be old. We shall die as young as the men who have gone on ahead.

Till June, Mr. Secretary, good bye.

EDWIN D. HARDIN.

Cuba, N. Y., March 1, 1905.

**JOHN COWDEN HARDING**

**171 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.**

1207 Michigan Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Superintendent of Agencies, Western Department of the  
Springfield Fire & Marine Insurance Company, of Springfield, Mass. 171 La Salle Street, Chicago.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Pratt, May 23, 1901, Evanston, Ill.

Margaret Cowden Harding, May 19, 1903. Chicago, Ill.

My dear Andy:—

Here you are again with a Blue Print diagram of another Reunion and a request for a legibly-written and not overly-modest autobiography of the young HERO for the past ten years—which reminds me that it cannot be so very long ago that we went through the same procedure for the Triennial.

The date of my letter is somewhat of a confession in itself, but as you are already surfeited with excuses I shall refrain from adding to your troubles and will only express the conviction that one so hard pressed for time as yourself will sympathize with an unfortunate brother harassed in a like manner. Some one (probably one of our old TIGER staff) has described the novel SIR RICHARD CALMADY as a very long story of a very short man; and lest this same facetious party treat my own story in an equally flippant manner, I shall not go at length into the details of an uneventful career.

I think it will perhaps suffice to say that I am well in body and contented of mind; that I am most happily married; that I find my leisure hours fully occupied by an absorbing young Miss of not quite three summers, and that I am making head-

way in a business that is as congenial as it is engrossing. The only blight on my peaceful progress during the past few years has been my inability to attend the Commencement and other Reunions of our good class, but I am in hopes the future will deal more gently with me in this regard, and I intend getting a good start in the right direction by being on hand early next June.

I must confess to having stuck very close to business in all this time, my only real relaxation having taken the form of a four months' stay on the Garrett-McCormick ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico, where I landed in the fall of 1899. This was a very attractive spot which had been purchased by two of our classmates and turned into an asylum for broken down society men and other afflicted youths. Pop Pease had been nursing the property along for some time, but retired just prior to my arrival, leaving some of the ranch behind, including Jack Frame, who was collecting material for cowboy stories and collating Mexican, Hereford and short-horn dialects. Jack was real good to me and showed me with his accustomed finesse just how to get along with the natives and other denizens of that clime.

John Poe had been there during the summer, but got cramped in the narrow atmosphere and eloped to the regular army, but not before he had ruined a valuable but misanthropic horse. He had insisted on riding the worst broncho in the County and his wish was finally gratified, though not without misgivings in the minds of the spectators. He was doing splendidly; until the saddle girth parted and cast him upon the earth, where he lay quiet, turned his back and waited, whereupon the horse, who had come down to earth again, also turned his back, but (fatal error of judgment) did not wait. He kicked John with each foot separately, then used them in pairs, front and back, and in bunches of three and four, but



John held his ground smiling all the time and softly humming "Blige a lady," until the "bronch," thoroughly exhausted, was finally led away, you might say to die, for never since then has he seen active service. I saw him after my arrival but no one had much hope for him.

Jack and I hunted for big game nearly all the time and won many encomiums for our skill with the weapons of the country. Jack got a nice grizzly, albeit a very young one, which he simply talked into leaving its mother's arms. We obtained most of our trophies of the chase in this manner, I holding the victims and Jack doing the rest. While it seemed a shade more brutal, we thus saved our ammunition for shooting tin cans and fixed property near the house. But no doubt Jack will tell his own story of these days and I am not the one to take the glamour from his narrative. I was grateful for his companionship and for his assistance in acquiring about twenty-five pounds avoirdupois, which I now find I might readily dispense with. Stanley McCormick and Sam Howe were with us for a short time and added much to our enjoyment—and amusement. This is rather a belated account of a very delightful experience for which I am indebted to the proprietors of Urraca Ranch.

Having taken more liberties with your patience than I intended, I shall make way for others who have equal claim on your good nature, and long suffering must it be. I am looking forward with the keenest pleasure to seeing you and all of our good classmates next June, when I presume nothing will be lacking to make the occasion a "most auspicious" one.

Meanwhile I am, as ever,

Your sincere friend,

J. C. HARDING.

Chicago, March 1, 1905.

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**ELLWOOD HARLOW**

**Care of H. W. Gaines, 81 Fulton St., New York.**

13 East 77th St., New York, N. Y.

Physician.

MARRIED: Antoniette Whitlock, May 24, 1899, New York City.

Elisabeth Harlow, October 11, 1900, New York City.

My dear Imbrie:—

I would willingly write you the interesting letter that you ask for, depicting in graphic manner my adventures in the world since leaving Princeton, but I find it a difficult task.

I have no astounding, or even very interesting, adventures to relate. I have rescued no one from an untimely death—except, perhaps, in a perfectly professional and unexciting way. On the other hand I have not added anything to the mortality statistics—as far as I know. Life seems to flow along in a rather uneventful, though I hope more or less useful way. And now for a few dry facts (which you do not want, but which I see no way of avoiding).

I studied medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and afterwards at the medical school of New York University, where I received my degree of M. D. I then devoted my attention to the special study of diseases of the eye, and later became a member of the medical staff of the New York Ophthalmic and Aural Institute, and am now an assistant surgeon in that hospital. I also had a position in the medical school of Columbia University, which, however, I have recently resigned, because I found it took up too much of my time.

I enjoy my work among the poor in the clinics and hospitals, not only because of its interest from a scientific point of view, but also because it seems to bring a man into closer relationship with some of life's realities. In addition to this work I

have my private practice so that in one way or another I am kept quite busy. Last year I conducted an analytical laboratory, as an incidental occupation.

I have several fads, one of which is photography. I have done considerable work in scientific photography, and I have another collection of what I am pleased to call artistic pictures, of which I am quite proud.

The artistic training acquired in the Symphony Banjo Club is undoubtedly the cause of my continued liking for music. However, I no longer attempt the subtle nuances of the banjo, but interest myself with the simpler task of violin playing. I think I am quite learned in the subject of old fiddles and I have owned a few fine specimens.

The statistics of my family life may be found in the class record. I will only say that it has been a very happy one.

With best wishes for all my classmates, and more especially for my fellow members of "Bohemia,"

Yours as ever,

ELLWOOD HARLOW.

New York, February 12, 1905.

**ROBERT PATTERSON HARRIS**

**245 Nassau Street, Princeton, N. J.**

Bob has taken the absurd position that because he has been laid up temporarily for repairs, he therefor has no business to write a letter for the Record. "The sort of letters that you want," he writes, "come from, and with hard work." I know that Bob has done plenty of hard work, and is just now setting out for the State of Washington where he expects to engage in the lumbering business.

In the summer of 1895, he was assistant librarian at Princeton, and later tutored at Deer Park, W. V. The ensuing year

he was a teacher in the Princeton Preparatory School, and the following summer was a tutor at Sea Bright, N. J. In October 1896, he entered the employ of A. G. Spalding & Bros. of New York City, where he remained for about a year. Then he became associated with Dwight, Smith & Lillie, of the Employers' Liability Insurance Corporation in New York.

In 1898 he went South, and became interested in mining mica in the vicinity of Franklin, N. C., where he was a partner with Howard Seaver '98. Afterwards he was for a time a miner of manganese at Brevard, N. C., and in 1901 was also interested in real estate transactions at Franklin, as a member of the firm of Harris & Robertson.

In 1901 he became the general manager of the Nantahala Co., which has been engaged in very large timber operations in the mountains of North Carolina.

Bob wrote to me in August 1901: "I am now in the woods most of the time, surveying and taking up a large body of timber for my company, which we organized while north and incorporated about two months ago under the laws of North Carolina."

In 1903 he was compelled by ill health to resign his position with the Nantahala Co., just at the time when the success of his work was becoming apparent. It is only recently that he has been able to resume active business, and he regrets keenly that his early departure for the Pacific Coast will prevent his attending the Decennial Reunion.

### **NORMAN BALDWIN HARRISON**

**Caldwell, New Jersey.**

Skagway, Alaska.

Minister First Presbyterian Church, Skagway, Alaska.

MARRIED: Emma Burgess Smith, June 8, 1899, Caldwell,  
N. J.

Marjorie Louise Harrison, April 7, 1900, Skagway.

Everett Falconer Harrison, July 2, 1902, Skagway.

Emma Francis Harrison, May 11, 1904, Haines, Alaska.

Dear Faithful Scribe:—

Skagway is a "Cave of the Winds" where much of the time it can truthfully be said that a man never breathes the same air twice; so I trust the objectionable "gas" will not find its way into my letter. Alaska is a country where we believe in Expansion and have plenty of room for it—the last great land of the world to be occupied and subdued by the westward twinkling of the star of empire. So far as I know, Joe Summers and I are the only '95 men who have had a finger in the pie, I of course making 'collections' of the yellow metal and Joe doing the banking part of it. (Deacon White was for a time digging it out in the Klondike, but that is not Alaska.) Recollection also brings back a very pleasant visit from Bert Lukens a few summers back. He carried away several spots of Alaska in his camera.

I have lived in the west long enough to feel, with others, a preference for it over the east. We don't like to speak of the east as "effete" or "provincial," but we notice when a fellow gets west where things move apace and exhibit to his ambition such limitless possibilities, where cities are often built in a year from first intention and never stop to argue modern conveniences, but put them in from the ground up—it gives him a relish for that sort of thing all the time, and he stays. When I get through preaching to Alaska I shall still want the west, though perhaps in a milder form. Let me give any '95 malcontents a tip; the Puget Sound country is the coming center of the west; it's a hustler; come out and you'll find there's something doing and I believe you'll see me there in

days to come. I was invited to one of its flourishing cities recently but could not leave just then.

It has been my privilege to cross the continent three times, by the Canadian Pacific—a grand route—the Northern Pacific, and the Burlington and Union Pacific via California. The thousand mile inland voyage between Seattle and Skagway, which I have traversed five times, makes a delightful side trip for anyone visiting the Pacific Coast, and we are always glad to have old friends drop in to see us and “sit awhile,” long enough to cool off.

Sorry to be absent from the Decennial: it’s a year too soon for me. I expect to be in old Jersey about that time next year, and if the Reunion were on then I believe I could pocket D. Q’s Long Distance Cup. But I’ll stay at home this time and give some one else a chance.

I have seen scarcely anything of ’95 since I left the Seminary, but two years ago I spent a week in special work with my old roommate, Charles Condit, and that was a great treat.

Duly Type-pounded, Signed and Submitted,

NORMAN B. HARRISON,

ALIAS “BEN.”

Skagway, Alaska, February 13, 1905.

**ROLLIN ZELLER HARTZLER**

**139 West King Street, York, Pa.**

Teacher of Greek and Latin in the York Collegiate Institute,  
York, Pa.

Dear fellow-members of our glorious class:—

Ten years ago! Shades of “Johnny” Degnan, is it possible! Old Time is a liar (with apologies to Holmes). It was not ten years ago; it was only last June, when we seniors stood shoulder to shoulder on the steps and sang with loyal fervor,

“Nassau, Nassau,” with a deep love for dear old Princeton and each other, stirring in our hearts.

Some of us have won renown in ten short years, if not widely, at least in local circles. None of us has brought public disgrace upon his Alma Mater. All this is cause for gratitude, when we consider what marked propensities toward a criminal career some of us exhibited while in college!

Whenever I meet a very old alumnus and he asks me: “What year were you?” I swell up and square my shoulders (and that isn’t squaring the circle), look him in the eye and sing out at him, “Ninety-five!” in a manner which indicates that there may be other classes, but not many.

Andy, your catechism is a good thing and I’ll just proceed to get busy with it.

1. “Your profession or your business.” My profession is my business. Yes, I know, Andy, some business men make no profession. I’ve been in my present position for seven years, and right here let me answer question number eleven of the catechism: “What have you done for Princeton?”

I’m teaching in the York Collegiate Institute and every year have been able to send one or more good fellows to Princeton, who have made very creditable records there.

2. Your home. It’s in Harrisburg, where “Johnny” Weiss has the political ring on the index finger of his right hand. Mr. Johann Hoch of Chicago, he of the twenty spouses, says, “Your home is where your heart is.”

The police are trying to find out where his heart really is at this writing.

Some of us have established our own homes and already possess non-race-suicide families. I’m still with that heroic (or cowardly) number, who sew on their own buttons and are always in love with some girl who would require at least a twenty-thousand dollar income to support.

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“ ’Tis better to have loved and been refused, than never to proposed at all.” says one of our classmates—I’ll not violate his confidence.

3. Travels. A bicycle trip through England, Scotland and France with Dechant ’95 and Bliss and Sheldon ’94; two months in New Mexico; six months in Oregon, gold mining. One day a fellow wandered in over the trail and asked for a job. He was a graduate of Rutgers, and I gave him a job, because he had been so near Princeton, but I had to fire him inside of a week, chiefly because he “soldiered.” but also because his big talk about his little “bow-wow” college on the Raritan, made me tired.

On my way to the St. Louis Fair last October, I met “Pat” Murphy at Pittsburgh, en route to add lustre to New Jersey Day at the Fair. Say, have you ever seen “Pat” in uniform as an officer of the Governor’s staff? I felt like a delegation of workmen approaching the Czar; but he was the same genial old fellow, and as for striking appearance, he had Nicholas beaten with ease.

8. Political Work. President Wilson has said that Princeton is to shine in the nation’s service. Well, most of us voted for “Teddy,” with the possible exception of “Sunfish” Walker and a few other Solid South gentlemen, who, like a certain New Yorker, are Democrats, and will never vote for a representative of any other party, except possibly, a Swallow now and then.

9. What is your hobby? Skating in winter and tennis and golf in summer. I’m the only ’95 man in York County and the contemplation of that fact prevents one from actually disgracing oneself and, on the other hand, compels him to do something worthy of his beloved class. I might modestly mention the fact here, that I have managed in some fashion or other to win the tennis championships of York County and



the York Country Club for the last three years, and the first year golf championship of the Club, which was evidently a mistake, for I could never do it again—the present champion is Grier Hersh, Princeton '84, a member of the Alumni golf team.

12. What has Princeton done for you? I guess we could write a book on that, Andy. One of the very best things, is the acquaintance with and friendship of some of the best fellows on earth.

Andy, will you kindly chase yourself around the Astor House block, while we say a few words about you to the brethren? We, of '95, congratulate ourselves on "Old Faithful," the best class secretary ever raised to that distinguished office of trust without emolument.

I, for my part, repent for the tribulations of soul and strain on his patience I may have brought upon him, by delay in answering his rare literary productions. He ought to have a good eighteen-carat halo, all right, all right, when they pass 'em around among the faithful.

Here's to us all, all of dear old '95! How we'll miss Harry Brown and Gus Holly, who were taken away this year. Great athletes, splendid gentlemen, staunch friends, those two.

When our time comes, may we all have done something worth the while for our best Friend, for the Republic, for Princeton.

ROLLIN Z. HARTZLER.

**WALLACE PINCKNEY HARVEY**

**Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.**

Earls Court, corner St. Paul and Preston Streets, Baltimore, Md.

Lawyer and Special Representative of Foreign Corporations.  
Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

MARRIED: Josephine Gilmore, November 16, 1904, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Imbrie:—

In view of all the work you have done, it would seem a very little thing for me to write a letter and do what little I can to make the Decennial Record a success, but even with the help of your suggestions, and after many hours of deep thought upon the subject, I do not know of any information in regard to myself, which would be of any interest to my fellow classmates.

I have spent the past ten years without any great mistakes or any great successes. I have been at a good many different kinds of work, and a good many different kinds of play. I have never taken any active part in politics, nor have I ever published any literary work. I have traveled a little, but only in well beaten tracks.

I was married about three months ago, and since that important event perhaps my greatest hobby has been in keeping open diplomatic relations with the cook.

If I had any fault to find with the educational system of Princeton, I would say that in the Junior and Senior years when I was at college, the students had too free a hand in their electives.

If I have managed to give absolutely no information in this letter, it is not because I do not want to, and if any of the men of the class ever go through Baltimore, I hope they will stop off and see me, and I will be glad to tell them everything that I have not told them in this letter. With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

WALLACE P. HARVEY.

Baltimore February 7, 1905.

**RICHARD DANIEL HATCH**

**Brooklyn, Conn.**

Willimantic, Conn.

Rector of St. Paul's Church, Windham, Conn. Priest in charge  
of St. Paul's Church, Willimantic, Conn.

Dear Ninety-five:—

The last time I saw Andy he said, "Well, Dick, how's the sin business?" That is the business in which I am engaged, and there is always "something doing." I have two parishes, one in this large mill city, and one in the historic old town of Windham, three miles away. My time is filled every day of week with calls, studying, and manipulating clubs, guilds and entertainments—besides services at both places.

Princeton men are very scarce in these regions, and there are no '95 men anywhere near me. I try to boom the old college, however, and secured a boy for Princeton the other day, who had taken his Yale preliminaries, just by explaining to him how much better time I had in Princeton than I would have had if I had gone to Yale. He saw the point at once.

During the ten years that have slipped by since being forced through the window at the station (and by the way, I had that experience twice as I had to return to Brown Hall from New York to rescue my money that I had left in a chiffonier; and so cried all over again and was boosted through again for luck), nothing of great interest has happened to me. That is to say I am not married nor have I edited anything. My only distinction is that I have been arrested once—but that is another story, and my bicycle was to blame.

I spent four years in the hallowed cloister, as that artful linguist Cow Nevin would put in. The other six years I have worked for the Church in Trenton, Stonington, Conn., and here. I have never regretted my calling and believe it the happiest kind of a life.

I am glad to see the mark which many of our men are making in the world. I am not surprised, for I think a finer set of men than ours never graduated from any university. My town here is a great railroad center, and I am certain many of you must pass through it sometimes. I have a large house to myself, and would be greatly pleased to have you stop off and visit me. Please don't forget, for I mean it. Wishing you all much prosperity and happiness for the future, I am,

Your classmate in the never-to-be-forgotten memories of '91 to '95.

RICHARD D. HATCH.

Willimantic, Conn., February 22, 1905.

**ALFRED HAYES, Jr.**

**49 Wall Street, New York.**

10 East 43 Street, New York City, N. Y.

Lawyer. 49 Wall Street, New York City, N. Y.

(Ten minutes after I received Alfred's letter, he burst into my office to inquire whether I thought the "facts" with which he opens up his argument should be printed in full. At first I told him that it might scare off some of his friends from reading his letter; but after mature deliberation I have concluded to print this monument of statistics just as he has sent it in.

It is surely an imposing catalogue; worthy of a "Chevalier of the Royal Order of the Saviour." I have asked Chevalier Hayes to bring his medal down to the reunion, offering to supply two able-bodied porters if necessary.)

My dear Andy:—

A lawyer should state the facts when the powers request.

July 19, 1895. Registered law clerk, office of Alfred Hayes, Lewisburg, Pa.

June 23, 1896. Elected honorary member, Bucknell Alumni Association.

September 20, 1897. Admitted to courts, Union County, Pa.

June 8, 1898. LL.B., Columbia University.

" 15, " A. M. Princeton University.

" 28, " Admitted to Courts, State of New York.

1898-1904. Republican captain 16 Election District, 27 Assembly District, and Secretary District Committee, 27 Assembly District.

July 21, 1898.—October 14, 1899. Law office of Edward G. Whitaker.

October 14, 1899.—February 13, 1900. Law office of Gould & Wilkie.

February 13, 1900.—August 27, 1901. Foreclosure and partition desk, Coudert Bros.

May 28, 1900. Assignee of Stock Exchange House of Seymour Johnson & Company.

September 16, 1901, to date. Independent office at No. 49 Wall Street, for the general practice of law.

1902-1905. Tutor Columbia University Law School, during 1902-1903 giving courses Domestic Relations and Bankruptcy; 1903-1904 Bankruptcy and Damages; 1904-1905 Damages and assistant in Pleading and Practice to Prof. Redfield.

October 14, 1903. Admitted to Supreme Court of the United States.

July 12, 1904. Accepted Silver Cross of a Chevalier of the Royal Order of the Saviour conferred by George I of Greece, in recognition of efforts to secure the admission to the United States of Sotirios S. Lontos Charalambis a young man desiring to assist in establishing a branch of a Greek corporation engaged in the wholesale importation of currants. He was admitted by order made January 21, 1905.

Clubs and Societies:—

Bar Association of the City of New York, Bar Association of the State of New York, Princeton Club, Nassau Club, Republican County Committee, 27 Assembly District Republican

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Club, Phi Beta Kappa Alumni Association, Alumni Association the Phi Kappa Psi, Columbia Law School Alumni Association, Columbia University Christian Association, Sons of the Revolution and Mens Association of the Brick Presbyterian Church.

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Though Kid Andrews easily holds the record for Opera attendance, the allurements of New York have enticed me sufficiently to leave no time for whist. One book which Kid Cresson certainly mastered in College was Foster's Rules of Whist, but he would find that his partner in the tournament in Senior year could not use effectively the reverse trump signal and reverse echo.

In June 1903, I was usher at a wedding in Lewisburg, Pa. One of the bridesmaids was Miss Christine Grace Robertson, a graduate from the University of Michigan, Class of 1900. Her college takes equal place with Princeton in my affection.

The memories of the life at Princeton ever more tender, and the delights of returning to the old college ever more keen, though the joy is mingled with sorrow, because of the absence of faces, some of them never to be seen again. The associations of the college life, the high ideals we there learned to love, the noble purposes we then formed, and the warm friendship for men who were striving to embody those ideals seem ever more precious in the stress and strain of business life where much is sordid and debasing. May the memory of the hopes and dreams of Princeton days keep us true to the things of the spirit. To all who joined in the class circle on that last day in June, and who sat in the twilight beneath the elms, with the pain of parting bitter in their hearts, I send my affectionate greetings.

Yours sincerely,

ALFRED HAYES, Jr.

New York, February 16, 1905.

**JAMES EDWARD HAYES, Jr.**

**Princeton Club, 72 East 34 Street, New York.**

120 West 57 Street, New York.

Electrical Engineer with Western Electric Co., corner West  
and Bethune Streets, New York.

My dear Andy:—

I have no excuse to offer for not having answered your many appeals before this, except that I have been waiting to see if something would turn up to give me a chance to answer at least one of your questions in an interesting manner, but as there has been nothing doing up to the present time, I am afraid this will have to be accepted as my decennial letter.

I know that your hard work is going to be crowned with success in June, and I will be there to congratulate you and the committee.

Yours very truly,

J. E. HAYES, Jr.

New York, March 3, 1905.

**SELDEN LONG HAYNES**

**Watkins, New York.**

Pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Watkins, N. Y.

MARRIED: Jessie Lee Crocker, June 30, 1903, Binghamton,  
N. Y.

Frances Dora Haynes, April 21, 1904, Hancock, N. Y.

My dear Fellows:—

Ten years bring a great many changes in all but one thing, our love for Princeton. Years only make that stronger. And this is especially true of those who, like myself, have had few opportunities to go back to the old place. Follows the record of those years: Three of them were spent in the Seminary, finding out how little I knew after all and getting ready for

MURRAY-DODGE HALL





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the work I wanted to do. A deluded Faculty awarded me a Fellowship in Hebrew at the close of the course, and in July 1898, I sailed for Germany. The winter was spent in Leipsic and Berlin trying to get an idea of German university life—and incidentally a little knowledge. From March to May 1899, I traveled in Italy, Switzerland, France and England, chiefly on a wheel, the most enjoyable trip imaginable. Back again in our own country—and glad to get there—the first work that opened to me I took, and for the next five years was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Hancock, N. Y. The best part about that life was preaching the Gospel. I think that is my hobby as well as my work. It is a great thing to do.

June 30, 1903, I was married, with some of your beloved faces around me to share in the happiness of the occasion. Since then the quiet of home, the work of the Church, the wonder and joy of a little daughter have made up most of the round of life. January 1, 1905, I removed to Watkins, N. Y., on the shore of Seneca Lake, where I am now installed as the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and likely to remain so for some time.

Three things Princeton did for all of us: gave us a good foundation of knowledge and common sense upon which to build our lives; taught us a fine loyalty which is better than much gold, and left us the possessor for life of the affection and friendship of as fine a class of men as ever lived anywhere. I have not seen many of you in these years, but I keep your pictures on my study walls and your memories in my heart. And through this record, I send you all my best greetings and affection. God bless you every one.

Faithfully yours,

SELDEN L. HAYNES,

Watkins, N. Y., March 25, 1905.

**WILLIAM FREDERICK HENCKEN**

**22 West 82 Street, New York City.**

Secretary and Treasurer of Rambusch Glass Decorating Co.,  
160 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My dear Andy:—

As I have received so many of your Blue Circular invitations requesting a story of my life during the past ten years, I feel that I must reply, even though I have nothing of importance to record, having done—as a majority have probably done—a certain amount of work, and tried at the same time to enjoy life.

I notice that your first request is to “give name in full,” and I answer it by saying that it has not changed in any particular since I left college; and as I have caused no one else to change theirs, I can give you no information as to “wife’s maiden name,” or to “date and place of marriage.”

My first job after leaving Princeton, was with the New York Central Railroad, where I was employed in the engineering department along with our friend Toad Schumacher; but after spending nearly a year with the company, and not seeing any great opportunities for advancement, I determined to quit “working on the railroad;” which I accordingly did in June '97, and spent the summer traveling abroad.

On my return in the fall, I took up the study of architecture, and at which I was still engaged in the fall of '98, when there was formed the Rambusch Glass & Decorating Co., organized to carry on an interior decorating business, and of which company I was made Secretary-Treasurer. At the present writing I am with the same company, holding the same position, and am happy to state that I have met with a fair

amount of success. At any rate, I have saved enough to enjoy a few days in the old town next June.

Faithfully yours,

WM. F. HENCKEN.

New York, April 3, 1905.

**CHARLES ELVIN HENDRICKSON, Jr.**

**15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.**

122 Kensington Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Lawyer. 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.

MARRIED: Janet Douglass Estes, November 7, 1900, New York City.

Charles Elvin Hendrickson III, January 16, 1905, Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Andy:—

The above is generic, and applies to all whom it may concern, GREETING:—

I often wish I knew what some of the old class were doing, and where they are in business and live. Many of you pass by me in the course of the year and to you I want to say, if you will come to my office or call me by telephone from the Pennsylvania Station, I will blow you to lunch, and, for an hour or so, swop lies about the Old Town. To the rest, here's a wish that you may come this way soon.

I am a lawyer, and glad I chose it because it is more lucrative than being a College Professor, and not so exacting. I have my office exactly opposite the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in Jersey City, where I can usually be reached at lunch time. I live in Jersey City, on that high ridge of land running parallel with the Hudson River, conspicuous equally from New York or the Hackensack Meadows. The view up here is as beautiful as from the top of a New York Apartment House. I built my home and live here from choice, and Mrs.

H. will give you all a hearty welcome and I will add a little something else if you will come and see us.

I am a veteran of the New Jersey National Guard, Volunteer Firemen, Member of the Jersey City Board of Trade, Princeton Club, Jersey City Golf Club, Secretary of the Collegemen's Democratic Campaign Club of New Jersey, Attorney and Counsellor at Law of the New Jersey Supreme Court, United States District and Circuit Courts of New Jersey, Solicitor, Master and Examiner in Chancery of New Jersey, Proctor in Admiralty, Supreme Court Commissioner and Bachelor of Laws of the University of Pennsylvania.

Last September I traveled toward the land of the Setting Sun. I telegraphed ahead to Charleston and as the train pulled into the station there stood our Sunfish, looking like the Sun Setting among the mountains of West Virginia. It was a beautiful sight. Old Phil was looking fine. A little stirred up and excited because he was to preside that afternoon at a Monster Democratic Mass-meeting, but equal to the occasion. Weary gave me a hearty welcome.

This is the first publication that has ever volunteered to encourage my literary abilities. I have published, at my clients' expense, a few law briefs, but the edition is exhausted.

My hobby is raising flowers. I have a lot, back of my house, devoted to the cultivation of old fashioned flowers. If any of you have any seed of the Kinds That Can't Be Killed, please send them to me. Last Summer was my first attempt. I planted the garden full of seed in May. Andy fitted me out with a fishing outfit in June, and on July 1, I went away; and on my return September 1, the garden was a wonder. Cannas six feet high, cosmos higher, while poppies, marigolds, asters, sunflowers hollyhocks, etc., were one tangled mass completely choked with weeds. This Summer it will be different. The

result of my experience is: Throw away most all of the seed you buy, for a very little goes a long way.

Now to a more serious matter. The great defect in Princeton's Educational System. I think we ought to stand for higher salaries for our Professors and tutors back in Princeton. Most of us have received one or two good turns from the members of that faculty, and they were and always will be about the finest class of men in the world, but we have had experience enough now to know that most of our old Professors were not in any great danger of going to the bow wows from high and riotous living on their salaries. I know we used to sing "Here they come, rub-a-dub-dum, looking as if they'd been off on a bum"—but was it really justified? Does it really matter much what is taught? Isn't it largely the teacher that made us men? I think our Professors and tutors were the only ones who did not get a square deal when we were in Princeton.

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES E. HENDRICKSON, Jr.

Jersey City, February 15, 1905.

**GERARDUS POST HERRICK**

**7 Wall Street, New York City.**

30 West 54 Street, New York City.

With Herrick, Hicks & Colby, Bankers and Brokers, 7 Wall Street, New York.

Dear Andy:

As I am not trying for the Princetonian or Lit. and as I have had ten years in which to write the Decennial letter, there really seems no excuse for not writing. Moreover, I realize that his letter is meant to be personal; for, notwithstanding the many things that have separated me from my classmates of dear old Ninety-Five, I am interested in them

and I know that they are interested in me, aside from what we have become or accomplished, even if only because we are classmates. For this reason, trivial and unimportant details about myself will interest them, as like matter concerning them will interest me.

Not all of us have, not all of us may through our own careers bring public honor to our class, but all of us may be what we may, and accomplish what we can and joyously enter into the interests, happiness and success of the conspicuously successful.

In the last ten years I have studied law, conducted mechanical experiments and a small manufacturing concern and gravitated to Wall Street where I am with my brother's firm, Herrick, Hicks & Colby. My home has always been in New York City. In 1901 I went abroad for a few weeks, spending most of my time in London and Paris. The trip was certainly very interesting and enjoyable. In 1898 I joined Squadron "A" of New York City where I am now serving as Ordnance Sergeant. Several '95 men are members, and quite a few Princetonians have added much to the pleasure of the service which has so far only consisted of strike duty and similar New York State employment. I have very much enjoyed the Cavalry work and, in so far as I have had any particular hobby, entered into carbine and revolver shooting in which we have been sufficiently successful to make it interesting.

Some very enjoyable times have been spent in Pittsburgh with Old Charlie Hamilton, Gordon Fisher, Skinny Seymour, and their wives, (except C. Hamilton whose wife I did not meet.) I must say that I have had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of '95's honorary feminine contingent, and certainly think we are much to be congratulated on the prowess of our Benedick classmates in this direction. You and I, Andy, have been interested spectators of how few such

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casualties occurred during the first years after graduation, but the general policy of the class seems to be wonderfully justified by the quality and present avalanche of results.

I have never met a Ninety-Five man in the last ten years that he has not "warmed the cockles of my heart," as almost nothing else could, by more than fulfilling to me the vows of everlasting goodfellowship and affection which we all took together on the Campus in 1895.

This is probably the pleasantest memory of the past ten graduate years, and I want to say to you Andy, and to every member of our class of '95 that I thank you for your good faith as classmates. You have made the past ten years pass more profitably and quickly, your pledges have been fully redeemed, and I shall come back to the reunion to enter into your joys and interests and drink to your continued health and prosperity.

Sincerely your Classmate,

GERARD P. HERRICK.

New York, March 8, 1905.

**BENJAMIN LEWIS HIRSHFIELD**

**520 Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

5511 Homer Street, E. E., Pittsburgh.

Lawyer. 520 Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARRIED: Ida R. Ehrman, October 4, 1899, Pittsburgh, Pa.

My dear Class Secretary:

You ought to have a window in the Hall of Fame. Every time there is a reference to Job, it ought to be "Job and Andy Imbrie." Your patience is colossal, and equalled only by your persistence. I refer to your various epistolary efforts, to which this is a response. Lest you might, in a moment of despondency, conclude that "there is none that doeth good,



no not one"—let me impress upon you that your several letters have continuously played horse with my conscience, and I am replying to them in the hope of once again being at peace with the world.

My autobiography would present little of interest to the reader—even though he be a member of the class of '95. I haven't done any of the things that your questions suggest—not even political work. I am still practicing law here in Pittsburgh—and if you, Andy, were a lawyer instead of a vendor of fishing tackle, this would be excuse enough for my delay in answering your letters.

I hope to be present at the Decennial Reunion. Unfortunately something has always turned up to prevent my attending the previous Reunions, but I'll make a special effort to be present this time. If I should not be there, it will be through no fault of mine.

With cordial regards to all the men of '95, and best wishes for their success and welfare, I am,

Sincerely yours,

BENJ. L. HIRSHFIELD.

Pittsburgh, February 25, 1905.

**RALPH TOWNLEY HOAGLAND**

**5069 Lake Ave., Chicago.**

In Sporting Goods Department of "The Fair," Chicago.

MARRIED: Helen Haskin, Oct. 26, 1898, Chicago.

Lesley Hoagland, April 20, 1900, Chicago.

Helen Hoagland, Aug. 26, 1902, Chicago.

Ralph's first job was with Rush, Evans & Co., of Chicago, manufacturers of straw board. The next I heard of him was as a trader with Baldwin Guernsey & Co., on the Chicago Board of Trade. Then he was captivated by the allurements of the coal business and once when I was in Chicago I tried to find him at the office of the New Kentucky Coal Co.

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In the fall of 1901 high finance again called to him and he was in the office of C. H. Canby & Co., Brokers, Chicago. Again, upon a later trip to Chicago in 1904, I learned that he was in the sporting goods department of the "Fair"—which the provincials, who do not live within the limits of Cook County, should know to be one of the biggest department stores on earth. Ralph was out at lunch when I called, and so, for the moment, the Golf Department had become stagnant.

In the early years after graduation—and perhaps afterwards for all I know—Ralph became the greatest foot-ball authority of the Middle West. He was referee of most of the important games and in the language of Frank Murphy, was "the Caspar Whitney of the Windy City."

### **HUGH LENOX HODGE**

**E. Graver's Lane, Chestnut Hill, Pa.**

Silver City, N. M.

Cattle Ranching at Silver City, N. M.

MARRIED: M. Genevieve Gough, Nov. 6, 1901, Denver, Colo.

In February of this year Big Hodge wrote me a hasty note at the Diamond Bar Ranch at Silver City, New Mexico. It held out hopes of an interesting contribution to the Decennial Record. As the book goes to press the letter has not come. At that time he wrote, "Your other letters must have missed me for we are about shut off from mail now on account of storms, but if you will mail me another Blue Circular I believe it might, shoved on by your perseverance, float in somehow on the water that is covering the plains all about us. We are so busy building arks at present that letter-writing is at a standstill, but by the time your next arrives we shall surely be either beyond penmanship or else free to write a few water stained lines for good old '95."

**STEPHEN ALEXANDER HODGE**

**Wilkesbarre, Pa.**

242 South Franklin Street, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

With Hazard Manufacturing Company, makers of wire rope,  
and insulated copper wire, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

Shortly after leaving college I worked for a year in a bank in Philadelphia, then became connected with the Hazard Manufacturing Company of Wilkesbarre, and am still with them.

Very sincerely,

S. A. HODGE.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., March 23, 1905.

**EDGAR HOLDEN, Jr.,**

**13 Central Avenue, Newark, N. J.**

335 Belleville Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Physician. 13 Central Avenue, Newark, N. J. Also medical Examiner for following Insurance Co.'s, Washington Life, Mutual Benefit Life, Pa. Mutual, U. S. Life, Phoenix, Reliance, Colonial and Massachusetts Mutual.

MARRIED: Clara Florence Moore, October 20, 1903, Stonerook, Plainfield, N. J.

My dear Andy:—

As you may judge from my former efforts, writing is not my strong point. In fact, I'd rather do most anything than try to compose even the shortest of notes. Luckily, the practice of medicine does not require much literary effort, except monthly bills, which are not so much of a burden as to take up all my time as yet, and an occasional essay for Medical Societies.

You ask if I am glad I chose my profession. Well—that usually depends on how I happen to feel when anyone asks;

but I guess I was born to it, and would have been unhappy at anything else.

There is the disadvantage of being tied up to one's own town, with no pleasant summer home to retire to for several months of the year. Just because it is impossible, it is the very thing I most long for when all my friends and relatives leave town, and we sit in the house and wonder whether a little trip in the machine will be spoiled by a "call" coming in just as we are starting off. People always wait, it seems, till the Doctor is particularly anxious to get away before calling him up.

City by choice, you say? Well hardly! Except when a blizzard is raging as it is at present, when I prefer to have a street car handy, and a few other houses around to keep the wind off. At all other times "the Country for me."

My travels have been limited. The only really exciting expedition happened in the summer of 1902, when I rode with our gallant Captain at the head of the Essex Troop, to quell the terrible riots [we heard about through the papers] in Paterson, N. J. It was very real at the time, even though in retrospect it seems foolish; but we fully expected bombs to be hurled and hand to hand conflicts with the noted "Paterson Reds" armed with stillettos and pistols. We reached the town and entered without the expected resistance, subsisting on air and promises for about 36 hours, on top of a whole night's march. All the comforts of home were provided in the shape of a nice stone-floored silk mill where we slept amid the horses feet, and were awakened occasionally by rolling over on one's pistol or sabre; for we slept with side-arms on, and horses constantly saddled.

For about ten days we fought the "Reds" [in our sleep] and in the day-time killed time, the only gun-play being when some one got apprehensive or lonely and let off his gun, rout-

ing us all out, and once when a dough-boy on guard came near causing trouble by reporting the advance of a mob, thereby nearly causing us to charge a Company of Infantry in the black darkness. The latter were coming to our relief, having heard that we were being attacked!

As the only bath tubs were the dye vats, I fully expected that our return would be a very brilliant affair. Being the Surgeon, of course, I was kept very busy with the wounded and home-sick, and the rest looked with envy when I took my orderly and made rounds of the camps. We surgeons were the only privileged ones who could get out of the mill.

I am not much of a clubman, so I have kept pretty closely to Medical lines. I belong only to the Newark Medical and Surgical Societies, the Essex County and N. J. State Societies, Bellevue Hospital Alumni, Wednesday Literary Club, S. A. R, etc.—not forgetting our local Princeton Club, the meetings of which are among the pleasantest evenings of the year. There are so few '95 men hereabouts that I seldom see any, with the exception of Murphy, Bissell, Illingworth, and once or twice Hunt and Post.

By the way, Pat may have been too modest to mention the very grand Colonel's Uniform which he has donned on sundry occasions in the past few years, so I just mention in passing what a fine Military figure he has, and how well the uniform becomes him.

Now, Andy, I think I've covered most of your questions, the only ones unanswered being those for which I have no answer, with the exception of the last. I think the greatest mistake I have ever made was in writing the above and if on perusing it you feel as I do on second reading, you will throw it in the basket and report me delinquent, and, at the reunion I will thank you in person for doing so.

Trusting that you won't let them assign us in the new dormitory, the back door which is fourth from the end, and that I shall be able to see all in June, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

EDGAR HOLDEN, Jr.

Newark, N. J., February 21, 1905.

**EDWARD HENRY HOOS**

**965 Summit Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.**

Lawyer, Lincoln Trust Co. Building, 76 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J.

MARRIED: Louise F. Kerner, Dec. 1st, 1897, Park Ridge, N. J.

Ronald Edward Gordon Hoos, Sept. 13, 1898, Jersey City, N. J.

Carmen Mildred Hoos, {  
Mignonne Ethel Hoos, { March 14, 1901, Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Secretary:—

Almost ten years have elapsed since we said farewell to out Alma Mater, and now you propound a series of questions, pertaining to our doings during these ten years, to jog our harassed brains at a time when we desire to live in the past and occupy our thoughts with the four years spent in the little world of Princeton.

Well, full merrily I set to work in July 1895 to read law. Have you any idea what it means to "read law"—what it comprehends? In my case, at least, it meant keeping books, posting up accounts, serving papers, inventing excuses for the non-presence of members of the firm, and finally, the reading of Blackstone, or some other of his numerous next of kin at night. To supplement this intellectual reading, one finds it necessary, in order to get some recreation, to go to a Law School and that is where the subscriber went for two years when he had the good fortune to have another degree tagged on to his name—LL.B. About the same time he was ad-

judged competent to put out his shingle entitled "Attorney-at-Law." All things seem to come in bunches, and so with the subscriber, be it good or bad luck.

In May of the same year I was Secretary to His Honor the Mayor of Jersey City, and held that position for about three years. That is an important job. You receive censure for what some other fellow does, and you receive praise for what you don't do. Of course, you are a being that must be propitiated and the oracle to be consulted before venturing into the inner sanctum. Some time in April 1900, I was appointed police judge and assigned to the First Criminal Court. As I look back upon the years spent in dispensing justice, the room becomes redolent with the aroma of onions, garlic, and the never to be forgotten atmosphere found in jails. Here it is where you can see human nature stripped of the veneers of civilization. The poor devil driven to drink by misfortune, the drug victim, the women living a life of dishonor, the bright but depraved children of the slums, the gambler, the light-fingered gentry. Humor, pathos or tragedy depicted on each countenance, some callous and indifferent as to their surroundings or fate, others anxious and trembling with shame as they realize the result of their misstep.

Such is the predominating characteristic scene of a Police Court. But there are other cases, such as violations of the City ordinances. These cases bring one in contact with the merchants and property owners, and only in such a court can we get a conception of the many things making towards the general convenience, and health, and comfort of a community that are regulated by laws and ordinances. Unfortunately, these are the cases where the guardian of the peace or petty official can, if unscrupulous, do the most harm. In the course of trials occur many ludicrous as well as pathetic incidents, and sometimes the laugh is on the Court, notwithstanding the

Blue Coats and special Court Officer. One day a man was arraigned charged with being a dangerous lunatic, and preparatory to having physicans examine him and turning him over to the County Physician for further examination the following conversation ensued:

**Court Officer**—"What is the charge?"

**Officer**—"I found this man running up and down the street, shouting like blazes that the devil was chasing him."

**Court**—"Mr. Doe, the officer tells me that the devil was after you. Will you please give me a good description of his Satanic Majesty? I am very anxious to learn what he looks like?"

**Prisoner** (leaning over dock rail and talking in a confidential manner)—"Well, he wore a coat like yours."

**Court**—"Ten days in County Jail to be held for examination by County Physician."

On January 1, 1904, I tried my last case and have since been trying to build up a Clientage. If I made any mistakes, I committed the error of putting practically all my time at the disposal of the City. It would have been to my interest financially to have subordinated that position and to have engaged actively in the practice of law. In extenuation, I have to say, that I was a young man, realizing the responsibilities of the position and surrounded at the time with an atmosphere that would have condoned no shortcomings. Furthermore, if I learned anything at Princeton, I learned that a Princeton man should always render a good account of himself in whatever he undertakes, and, consequently, I so acted and disposed of my time, that, notwithstanding the fact that I tried thousands and thousands of cases, and some of vital importance both legally and morally, no man could honestly say that I failed to measure up to the extent of my duty and responsibility.

My present home is at 965 Summit Avenue, Jersey City, and my family consists of my wife and three children. Ronald, the oldest, has already seen some Princeton games, but the



twins Carmen and Mignonne have not been so fortunate. Their mother joins me in hoping that some day they may be present to cheer future Princetonians to victory.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD H. HOOS.

Jersey City, April 4, 1905.

**THOMAS H. HUDSON**

**Uniontown, Pa.**

Lawyer, Uniontown, Pa. Also District Attorney of Fayette County, Pa.

My dear Imbrie:—

Since leaving college I have given the law most of my time. I was admitted to practice in the several courts of this county in March of 1898. Since then I was admitted to practice before the Supreme court of the State. In 1902 I became assistant district attorney of the county, and at the last November election, I was elected district attorney of the county by the largest majority ever given a Republican candidate in this county. We are "bad people" out here, so you may know that the district attorney has plenty to do. For the next three years the "way of the transgressor" will be hard, very hard.

I am sorry that I cannot give you the name of my wife and the number of my children, but I still sew on my own buttons and mend my own socks. I hope that the "only one" is started this way, and traveling on the limited.

Our June court always prevents me from attending Commencement, but once a year I journey to Pittsburgh for our Princeton banquet and see several of our class there. And

then comes the Yale-Princeton football game which I always have to see. I hope to be at the Decennial.

Your friend,

THOMAS H. HUDSON.

Uniontown, Pa., February 9, 1905.

**EDWARD MILLER HUNT**

**21 Cortlandt Street, New York City.**

34 North Clinton Avenue, Trenton, N. J.

Lawyer. In the office of the General Solicitor of the Erie Railroad, 21 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

Dear Andy and Fellow Classmates:—

Don't think Andy, because it has taken a slight use of the forceps in the form of one of your telegrams with which you give no quarter but rather take one, that I have any desire to fall short of the duties resting upon the members of the glorious class of '95. But when one has led an uneventful life since the good old days at Princeton, he has considerable difficulty in convincing himself that he can write anything which will be of interest to the class.

But here goes. For the first two years after our leaving college, I attended the New York Law School and there had the pleasure of continued association with the others of our class who were also studying law there.

After being graduated at the Law School, I completed the required time of study in law offices in Trenton and Jersey City, was admitted to the New Jersey bar, and shortly afterwards returned to my home in Trenton and began the practice of my profession there. A little over a year ago I came to New York to enter the office of the General Solicitor of the Erie Railroad Company.

I suppose I must touch upon at least some of the topics

which you so kindly suggest. I am living at present in New York in the same house with Bob Inch and Dick Farries, which largely helps to make New York a pleasant place in which to be.

I wonder whether writing letters to our genial Secretary, under compulsion, is of the nature of literary work? That is the only way I can qualify in that direction. I willingly confess to the enjoyment of golf as my hobby. To the question, "What has Princeton done for you?" I feel that my answer is that the friendships formed there and enjoyed not only there, but whenever two or more chance to meet, are to be most highly prized.

Looking forward to our reunion next June, and wishing you all the best of good fortune, believe me,

Sincerely your classmate,

EDWARD M. HUNT.

New York, March 30, 1905.

**THEODORE SOLLACE HUNTINGTON**

**Care, P. W. Huntington & Co., Columbus, O.**

No. 1414 East Broad Street, Columbus, O.

Member of firm of P. W. Huntington & Company, Bankers,  
Columbus, O.

MARRIED: Grace Livingston Lee, January 29, 1902, Columbus, Ohio.

Theodore Lee Huntington, March 28, 1904, Columbus, Ohio.

My dear Andy:—

To borrow from Blue Circular No. 10, "My laziness in writing this Decennial letter has been scandalous." And verily, if our energetic Class Secretary can accuse himself of being lazy, it is high time for me to respond to his "touching" appeal, already a month old. But you needn't lecture us on the influence of commercialism in letter-writing: we'll all

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plead guilty right at the start; and Lord knows most of us are thankful to fall back upon any old stereotyped phrase by the time we have come to the last of our mail.

Three or four months ago, I had occasion to be in New York for a day or two. The occasion was Knox Taylor's "Idaho" dinner, when he had a reunion of his Indians of 1897, and fed us real bear meat and make-believe sage-hen that was just as good as real. Before leaving home, I had made up my mind that I would see Princeton again for the first time since "Sesqui." And go I did, late one evening, to find Willie Phillips and Dick Stockton and Teddy Norris waiting for me in the Grill Room of that modern innovation, the Nassau Club. I wanted to shout for joy at the sight of them, all looking so natural, for, on first landing, I had felt like a stranger in a strange land in the Princeton which I did not know. I had rebelled at the improvements, the changes, the new buildings; I wanted no progress, but just the old town and the old campus I had known. But under the influence of Willie Phillips' nick-names and latest under graduate gossip and with Ted to put me in touch with plans for the future as seen with the eyes of a man about to be married, I was soon as eager as even you, Mr. Over-worked Secretary, for our "Globe-Wernicke" dormitory.

But all this isn't history. You want facts—the plain unvarnished stories of our lives. I was born on September 2, 1873, graduated in June 1895, was married on January 29, 1902, and am still alive and not a politician, though a resident of Ohio and an ardent admirer of our strenuous President. On leaving college, I had an idea that the banking business would be a pretty good one to start with. After two years as a scrub clerk, I wasn't so sure about it, and Knox Taylor's appeal for a gathering of the clans among the Idaho mountains, was more than I could resist. The five months I

spent there with him that year, together with five months again in ninety-nine, will always remain among the happiest of my life; and they so imbued me (and all the rest of that party, I believe) with a love for the wild, that ever so often the old longing for the woods and hills and camp-fires comes creeping back and won't be downed. That comes dangerously near being my hobby; and I could save my self-respect by using it as such, after your assertion that every man worth anything has a hobby.

But, Andy, verily art thou the bachelor, if you believe that is my hobby, when you have on file in the class annals the record of the birth of Theodore Lee Huntington on March 28, 1904. Go to, thou scoffer, and ask any married man with a son about a year old!

After returning from Idaho, I dabbled in coal mines for a couple of years, and as a dabster in that line, was not particularly successful. Then I wanted to go West again to grow up with the country, but the Fates interfered luckily, and I returned to the banking business. This time I stayed with it, and later became a partner in the firm of P. W. Huntington & Company, where you can find me almost any day.

That about completes my romance to date—nothing very exciting about it—but just a quiet, comfortable, happy life, with my wife and baby and enough work from day to day to keep me fairly busy. About once a year we go for a trip, generally to some out-of-the-way place in the mountains, where Abbey and Imbrie trout-flies and rods come in handy, whether West among the Canadian Rockies, or in the Sapphire Country of North Carolina, where Archie Seaver met such an untimely end just as things were beginning to come his way. And the next time I leave home, I suppose, will be on that joyous race for Dick Brown's long distance cup. Till

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then, in the words of Max Hoggenger, "Sufficiency!"

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE S. HUNTINGTON.

Columbus, O., February 16, 1905.

**JOHN JONES HURST**

**643 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.**

11 West Preston Street, Baltimore, Md.

Lawyer. 643 Calvert Building.

Dear Andy:—

So little has transpired along the lines of your "suggestions" since the publication of the class record in 1898, that I could well refer you to my letter of that time.

I am not married and consequently am saved the trouble of answering the number of questions which you refer to in your circular. Have never been officially engaged; in fact about the only thing I have done in the matrimonial line is in assisting to reduce the number of bachelors in the class by one.

I have had the good fortune to make several trips to the West Indies visiting both Cuba and Jamaica, which I found both interesting and instructive.

I am a member of the Maryland Club, The Baltimore Country Club, The Baltimore Athletic Club, the Democratic Club and the Princeton Club of New York. I am also a member of the Masonic order.

I have never been in jail, never performed any gallant rescues nor done anything to bring me any great notoriety or win the applause of the populace. I have made some political speeches, but during the past ten years the Democratic party, to which I belong by birth, choice and necessity, has led such a varied career that at many times I have been compelled to remain silent. I have, however, taken a deep interest in mun-

icipal affairs and took a most active part in the last mayoralty campaign in this City in 1903. At that time I spoke nightly for nearly a month.

The great fire that swept over Baltimore on the seventh of February of last year did not spare the "fire proof" building in which I had the misfortune to have my office and consequently I was burned out; but fortunately succeeded in saving a greater portion of my library and my most valuable papers. I am now again comfortably located in the Calvert Building after a year's sojourn in temporary quarters.

A resumé of one's work for the period embraced in the first ten years in the field of endeavor appears wanting in definite results. In view of the recent dictum of Baltimore's most distinguished disciple of Medicine, Dr. Osler, to the effect that man's greatest achievements are accomplished before reaching the age of forty, it would seem that the first ten years out of college should bring tangible results. However, whatever the experience may be in other professions and in mercantile pursuits, in law the first ten years are educational and preparatory for realizations, whether of success or failures, that are to take place in the next ensuing decade. I therefore feel that like many others I am but on the threshold of the great work of life. I have an abiding faith in the ultimate success of the "greatest class alive" and that few therein will be weighed in the balance and found wanting. Whether it be by winning great renown in one of the professions or entering the broad and much needed field of politics by producing a Statesman, or whether by the accumulation of this world's goods and the consequent donation of a Dormitory or the endowment of a chair of learning—the net result will be to the honor of Princeton and the glory of the class of '95.

Very truly yours,

JOHN J. HURST.

Baltimore, March 1, 1905.

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**PAUL GRISWOLD HUSTON****Oak Ave., College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Teacher of English and the Classics in the Franklin School  
for Boys, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Andy:—

You will pardon the written page. Type-writing is too inconvenient and expensive, even to gratify so noble a sentiment as college memory.

So then, "with every eye fixed intently," like Aeneas, I will begin.

The allusion to Aeneas reveals at once a classical atmosphere. The quotation is from Conington's version (I do not like to use the word translation) of Virgil's work, which is a volume that I have found very convenient in solitary research. My library contains also Lang's Iliad and Odyssey, and I find that these books so satisfactorily render the difficulties of the ancient languages into good English that I am thinking of abandoning the reading of the originals altogether. If it were not for my boys, I would certainly do so—my boys, that is, of my class, for I have no others.

Teaching is an interesting profession, if it is not the occupation of the millionaire. I am sending boys to Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Cornell this year. This being a Yale town, the color is blue for the present, but I am trying to get the Princeton leaven started. The Franklin School, of this city, at which I am a teacher of English and the Classics, is presided over by two Harvard men, who seem, however, to appreciate the fair standing of other universities.

I enjoy my work, and am successful at it, at least in the fact that my boys reach college. Teaching does not give much leisure for other work, but it does yield the harvest of a long vacation, and has its many advantages. It is a leading voca-



tion. The teacher is always respected. I think there are broader men, perhaps, in other lines of work, but, if his task is congenial, the teacher's lot is a pleasant one.

Living in the suburbs, I make the trip daily to the school. It would be more convenient to be in the heart of the city, but my own preference would be to drop the teaching and go still further into the country, where can be found something of an education that is not taught in schools. The country, then, is my choice of a home, were I to live according to my wish (*ema sponde*, as Aeneas would say); not for me an abiding city.

Since leaving college, I have had many and varied experiences. I think some day of telling of them in a book. I have vied with Professor Wyckoff among the submerged. My wanderings have taken me into most of the states this side of the Mississippi, and into some beyond. I have been a veritable "scholar gypsy." Among one set of men I recall that I was known as the "schollard," in deference to my apparent superiority of intellect; but little did they know that I had attained the dignity of an A.M. Even now I am a hermit, a monk of the mediaeval order of Saint Francis, a-roaming the world after the manner of Goldsmith.

Travel is very broadening. A man can get as much out of a few months journeying as he can out of a good deal of hard study. I do not say that every man would be advantaged by it, or would use his experience for higher purposes. But it takes one out of the rut.

Feeling the imperative call of my country, in the spring of '98, I responded, was accepted as a private in the First Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and in due time reached Tampa, on the road toward Spaniardom. Here I found the fever, and three weeks of camp life saw me sick with it in the hospital tent, with my temperature up above the danger mark, and home a thousand miles away. My condition became such that I had

to be sent North again, to green fields and Kentucky blue grass, where I got well. Yet, when I look at my "honorable discharge," although it states that I engaged in no battles and received no wounds in action, and although I got the fever and contracted the lasting habit of swearing like a trooper (and yet I was only in the innocent infantry)—whenever I think of these things, I say, and look at my old uniform and knapsack and the hardtack, and think of the thousands of boys in blue that I was with, and of the generals and the cavalry, I have a thrill shoot through me, an inspiration, aye, a worship for "the old star spangled," as the flag flaps in the breeze, which can not come from anything except the life itself! I thank the Lord that I was a soldier!

The only organization to which I now belong is the Church, excepting (I think) Whig Hall and a defunct High School fraternity. In politics I am openly an Independent, and have voted both the Democratic and Republican tickets; in fact I have rarely cast a straight ballot on either side, but have successively voted for Bryan, Tom Johnson, or Roosevelt, at the head of the state or national ticket, and then crossed over to "my friends the enemy" in local contests. While I feel that protection (and the policies allied to it) is the most expedient for the nation as a whole, yet I readily acknowledge (and it is especially true here in Cincinnati) that in state or municipal affairs blind partisan politics is to-day one of the curses of the country. Therefore I naturally have never taken an active part in politics, except always to vote, both at the primaries and the general elections, and then only for the best men.

I have the dignified titles of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, and I consider them to be honorable and distinctive. Both came from Princeton. I also spent a quarter (three months) at the University of Chicago in special study in English, until the outbreak of the Spanish War.

The best thing that Princeton ever did for me was to impart to me a love for literature. It was beneath the vine-clad walls of old North West that I first learned the meaning of books. And especially have I found inspiration in the literature of Nature. That, (if I have any eccentricities) is my hobby—the collecting of books about the outdoors; and my favorite authors, most of them, are men of a fine sensitiveness for the beauty of “the lilies of the field”—Stevenson, Pater and Ruskin, for example, or, more so, Thoreau, Burroughs, and Richard Jefferies.

I do not feel that men of my temperament are ever really known to others except through their books. The recluse is not a man of society. Hence I have tried to give expression to my own best thoughts in literary work. The writing of a book or two—that is going to be the issue for me; and perhaps some day I may put forth a good word or so worth the reading and remembering.

I have contributed my recurring appreciations of this world of matter to such periodicals as the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Interior*, *Outdoors* and *Sports Afield* and have gathered one sheaf into *An Old Fashioned Sugar Camp and Other Dreams of the Woods*, a circular of which I herewith enclose to you. That was a red letter day in my experience, when I received a note from Bliss Perry, the editor of the *Atlantic*, requesting me to write an article on Forestry, and another equally “auspicious occasion” when I opened the package of my first book, fresh from the press. The greatest pleasure that I have in life to-day is my avocation of literary work, the enjoyment in having one book already to my credit, and the interest in making plans for the writing of others. Were I to do exactly what I should like, I would live in the country, own a flock of sheep, farm and write books.

I do not regret, then, the things that I have done since

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leaving college so much as the things I have not done, and perhaps might have done, had I seen the way with another's eyes. I do not know that, if we are sincere, we make many mistakes. The results of experience often justify them, though at the time we may not see it. Grant, I think, said that his only mistake was at Cold Harbor. In other words, if we do our best, "whatever is, is right."

Assuming, however, for the sake of this letter, that we mortals do occasionally make mistakes, the only thing that, if I had it to do over again, I would undo, would be my return East from the glorious West. I feel that, for the right man, the West is a door of great opportunity, and I feel that, at the time I went West, I was the right man. Yet here again, a return of my army fever was at fault, for I did not care to remain among strangers a sick man, and when I recovered I became a forester for the Government, and never again have I seen the prairies. I was cut out to be a granger, with a buxom wife and a flock of sheep, and "it might have been," even now, instead of the status of a bachelor without a girl. Yet, here again, let us lay it to the charge of "divinity that shapes our ends."

As I write this there is the flurry of snow-flakes outside, such as I used to love to see in wintry nights about the quadrangle, when the lamp there near Reunion would send its rays out through the darkness and reveal the myriad bits of whiteness falling and scurrying among the elms around the cannon. I think that few students ever took as many solitary walks at midnight about the old campus as I did. I used especially to like to stroll down McCosk Walk on a moonlight evening, when the pale light of the moon and stars would come filtering through the leaves and mottle the earth beneath—and over there at Prospect could be seen the lamp in Dr. Patton's study,

the sacred fire kept by him, perpetually burning. Ah, those were great days—days worth the while!

And now the ten years have passed and we are all scattered. Some we shall never look upon again. Others are too distant to come to a reunion, and the number even of those who come will grow less every year. Yet no one can forget Princeton! Let us surely hope that all are ennobling the world.

As I think of the curriculum that we followed, I believe that the most inspiring of my teachers was Professor Young. I shall never forget the time when I sat beside him in the observatory, and looked at the stars; and I have been trying, as I have had opportunity in my class in Virgil, to impress upon the boys the wonderful mystery and the far away infinity of the spangled sky.

I enclose my enormous contribution, pledged in a moment of rashness some years ago. I wish that it were considerably more to the point, in view of the dormitory, but perhaps it will buy a brick or so.

Sincerely your old classmate,

PAUL GRISWOLD HUSTON.

P. S.—Do you remember how we used to play lacrosse back of East?

Cincinnati, O., February 12, 1905.

**CLARENCE ILLINGWORTH**

**Frankford, Pa.**

1099 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

General Manager and Treasurer of The John Illingworth Steel Co., Frankford, Pa.

MARRIED: Catherine M. Drew, May 23, 1894, New York City.

Dorothy Drew Illingworth, Feb. 20th, 1895, Newark, N. J.

Mary Illingworth, Sept. 20th, 1904, Newark, N. J.

Dear Andy:—

Your many prayers for a reply to your circulars are at last to be answered. I am still doing exactly the same thing as when I last wrote you—that is, trying to uplift the steel business. It seems to be a very large task. It is some time since I started, but strange to say, I do not know all about the business yet. It is a delightful occupation, much work, much dirt, and not much pay. Still I manage to exist.

In the last ten years, I have had but one ambition and that has been work, and it looks as if I could follow that standard for some years to come. It has not been my good fortune to travel extensively. I have also wanted to travel, but it was not to be. The best I have done in ten years is to move from Newark to Philadelphia. This is quite a change for me and there are many interesting sights. Of course you know all about the mounted police regulating traffic on Broadway. Well, they have the same thing on Market Street in Philadelphia. I saw it in action the other day and it certainly is alright. Broadway is narrow, while Market Street is about 200 feet wide. I saw a mounted policeman at every “square” (you must say that over here if you want to belong). I counted eleven of them, there were three trucks in sight, all going the same direction, and out of eleven policemen nine were asleep in their saddles. Such is life in a large city.

Many other delightful anecdotes I could relate, but I fear you would not believe them. I am trying to manage a steel plant at Frankford in the day time and dodge Funny Foulke at night. If he finds me he always insists on buying me a dinner and he is so fussy that you never can reciprocate on your next meeting. This makes it very embarrassing. So I have to hide after dark. I see Funny more often than any '95 man anyway, and after what I have said above you may think he buys dinners quite often—well, he does. One look at that

smile and you can't refuse. Well, Andy, I am sure our Decennial will be a good success, and if I don't see you before, will see you then.

Yours sincerely,

CLARENCE ILLINGWORTH.

Frankford, Philadelphia, March 21, 1905.

**ANDREW CLERK IMBRIE**

**18 Vesey Street, New York.**

(Until Oct. 1, 1905) 135 East 34th St., New York.

Treasurer and General Manager of Abbey & Imbrie (Inc.)  
Manufacturers of fishing tackle, 18 Vesey Street, New  
York.

Dear Mr. Secretary:—

I have read over a good many times your latest Blue Circular and I see no reason why it should not be considered altogether the silliest and most impertinent of your ten annual messages to the class of '95. I know that if I were in your place I would rather edit fifty letters than write one about myself.

For the Princetonian who confesses a love for his Alma Mater, "Commencement" is really the beginning of his toils in her behalf. The so-called "expense of a college education" is heaviest after your degree is handed to you from the rostrum of Alexander Hall, for the older one grows in the "Princeton Habit" the more hopelessly involved does he become, until there is danger of being a kind of "professional alumnus"—and perhaps very little else!

I was President of the '95 Club of New York, which served a useful purpose for two years after we left college, if for no other reason than because we made an earnest, though temporarily a losing, fight for a permanent Princeton House. I

THE CANNON EXERCISES—JUNE 11. 1893





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became a member of the Executive Committee of the Princeton Club and served upon the sub-committee that selected the present house in 1899, when the club was organized, as it now exists. Since then I have served four years on its Committee on Admissions (one year as Secretary), and am now a member of the Council or Board of Directors.

I am Secretary of the Princeton Class Officers' Association which was formed two years ago. Its annual meetings at Commencement time and the occasional reports of its Executive Committee have aimed to stimulate systematic and enthusiastic work among those charged with the duties of class organization. Just now the Association is wrestling with the "Reunion Problem," and is trying to determine to what extent the alumni are justified in turning Commencement Week into an indiscriminate Rough House. I am Secretary of the Alumni Dormitory Committee which is managing the finances of the building to be erected by the ten classes from 1892 to 1901. I may add that I am a member of the Executive Committee of the "Committee of Fifty," appointed in December 1904 by the Board of Trustees "to provide for the immediate necessities and future development of the University."

As director of a club for boys and girls down in the "Old Greenwich Village" district of New York I have found an interest in a new phase of city life. The club has grown steadily in the past three years from little more than a place to go where it was dry and warm, until now we have a gymnasium, baths, library and play room, and the beginnings of what shall become a practical and efficient trade school. I am also one of the managers of the Demilt Dispensary on the East side, where last year, our staff of fifty physicians received nearly 60,000 applications for free medical and surgical relief.

For three years I have been a member of the Committee on Admissions of the University Club.

These are my diversions. They fill in the chinks that are left when the real work of the day is done. Since my father's death in 1899 I have managed the business of Abbey & Imbrie, manufacturers of fishing tackle. The old firm name is continued though Mr. Abbey died twenty-five years ago; he was my grandfather's partner. I am in the third generation of men whose lives have been given to the instigation of fish stories and the development of an India rubber conscience in the body politic; so that by heredity and experience I have learned to listen to bare-faced and unpardonable yarns with an appearance of genuine credulity. The hours consumed in this refreshing pastime would make night visits to the office a common occurrence, if I had not schooled myself in the art of thinking of other things beneath a mask of seemingly intelligent interest. The only fish story I can remember was told at one of Frank Murphy's New Year's Eve Parties, by Bobby Inch, out of the rich warehouse of his piscatorial adventures. It is, without exception, the best I ever heard. But I dare not repeat it.

One may "travel on business" and incidentally see the country and one's friends. I frequently take my vacations this way, so that I have been in nearly every state in the Union within the past five years. Some of my irreverent classmates have dubbed my business excursions "hot air trips," simply because I never carry a trunk of samples or even a price book. These critics are mostly lawyers and professional men who are not supposed to know that selling goods is only a part of the game.

In Cripple Creek, a note from Lea Kennedy let me down into a gold mine where chunks of the yellow metal were waiting to be dug out as soon as the scabs and union miners got through taking wing shots at one another. In Omaha, Joe Polcar, who is editor of the *Daily News* sent one of his staff

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to show me the stock yards and other equally terrifying sights. In New Orleans, I was piloted through the French quarter by "Ace" Offutt, who is electrical inspector for all the insurance companies, and whose official duties give him the "open sesame" to *Everything*. In Asheville, I met Bob Harris, who rode forty miles over the Carolina Mountains to meet me, and came galloping into town, leading for my especial benefit, the very tallest horse I ever saw. That was the only equestrian venture I have made in eighteen years; I hope soon to dispense with the use of air cushions. In San Antonio, the Hon. Kid Cresson, then Assistant City Attorney, gave me a seat on the bench and treated me to a view of Texas rapid-fire justice at close range, which fairly took my breath away. The Kid holds a record of trying 57 cases in one day.

During the fall of 1904 the British fish hook situation seemed to require a little personal attention and I spent sixteen days in England and Scotland. I am a Scotchman on both sides of the family, but I had never before visited (or heard) the "bonnie braes" of my ancestors. The Scotch are reputed to be a hardy race. None but a hardy race could maintain its equilibrium before the genuine Scotch Highball, in comparison with which the American imitation is as the Cannon beside the Water Tower. I spent two delightful days in Oxford; but I dare not tell you my impressions lest you accuse me of disloyalty to Princeton. I came home on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* with Ysaye the virtuoso, the Duke of Manchester, Mrs. Potter Palmer, and Old Doctor Munyon.

In politics I am a Republican. Once I was let into a caucus where we nominated a somewhat elderly colored man for Treasurer of the local Republican Club. This was admitted to be a diplomatic *coup*, for while there never had been any money in the treasury, our action flattered the pride of the voters who lived on the other side of Sixth Avenue. After

this, but not because of it, I was elected a delegate to the State Convention of 1898, when Mr. Roosevelt was first nominated for Governor of New York. Altogether I may have made a hundred speeches in various campaigns, most of which were delivered from the ends of carts, and not few in places where the residents has not yet learned the English language. I doubt the value of such public service; for it has too often been pointed out by my fellow-spellbinder, Parker Nevin, that the districts where the applause seemed loudest generally proved on election day the most ignominious in their devotion to the Democratic faith.

Thanks to the institution of Sunday Afternoon, I have read a respectable number of good books; though I cannot confess to that "fulness" which much reading maketh. I scribble some; but aside from various idiotic communications to my classmates, my "articles" have been deservedly anonymous—generally in praise of fishing and a certain brand of tackle I know. So does Commercialism chasten the spirit. I suppose I am what the Scranton Correspondence School would call an "ad-writer."

Nothing of mine has survived so long as the *Faculty Song* which was tremblingly put forth one spring night in Senior Year. A decade of undergraduate usage, however, has so amplified and made catholic this questionable epic, that I scarcely recognize the offspring of my brain, so scurrilous hath it become.

You will forgive me, Mr. Secretary, if I dare to suggest that for one who bears the damnable reputation of a woman hater, you have shown in your Blue Circular an unwarranted curiosity regarding the sacrament of holy matrimony. I pity the woman you choose for a wife; for among many other failings you have never learned to dance and you are known to regard a quiet game of cards as the final resort of the vacuous mind.

I'll admit, however, that the companionship of a man who generally gets home from the works around 11 P. M., might never become a bore.

It is a matter of common report that your proudest moments are those when you set down in that elaborate card index of yours the conversion of another Benedick of '95; or sometimes, later, when you record the name of his son and heir. On top of that big desk at home where the letter files and paraphernalia of the Class have crowded out everything else, I am told that there is always room for the pictures of certain small boys and girls sent to you by doting fathers and mothers. I know you tried to write nice letters of thanks. Perhaps you observed how Little Willie resembled his handsome dad, or how Little Susie inherited her lovely mother's eyes; until, I have no doubt, they laughed over what must have seemed the drivel of a crusty bachelor whose view of married life is mere theory, whose lofty sentiments are but "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

We all remember when the *Alumni Weekly* printed your deadly parallel demonstrating the superiority of Princeton '95 over Harvard '95 in the matter of vital statistics; which was discussed editorially by the *Boston Herald* with appropriate solemnity; was followed by President Eliot's mournful arraignment of Harvard men; and brought to a fitting climax by President Roosevelt's doctrine of race suicide. How great a matter a little fire kindleth! Yet I have often questioned the logic of the deduction that race suicide was imminent because of the failure of Harvard men to reproduce themselves.

I promise you, Mr. Secretary, that if I ever contemplate matrimony, you shall be the first to know it. So believe me,

With sympathy,

ANDREW C. IMBRIE.

New York, January 28, 1905.

**ROBERT ALEXANDER INCH**

**18 Wall Street, New York City.**

113 Waverly Place, New York City.

Lawyer. 18 Wall Street, New York City.

My dear Andy:—

“I beg to advise you that I have received your favor of the 10th inst. In reply would say” that so far as you are concerned I could end my letter to your satisfaction at this point. I realize, however, that my classmates are deeply interested in my success, and for their encouragement, I wish to tell them that I profess to be a lawyer, and am glad that I chose this means of earning my boarding-house prunes for this reason: I have found that the law business gives me so much time for study. Ever since I started I have had a chance to spend the day reading the law, and except with an occasional interruption by an insurance or book agent, I have a nice quiet office to myself. I suppose I might have as restful and quiet a time in some other walk of life, but I am delighted to find the law so pleasant and refined.

I live in a boarding house in this City. I live there, both by choice and necessity. Originally it was my choice to live there, and for my part it is so still. But my landlady has hinted to some of the other boarders that I live there by necessity; I am not sure, but I do not care to investigate.

My travels have been few. I have never wandered—abroad or at home—preferring to leave that to the preachers and political orators of our class (who, I am told, often do it very economically in their sermons and speeches.)

The only literary work I have done has been in preparing notices of the monthly meetings of the Men's Association of the Brick Presbyterian Church. These notices, I believe, do me credit.

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The members of the class I see most frequently are "Cow" Nevin and Dick Farries; in fact, I see them so frequently that should they be blown to pieces in an explosion, I believe I could identify them by any small portion of their skin. I also know some particularly good gossip, and while this is my chance to tell it, I really have not got the nerve, and besides I am a lawyer.

What I have done for Princeton is to try and do the right, act honestly and always remember that according to the character of its graduates is a university judged. I rarely make mistakes, but the greatest one I ever made was last summer, when about 10:30 o'clock at night, I was fishing in the ocean at Barnegat, and had already caught two very large fish, averaging twenty-eight pounds. In my excitement, although it was bright moonlight, I failed to look at the gut surrounding my hook. I made a long cast and waited; the strike came; it must have been a 50 pound fish. Suddenly the tension slackened; I reeled in, thinking I had missed my fish; but found that the gut had been chewed through by the two previous fish. I had lost my fish by carelessness. I have never gotten over it.

Now my dear 95 horse-power secretary, I wish to express to you my appreciation of the indefatigable work you have done and are doing on behalf of our class, and I also wish each and every member of our dear old class a successful, happy and prosperous life; which wish, if they don't read, they won't know about; but it is here just the same.

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT A. INCH.

New York, February 9, 1905.



**VERNON KREMER IRVINE**

**Box 173, Butler, Pa.**

243 Mifflin Street, Butler, Pa.

Principal of the Butler High School.

MARRIED: Mary Emmeline Knapp, August 25, 1897, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Emily Gertrude Irvine, May 28, 1898, Butler, Pa.

Lewis Vernon Irvine, April 17, 1903, Butler, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

It is about eight weeks since your first letter reached me and it still remains unanswered. Not that I have forgotten it—far from it—but I have been waiting for inspiration. The muse, however, has failed to respond to my advances, so I shall be compelled to dig in for myself.

When I read over the list of suggestions you made to help us in getting up our letters, I was forcibly impressed with the fact that my life during the last ten years has been singularly barren of startling episodes. Like the individuals mentioned in Grey's Elegy—"Along the cool sequestered vale of life, I have kept the noiseless tenor of my way." I have not been engaged in battle—not even with my wife. The only traveling I have done, has been a semi-occasional trip back to the burg, and a visit once in a while to spend the summer sponging on my relations. No political honors have been discovered floating my way, but at every election I have been an independent voter.

I have been pursuing post graduate studies for nearly eight years in an institution called Home, and have twice been honored with the degree of D.D.—with an 'a' between the D.'s. I have not written any books, nor have I delivered any lectures nor made any speeches. Speaking of books, just a few days ago I received from a publishing house, a little leaflet setting forth the charms and merits of An Old

Fashioned Sugar Camp, together with a picture of the author. Well, all I have to say is that I hope "Soc" Huston doesn't look like that picture!

It may be well in closing to give a few facts of a statistical nature. I am still in the same old business at the same old stand; teaching at Butler, Pa. The end of the present year will complete my eighth in the same place. When you consider the fact that I am teaching school, you will readily believe that I am not getting rich. School teachers never do. At the same time I feel that I have had my full share of the "ups" of this life, and very few of the "downs." I enjoy my work and have a very happy home. One great regret is that I am so far from Princeton and see the boys so seldom. Perhaps I may be able at some time to get rid of that regret by a change of base. I shall be at the Decennial next June if possible. Until that time, au revoir.

Most sincerely yours,

V. K. IRVINE.

Butler, Pa., March 5, 1905.

**DARWIN RUSH JAMES, Jr.**

**123 Maiden Lane, New York.**

118 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manager of Van Duzer Extract Co., 123 Maiden Lane, New York.

MARRIED: Alice Burton Fonda, December 23, 1896, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Alice F. James, December 10, 1898, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Darwin R. James III. September 6, 1901, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My dear Andy:—

Your second general reminder has reached me, and I have at last begun to realize that I must write up ten years of my life. I do it reluctantly, for I have lived in the dream of

those good old days; and the reminder that they belonged to the last decade is not a pleasant one. Ten short years they have been, made pleasant again and again by frequent pilgrimages to the shrine we worship in common, and by meeting everywhere many of the old classmates. God bless them! They are the salt of the earth. May their tribe increase and their kind not perish from the earth. Ten short years; but already some of our class have passed into the great silent beyond. We mourn the loss of each, and could ill afford to lose any one of them.

But you, faithful Andy, summon us to toe the mark for the second lap, and recall not less vividly than the falling hair of our heads, the passing of years. But say, Andy, this getting an up-to-date, "who's who," or the Great Men of To-day is something I am looking forward to. I often look back through the pages of the old Record; but think, what changes since then! Honor and fame have come to some. Material increase to all. Sons and daughters born to distinction! I wonder who can fill in all five spaces, section 7, subdivision (d) where we record the names of our children? But why only five? We were a great class to break records, Andy. Shouldn't we have included an extra space for those of us who are especially industrious, who are leading the strenuous life? I'm Wagnerian myself, but I hate to think of the shock one greater than I would receive, when proudly recounting his wealth, he found that he had exceeded the proper limit.

Well, as to my modest claims. Ever since that memorable day in June '95, I have been trying to convince your good wives, kind classmates, through the magazines, and by the mouth of many salesmen, that Van Duzer's Vanilla Extract is the only flavoring they should use. Business has more than tripled in ten years, but our goods aren't in every town and crossroads yet. Outside of business, I have been chairman of

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the Local School Board for several years, also of the Public School Branch Athletic League, and President of Boys' Welcome Hall, one of the Board of Managers of the Brooklyn Free Kindergarten Society. I do considerable church and Sunday school work, and in politics have been delegate to City and State Conventions, on the County Committee, and am President of the District Association, etc., etc. My only club is the Union League. I have kept up my interest in Princeton Track Athletics, and have been able at times, to be of assistance, in a small way to the Captains and Managers of the teams. There are no '95 men living near me in Brooklyn, and but few Princeton men in our University Club, but Illingworth, the steel man, and Chemist Bailey are near neighbors in Manhattan. Dick Kumler pays me a semi-annual visit, coming on in February and September for business reasons—at least, that's his excuse. Walt. Moses has been in of late, and brings news of all the boys. (It is a pity so few of our men have taken up insurance. You're never an unprofitable subject with a man who has insurance to sell, and they are such good news mediums.)

Well, boys, if I'm still in the corporeal in June next, I'll join the "peerade" of the fittest class that ever entered Old Nassau, and sing the old songs, and drink in silence to the memory of those that are gone, with a "here's to you" who remain, and God bless each one of you!

As ever,

DARWIN R. JAMES, Jr.

New York, March 1, 1905.

**FRANCIS de HAES JANVIER**

**New Castle, Delaware.**

Lawyer. Ford Building, Wilmington, Delaware.

MARRIED: Annie Read Rodney, March 2, 1901, New Castle, Delaware.

(A son) June 24, 1902, New Castle, Delaware, died same day.  
Francis Darragh Janvier, August 28, 1904, New Castle, Del.

Dear Imbrie:—

Your third letter with its business-like reference to the dates of two preceding ones, has arrived, so, in order to save you the pain and myself the deep humiliation of further jarring-up, I hasten to set forth, in typewriting as required, the short and simple annals of my ten years since graduation.

After graduating at the Harvard Law School, (where, by-the-way, was gathered quite a little bunch of Princeton men), I have practiced law in Wilmington with more or less success—mainly less. I am practicing alone, but share offices with Spruance '91.

My parents have both died since my graduation, my mother in 1896 and my father in 1899, and I am now living where I have always lived, on the outskirts of New Castle. The ubiquitous trolley line gives convenient communication with Wilmington, where I have my office.

I was married on March 2, 1901, to Miss Annie R. Rodney, of New Castle, a daughter of John H. Rodney '59, and a sister of Rodney '98. We have had two children, both boys. The first was born June 24, 1902, but died the same day. The second was born August 28, 1904.

As to some of the fourteen topics suggested—my military career began in 1899, when I was appointed a first lieutenant in the Delaware Militia, and consisted mainly of leading my Company in various bloodless parades until 1902, when I resigned my commission.

In politics, I have attended several Democratic conventions as a delegate, and in 1902, I was a member of the County Executive Committee. I have been a candidate for but one office and that was in April 1903, when I was elected a Trustee of

the New Castle Common, a Board having charge of a tract of one thousand acres of land donated by William Penn for the use of the Town of New Castle. The office is for life and the emoluments, nothing. I am at present Secretary of the Board.

I belong to the New Castle Club and the Wilmington Country Club, and have developed the Golf habit to some degree, not however, to the extent of playing in winter.

Outside of the times I visit Princeton, I seldom see any '95 men, except Henry Canby, who lives here in Wilmington. There are a number of Princeton men here however.

In conclusion, I expect to be in Princeton next June, even if my geographical location cuts me out as a competitor for Dick Brown's Long Distance Cup.

Very truly,

FRANCIS de H. JANVIER.

Wilmington, Del., February 21, 1905.

### JOSEPH JESSUP

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

245 West Lincoln Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Traffic Inspector detailed to the Westchester Division of the New York Telephone Company, 40 South Fifth Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

MARRIED: L. Gertrude Bains, October 11, 1902, Woodbury, New Jersey.

Joseph Paschall Jessup, November 3, 1903, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Dear Andy:—

Since the day when I telephoned you and told you that the stereotyped form of letter, which is under your official and personal ban, was the one that would most briefly and satisfactorily embody the facts of my uneventful and uninteresting course since the Princeton days, I have cogitated much over what kind of a letter would appeal to your jaded appetite.

When you waved the "Big Stick" and told me if I did not shun the "vile habit" of writing a "commercial" letter, which you said was "abhorrent" to you, and that you would write a letter for me and use the vast amount of material which you had gathered concerning my past, present and future life, did you remember the story which in a burst of confidence you told before several witnesses in my presence, how you and Ted Otheman got into a predicament on the wharf of a Hudson steamer while looking for "the friend of a friend" never before seen by you?

Did you think that you had the exclusive right to use the much over-worked "big stick?" You see, Andy, that while I do not "gossip" I could not resist, under such great provocation, your frantic appeal in suggestion No. 10.

My life since June 1895, has been an uneventful plodding along and a seizing and making the most of such opportunities as could not take flight before I arrived. My present occupation was not taken up through choice, but because there was nothing available at the time.

At present I am as anyone can see who looks at the statistics in the proper place in your Decennial Record, a "Missionary to the Heathen" of Westchester County, State of New York, and among my duties is the pacification of those whose feelings have been ruffled by real or fancied grievances they hold against the New York Telephone Company.

While at times, this method of filling up the golden hours of life arouses many unchristian and uncharitable feelings in the breast of your "humble" missionary regarding the numerous mistaken and unreasonable notions that the ordinary "subscriber" holds, in the main it is interesting and has afforded me great opportunities for studying the human animal and of observing how the strings are pulled that work

his brain. In the past three years I have daily met many people, princes and paupers both of intellect and purse.

While listening to kicks and pacifying kickers was not and is not what I desire to make a life work, still I regret that it was not my lot to begin it immediately on graduating for it is very valuable as training for any man.

I am living you see in a small city on the borders of the Great City so as to be conveniently located to my work, but I always consider as my home, "the town where I was born."

The only club or society I have ever joined except Whig Hall, is the New York Telephone Society of which I am now a member in good and regular standing. My literary work has not as yet materialized on paper unless you except the reports to "Headquarters" written after the heart to heart talks with kickers.

But alas, the thrilling and tragic tales therein contained will never make your hair to stand on end in the conventional dime novel way, for they have become part of the inside secret history of the Company, which to divulge would not be considered diplomatic.

Have I a fad? Well rather. My present hobby which I have ridden very regularly for over a year is photography and, although but a modest steed and small, has given me much pleasure. If you Andrew, did but induce your namesake from Scotland whose last name begins with a C, to capitalize my dreams and ambitions, I do not doubt that I would so bristle with fads that a chestnut burr or the fretful porcupine would say to me "Hail fellow well met. Come join us."

Yes, I would have a whole stable full of hobbies and you and I would take together many a brisk gallop. But the only stock I have ever watered or see any prospect of watering, was the stock I watered on a farm to which I once paid a visit long before I ever saw Princeton.



Do you remember Andy, the remarks of one of our learned professors regarding the broadening effect of Princeton's curriculum and the absence of the "bread and butter" studies? Well, he is right about the necessity of having a broad grasp of things and a wide view; but looking at it from the view point of ten years in the cold, cold world, it seems to me that there should be required of every man the study, while in college, of some "bread and butter" subject, and that the Institution should provide the means of applying this knowledge under the actual conditions obtaining in the business world. This would give the graduate an immediate standing which he often acquires only after years of struggle as a "Freshman" in the world.

It is very good of you my dear boy, to open up a confessional and bid us acknowledge that we have erred, that we are all human and have made mistakes. Well Father Confessor, I did make a mistake once of which I had never expected to have been guilty. After several weeks of argument on my part, and of prayers and entreaty on the part of my family I reluctantly yielded, unconditionally surrendered, and stayed home while others took up arms in '98. The edifice of my boyhood's dreams, ambitions and ideals crashed down in a single night. I tasted the bitterness of motives misunderstood, I learned the meaning of the saying "He that saveth his life shall lose it," shall lose the best use of it. What then seemed to me a duty to the folks at home, has ever since seemed weak and has been a source of keen regret.

To you and our comrades I can thus speak unreservedly of things about which to other people I have sealed my lips and have tried to forget.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH JESSUP.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., February 6, 1905.

**EDWARD FORD JOHNSON****159 La Salle Street, Chicago.**

Calumet Club, Chicago.

Fire Insurance Broker, 159 La Salle St.

My dear Imbrie:—

I am very sorry to have apparently neglected to send you information for the record, but have been away from Chicago since January on a trip through the West Indies and South America.

I have nothing of interest to write you, about myself. I am neither engaged or married, and have succeeded in keeping out of jail. Am plugging at the same old game of Fire Insurance.

Yours very truly,

“BENNIE” JOHNSON.

Chicago, April 3, 1905.

**CHARLES RICHARD KELLERMANN****McKee's Rocks, Pa.**

For a while after graduation, “Kelley” helped the borough authorities of Princeton make surveys for a lot of new sewers. Then in September 1896, he was appointed an assistant in the civil engineering department of the School of Science. For a period of nearly two years after that I lost sight of him.

A series of rapid fire “horse postals” brought him to earth again and I located him in the Carnegie Steel Co., at Pittsburgh, early in 1899. The next year he had moved south and was teaching civil engineering in the University of Alabama which I understand is “near Tuscaloosa.”

The next year he shed his academic gown, put on a pair of overalls and became a kind of consulting engineer for the

Central Iron and Coal Co., at Tuscaloosa, Ala. Since then, my letters to Tuscaloosa have come back unclaimed.

Two or three attempts to find him at his old home in McKee's Rocks, Pa., have thus far failed to bring a response.

Teddy Norris has a picture of him at Dougal Ward's camp at Lake Hemlock, near Rochester, which makes him look, if anything, younger than when he left Princeton.

**LUCIUS CARTER KENNEDY**

**1717 North Washington Avenue, Scranton, Pa.**

Physician. Corner Washington Avenue and Marion Street,  
Scranton, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

I was much chagrined when your second letter reached me to think that I had not answered your first immediately as I had intended. I have rather prided myself on my prompt attention to your Blue Slips and Orange Bills, and here I have flunked out on the finals. My excuse—well, the other Doctors of '95 will tell you that this is the very busiest time of the whole year. Then, to write an autobiography covering ten years seems quite a task, and yet mine can be summed up in a few words.

After leaving the University of Pennsylvania with my M.D., I spent two years at the Moses Taylor Hospital of this city. (There, I have told about five years anyway!) Before sitting down in my office to wait for patients I spent four months in Europe. Al Cramer and I put in a few weeks in Vienna attending clinics in the Hospital there, and having a good time. (You notice I put the clinics first.) Returning to Scranton, I have been sticking to practice very closely.

As to literary work—that has been confined to lectures to nurses and reading a few papers before the Medical Society.

THE LIBRARY.



At present I am Vice-President of our Society, and was for three years Secretary. Arthur Dunn and Jim Blair are the fellows I see most frequently. Arthur always has some stocks for me to invest my surplus cash in. Jim and I are the only '95 men enjoying single blessedness in this locality.

I have been able to get to a football game or two, and in this way have seen a few of the fellows. There are drawbacks to the practice of medicine, but on the whole, I do not regret having chosen it as my profession. I have my quarters arranged for in Princeton in June, so until then good-bye.

Yours for '95,

LUCIUS CARTER KENNEDY.

Scranton, Pa., February 18, 1905.

**RICHARD LEA KENNEDY**

**714 Germania Life Building, St. Paul, Minn.**

The Angus, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Lawyer. Firm of Warner & Kennedy, 714 Germania Life Building, St. Paul, Minnesota.

MARRIED: Janey McLeod, September 17, 1902, Woodstock, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Andy:—

Your letter of the 18th inst. has just been forwarded to me here, and as this is the second or third letter that I have received from you within the last few weeks, I have concluded to attempt a reply immediately, for I do not wish you to think I am so unappreciative of your faithful performance of the many duties which fall to your lot as Secretary that I would heedlessly impose upon you an additional burden.

You will be surprised to learn that I am now practicing law in St. Paul; after having practiced in Colorado Springs since graduating from the Harvard Law School in 1898.

The reason of this change of base was that Mrs. Kennedy was unable to live in the high altitude of Colorado, and in order to escape from this unfortunate circumstances, I decided, after looking over the field, to locate in this City.

I greatly regretted to leave Colorado Springs as it is one of the most delightful residence cities in the country, but after resorting to every possible expedient, I found that there was no alternative.

I was extremely fortunate, under the circumstances, in finding an opening in this City, arising from the fact that Mr. Lawrence, formerly of the firm of Warner & Lawrence, had given up the practice of law in order to become the President of a bank. The vacancy, so caused, left an opening for me—Mr. Warner took me in as a partner in Mr. Lawrence's place—and I have been engaged in the practice of law in Minnesota for the past seven months, and am very glad to be able to state that the result of the change, so far as freedom from illness is concerned, has been very satisfactory, and my association with Mr. Warner, who is one of the leading lawyers of this State, is both fortunate and satisfactory.

I enclose herewith the blue slip, properly filled out, which will give you in detail the additional information which you request, and await with interest the arrival of the Decennial Record.

Cordially yours,

RICHARD LEA KENNEDY.

St. Paul, Minn., February 25, 1905.

**JOHN VALENTINE KOCH, Jr.**

**816 8th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

With Smith & Mabley (Inc.), Mfrs. of Automobiles and Auto-boats; 7th Ave. and 38th St., New York.

In 1900 Koch was employed in the New York office of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. In March 1901, he reported that he was with the New York Long Distance Telephone Co. In 1902 he was associated with W. F. Simpson of New York City, in the advertising business and the next year was in the automobile department of John Wanamaker's. He is now with Smith & Mabley, manufacturers of automobiles, in which company Joe Bunting and Clare Hamilton are largely interested. In the fall of 1897 he reported that he had made an extended trip on the Pacific Coast with Gus Holly, returning in the Spring of 1898.

### **HARVEY WILSON KOEHLER**

**Mount Union, Pa.**

Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Mount Union, Pa.

MARRIED: Susan Emma Schoonover, May 11, 1898, Kingston, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

To say that you, as Secretary of our class, are the right man in the right place is putting it mildly. Your "Blue Circulars" are a constant reminder of the Homeopathic treatment, for they cure the blues every time. I have often intentionally omitted answering your letters and postals just to see what the next would be like and be cheered by it, and when I think of the possibility of not hearing from you regularly, enclosing that "Orange Bill" I find myself almost wishing that you could not raise that \$13,000 you pledged for our class so that you would be compelled to keep on begging and that we might in this way continue to receive your "Blue Circular."

You may think this strange in me, but the reason is to be found in the fact that I do not correspond with any of the boys. My work makes such demands upon my time that I find it impossible to do so, even if the rest were so inclined.



I occasionally meet members of the class on the train. I met Edward McCormick only a few months before his death, and enjoyed a short half hour with him. I was very sorry to hear of his death. He was doing so well with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Craig, who is pastor of the Presbyterian church at Ebensburg, was on the train as I got on here. He had been to Princeton on some errand or other. We had but a few moments together, but enjoyed them very much. But I have heard indirectly of others, and all seem to be doing nicely.

Did you hear the story that is being circulated about Buck Master? It seems that a nurse had been engaged at one of the Hospitals at Buffalo to hold herself in readiness for a summons to his home. The summons came and the nurse arrived in due time. But soon after her arrival a telephone message was received at the hospital for a nurse to come to the home of the Rev. H. B. Master at once. The answer was made that they had already sent a nurse, and that she would no doubt arrive in a few moments. "Yes," came the reply. "she is here now, but we want another nurse," and to the natural question: "Why?" came the words of scripture: "No man can serve TWO Masters."

Aside from pastoral work and sermonizing, I have done very little either along literary or other lines. On Memorial Day 1902, however, I tried an "original" as we used to call it in Hall, on the inhabitants of this place. They took it very kindly as I remember, for as is the custom after the orator of the day has delivered himself and the graves of the fallen veterans have been decorated, the shooting was done with blank cartridges, and in the direction opposite the speaker.

Well, I was so favorably impressed with the deeds that our fathers had done, as the result of that speech that when an effort was made to organize a camp of Sons of Veterans I

headed the list of charter members, and after that the camp was an assured success.

The Masonic Fraternity always had attractions for me, and so at a time when they were not thinking much about it, I made application, and for some reason or other was accepted. The goat acted a little strangely but I attributed it to the fact that I was a preacher, and that he was not used to preachers. I hung to him, however, until we had passed the third degree, and then, judging from the frantic efforts of the goat and my own exhausted condition that we had had enough, I scrambled off and have not had the heart to tackle that goat for any more degrees.

Well, Andy, I have written you a great deal more than I intended when I started out, and if you find that this is not the kind of letter you wish to see in the Decennial Record, or feel that it is not readable or literary, just throw it into your waste basket, and when you come to my name tell the fellows some fib about my being busy collecting old outlawed laundry bills or something of that nature and I will understand when I look through the Record and do not find this letter.

Looking forward anxiously to the Decennial Reunion and especially wishing you to meet my better half who has shared with me the enjoyment of your circulars, I remain sincerely,

Your friend and classmate,

HARVEY WILSON KOEHLER.

Mount Union, Pa., February 27, 1905.

**RICHARD CHAMBERS KUMLER**

**Dayton, Ohio.**

125 Salem Avenue North, Dayton, O.

Junior member of firm, The Rike Dry Goods Co., Dayton, O.

MARRIED: Katharine Thomas, October 24, 1899, Johnstown, Pa.

Mary Katharine Kumler, December 15, 1903, Dayton, O.

Dear Andy:—

That list of questions gave me stage fright, and somehow I didn't seem able to "buck up" to the job of telling the story of my life even to such an interested audience.

But that last bulletin lets me down nicely, and I feel as though I can climb off the pedestal out of the fierce glare of the lime light, (never mind mixed metaphors) and just have a plain talk with "Andy." The greatest mistake I ever made was in not entering Princeton in freshman year with '95, but I did my best to get even by coming into the fold in the fall of '94. Yes! I know I was a rank outsider—a fresh "senior"—yet so fine and so cordial was the welcome the fellows gave me that I never for one moment was made to feel as though I had "butted in." I never expect to run across so splendid an exhibition of true hospitality again. It means a whole lot when you are made to feel welcome by as fine a lot of fellows as compose the class of '95. It warms me up all over—makes me feel good—every time I think of it, and it's a memory which returns often.

After Graduation Day, there was a fine opening for me here in The Rike Dry Goods Co.,—sort of a family concern—so I pitched in as soon as I reached home, and have been at it ever since. That was ten years ago. Now I am junior member of the firm, having worked up from errand boy to my present proud position.

Five years ago I married the dearest—here's where I usually slop over, so I'll just quit, and let your imagination fill in the blank. I didn't win the Class Cup, but my baby daughter is undoubtedly the greatest youngster alive!

Business takes me to New York several times a year—I'm ashamed to confess how seldom I see any of the boys—but my visits are always so short and so extremely busy that I scarcely find time to eat or sleep. My life since leaving col-

lege has been a busy one, Andy—but it seems to me unusually full of happiness.

Here's hoping the '95 Decennial will be the greatest ever; will be in New York soon, and hope to see you at that time.

As ever, your classmate,

RICHARD C. KUMLER.

Dayton, O., March 7, 1905.

**EDWIN SNOW LA FETRA**

**La Fetra's Hotel, Washington, D. C.**

The Cecil, Washington, D. C.

Hotel proprietor.

MARRIED: Lucia Morse Noyes, October 14, 1903, Warren, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

The fourth, fifth, and sixth appeals for an answer were always so bright and original that I hate to cut myself out of the enjoyment of them by writing now. At the time of the Triennial, I let it go too long, so I ought to do better this time.

Proud I am of Princeton, and especially of '95 and its record thus far. Your notes in the "Alumni" give us fine ideas of what our fellows are doing, but now that you are good enough to undertake this Herculean task of getting out the Record, I am sure that all ought to lend the helping hand.

In the fall of '97, I succeeded my father as proprietor of the Hotel, and have been pegging along in that line ever since. As we are pretty sure to like any profession that is succeeding, so I can say that I do enjoy it.

Up until about two years ago my friends were very solicitous about my welfare in the matrimonial line, but I quite surprised them all by announcing my engagement to Miss Lucia Morse Noyes of Warren, Pennsylvania. Without knowing it, I had followed the example of our worthy president, Chris Payne by going to that beautiful mountain town

in Western Pennsylvania, for my bride. We were married October 14, 1903, and are keeping house in an apartment, where I can enjoy home life apart from my business.

As to societies in which I have been a member, my activity has been to the greatest extent along the line of Y. M. C. A., and Epworth League work, though I am a Mason and a Knight Templar, a member of our Washington University Club and Board of Trade.

In closing, I take the opportunity to extend a most cordial invitation to any of our fellows passing through Washington to drop in and see me.

Yours,

“LAFFY.”

Washington, March 13, 1905.

**CHARLES HENRY LEEDS**

**210 West 107th Street, New York.**

MARRIED: Agnes Adele MacQuivey, July 19, 1899, Middlebury, Vt.

Dear Imbrie:—

While my career up to the present time has been peculiarly uninteresting, I cannot refuse to give you a brief account of my doings.

The winter after graduating from Princeton, I worked as a clerk in the employ of the Stamford Trust Company, Stamford, Conn. Then, having secured a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, I entered the brokerage business to which I devoted myself for two years.

Feeling that I would like to study, I left Wall Street and gave up a year or so to the pursuit of knowledge, working independently and specializing on History and Religion.

Then in 1899 I was married, and soon found myself inter-

ested in politics, with the result that after two or three years of committee work, editorial writing, etc., and after being defeated in runs for first, the Legislature, and next, a constitutional convention, I was finally elected to the office of Mayor of Stamford, Conn. I was not renominated, and at present can scarcely be said to have any particular occupation.

Although never a typical college man, yet I am looking forward with pleasure to meeting the boys at the Decennial.

Very truly yours,

CHAS. H. LEEDS.

New York, March 18, 1905.

**THOMAS LEGGATE**

**Columbia Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

McClintock Avenue, Allegheny, Pa.

Lawyer. Room 201 Columbia Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Classmates:—

After destroying numberless sheets of paper endeavoring to make an effective and pleasing opening to this effusion, and without success, I am driven to break right in. It is so much easier for these married men to write, for they are just overflowing with enthusiasm.

But, first and foremost, before saying anything about myself, I want to pay my tribute to the capability, zeal and untiring energy of our Secretary. And as he has outlined a sort of model letter, leaving only the filling out of the blanks, I feel that I cannot do better than follow its suggestions. So here goes.

I am an Attorney-at-law, spelled with a large "A," and small "L." My practice is confined almost entirely to real estate, and the business incident thereto. My only resemblance to Carnegie is that, were I to die to-day, I would fulfill his

darling wish. I am very glad I have chosen my present work, for I really feel that I enjoy and take pleasure in it. Am busy all the time, and get no time for blues. I can imagine nothing worse than to be compelled to follow a business or profession in which one has no interest nor pleasure.

My home is in the city, but in a part suburban in its character, within easy reach by trolley, but out of the noise and bustle. I suppose I might say I live there both by choice and necessity, but "where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also."

My travels have been confined entirely to the U. S. A., and entirely to the territory within a radius of three or four hundred miles of Pittsburgh. Go East semi-occasionally, Philadelphia, New York, Princeton, Atlantic City, etc. I like the sea shore better than the mountains and think Byron's *Apostrophe to the Ocean* one of the grandest poems ever written.

I have never been a soldier nor do I belong to the Boys Brigade, nor the Salvation Army.

I am a member of the Brighton Country Club, and the Princeton Club of Western Pennsylvania.

Took a couple of years study at the Pittsburgh Law School, but did not receive a degree. Please do not think any the less of me upon that account, as I did not take the examinations, leaving School upon my admission to the Allegheny County Bar.

I have not written any books, nor papers of any consequence. Delivered several campaign speeches on behalf of the "Citizen's Party," an independent organization, during the fall of 1902. Like almost all Independent, "Holier than Thou" parties it turned out to be thoroughly rotten at the core, and the people found themselves, upon its accession in the hands of another "ring," hungrier for the spoils. Were it not for

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the glorious example of Theodore Roosevelt, I would commence to doubt whether or not a man could be in politics and remain honest. His career certainly answers that question most affirmatively.

I hate golf. I can endure "bridge." I love the fair sex.

I see quite a number of '95 men, among whom are C. W. Gibbs, for whom I had the pleasure of getting a marriage license recently; and taking dinner in his new home yesterday; W. H. MacColl of Kiskiminetas, who "charms alike the tilt yard and the bower;" Tommy Hudson of Uniontown, now District Attorney of Fayette County, Pennsylvania; Allan Williams, a fellow townsman of his, who has made his fortune in the coal fields of West Virginia; and Irish Hamilton who is the Andrew Imbrie of Princeton matters in Western Pennsylvania.

Chris Payne has his office in the same building. Curls Nelson and Davy Speer I meet on the street very frequently, as also Fitzhugh Speer. Jimmy Crawford is a fellow barrister and quite a family man. Buck Irvine comes down from Butler on occasions. Deacon White was for a long time located here, but I believe has removed to Ohio. He comes on for banquets. Charley Kellermann was kind enough to bring me a client the other day, for which I am truly grateful. Gordon Fisher is also a barrister. I had the pleasure of attending his wedding reception. Skinny Seymour is an assistant District Attorney of Allegheny County, which I presume accounts for his being out of jail himself. Poller Ross, John Thacher and Teddy Norris, were in Pittsburgh during a Triangle Club performance. Kid Stewart a promising young attorney of Indiana, Pa., blows in semi-occasionally. Knox Taylor passed through last fall. There's Pop Fry, Vic Egbert, etc., etc., and others whom I do not recall at the present moment.



Am looking forward to next June with the greatest kind of anticipation, and until then, good sirs, au revoir.

Sincerely,

THOS. LEGGATE.

Pittsburgh, Pa., February 12, 1905.

**THOMAS KEMMERER LEIDY**

**1049 Penn Street, Reading, Pa.**

Lawyer; Firm of Wagner & Leidy, 526 Washington Street,  
Reading, Pa.

• Dear Classmates:—

I have been living in Reading, Pennsylvania, since June 1897, and was admitted to practice law before the Courts of this County in November 1897. After leaving Princeton, I took a Law course at Dickinson Law School, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and was admitted to the Bar of that County in June 1897. During the time that I have been living in Reading, I have been somewhat actively engaged in politics on the Democratic side of the house. Six years ago, I was elected Ward Chairman of the Eighth Ward, which position I have continuously occupied since that time. For a period of two years I occupied the position of City Chairman of the Democratic Party. On December 1, 1901, I was appointed to the position of Assistant District Attorney, and went into office on January 6, 1902, and served in that position until January 2, 1905, when my term expired.

I am at present Secretary of the Berks Bar Association, and was also Secretary of the Manatawny Fire Insurance Company of the City of Reading. I am a member of the Delta Chi Law Fraternity, the Berkshire Country Club and numerous political clubs. I have become quite active in Masonic

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circles, being a member of the different Masonic bodies in this City. I am the only '95 man in this City at this time.

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS K. LEIDY.

Reading, Pa., March 8, 1905.

**CHARLES BORIE LEWIS**

**4206 South Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.**

Civil Engineer.

Consulting Engineer with Mitchell Mining Company, 520 Broadway Building, Los Angeles, Cal. (Mines at Guerrero, Mexico).

My dear Imbrie:—

I suppose what you want more than anything else is the "Impressions of the past ten years as I have found them."

Well, to begin, after leaving Princeton in June 1895, I spent the summer in polishing off a college education by a trip abroad, visiting most of the well known places on the Continent, and having many reunions with "old college chums" that I frequently ran across who were also seeing the Old World. I came home that Fall and secured a position with the firm of Madera, Hill & Co., Miners and Shippers of Coal, with whom I remained until the breaking out of the Spanish-American War in 1898 and enlisted in the United States service with the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, of which organization I had been a member for a number of years previous, having served through the "Hazelton Riots" Campaign with them and through the Miles Porto-Rican Campaign.

After the Spanish War I was offered a Commission in the U. S. Volunteer Regiments then being formed, but did not accept.

I entered the service of the Pennsylvania Iron Works as Mechanical Engineer and remained there until I got the Western Fever, and left for the West in 1900, tried ranching and punching cows in Colorado for a couple of years, after having hunted and travelled through parts of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico.

I finally came to the Pacific Coast in the Fall of 1902 taking up my former profession of Mechanical Engineer, and a year ago accepted the position of Consulting Engineer for the Mitchell Mining Company (with offices in Los Angeles, California) who are opening up their large copper properties at Acapulco, Mexico. Eventually they are destined to become the largest individual copper producing properties in the world. At present there is a 200 ton copper furnace on the grounds, and there is now being designed a 2000 ton plant for turning out the finished product.

Trusting that this will furnish the desired information, with kindest regards to all of my classmates, I remain,

Yours truly,

CHARLES BORIE LEWIS.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 13, 1905.

### **FREDERICK WHEELER LEWIS**

**Saginaw, Mich.**

Pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Saginaw, Mich.

MARRIED: Grace Howell, June 22, 1898, Montclair, N. J.

Katharine Howell Lewis, June 10, 1900, Chicago, Ill.

Lucile Strong Lewis, August 1, 1904, Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Andy:—

I am very much ashamed of myself not to have responded sooner to your inquiries about my family, health, politics, etc.

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If I were the kind of Ninety-Five man I ought to be, or even a true gentleman—a much lower eminence, by the way—I should never be so selfish as to solicit the pleasure of a second one of your very “touching” appeals. In fact unless some of us hew closer to the mark, we shall find ourselves at the last consigned by St. Peter, to the same elevator as “Cow” Nevin, who will remember the “going down” hit in the Class Prophecy.

I have read with great interest your fourteen Decennial Record suggestions, and will recommend you as a Past Master in the *Questionnaire* method of investigation. You open up wonderful vistas of experience and achievement through which many of our members must have ambled. I regret that my own life has been so uneventful. No, I have not wandered abroad, and I have seen but a few of the common sights at home. Most of us ministers are Kantian in our experiences of travel. I am very much in the same position as the man who was asked to come over to the other side of the street and who gripped the lamp-post a little tighter and replied, “I can’t. It’s all I can do to stay here!” As long as I can “stay here” and yet enjoy the luxury of sparing a little, occasionally, for the glory of ’95 or of Princeton, I am fairly well content.

There’s only one thing I can brag of. I live in the finest Manse of the finest section of the finest state in the country. And if you don’t believe it, take a jaunt over to Western New York and see for yourself. Naturally humble, I know how unworthy I am of this elegant home but am willing to occupy it, conscious that nothing should be allowed to discount the dignity of membership in the great and glorious Class of ’95. Yes, this is a fine location. And location means a great deal

sometimes. It certainly did to the old woman who, though she had but two teeth was thankful they were opposite to each other.

However, it is a disadvantage to be this near Princeton in view of the "D. Q. Brown Long Distance Cup." It would be preferable on this account to dwell in Timbuctoo or Mandalay. Possibly, however, one might show his devotion and win the cup by walking down to the Decennial or by crawling pilgrim-wise to our Mecca. How's that? All who are put out of the game by the present conditions will want some way of adjustment.

I regret that I have no boys growing up to draw rooms after a while in our Alumni Dormitory. To use a familiar Hibernicism "both my boys are girls." But they are little queens, and I know they will never be content to grace any but Princeton homes.

Hoping nothing will arise to prevent my being present at the greatest Reunion ever, I am with increasing devotion,

Sincerely yours,

FREDERICK W. LEWIS.

Albion, N. Y., February 14, 1905.

[The above letter was written when Lewis was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Albion, N. Y. He was called to the First Presbyterian Church of Saginaw, Michigan, in May 1905.]

**WALTER GILLETTE LIBBY**

**55 White Street, New York.**

Summit, New Jersey.

Member of the firm of H. J. Libby & Co., Woolen Commission Merchants, 55 White Street, New York.

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MARRIED: Mary Elizabeth Stokes, November 19, 1901,  
Philadelphia.

Mary Elizabeth Libby, September 17, 1902, Summit, N. J.

My dear Andy:—

I cannot add to the few facts on the "blue slip" any stirring tale of travel of adventure, nor yet of great achievement in the political or literary world. Since the publication of my last biography (in the Triennial Record), my career has been remarkable only for a continuous grind at the "rag" business, and a quiet domestic felicity. My travels have been confined to a few business trips, ranging from Bangor to Buffalo, and my political activity to casting at regular intervals a straight Republican ballot.

My choice of a vocation has been in one respect rather unfortunate. It has not proved a "gold brick," but has thus far been productive of a very modest livelihood. Living out of the city, and being the only member of the class who was unlucky enough to land in the "rag" business, as I seldom have occasion to call upon the lawyers or money-lenders, my daily path lies in a part of the city where often for weeks at a time I do not meet another member of the class. This is a source of constant regret.

My military career has consisted of four years' service in Squadron A, Troop II, where, though active service was confined to the "Fort Orange Club" of Albany, and the "Guinea War" at Croton, some wholesome hard work was combined with much fun and good fellowship, for there, among fellows from all colleges, is to be found the best comradeship that can be had after leaving one's own Alma Mater. It is, after all, this good fellowship and love for each and every member of '95 which form the most priceless legacy which our four short years in Princeton have left us. To this we owe our most enduring friendships, which become more precious each year, and bring us back more eagerly to each successive Re-

union; and I rejoice, therefore, in anticipation of the Decennial which is sure to be the best ever.

Yours as ever,

WALTER G. LIBBY.

New York, February 16, 1905.

**NOAH LODER, Jr.**

**Portchester, New York.**

Lawyer. Firm of Pelletier & Loder, 30 Broad St., New York.

MARRIED: Sarah Louisa Purdy, Sept. 8, 1897, Port Chester, N. Y.

Sarah Elizabeth Loder, April 23, 1900, New York.

James Purdy Loder, October 21, 1901, New York.

Loder studied law after leaving Princeton and has been practicing in New York City ever since that time.

In 1902 he became a member of the firm of Pelletier & Loder.

**WILLIAM HENRY LOGAN, Jr.**

**1118 Girard Street, Philadelphia.**

In the office of the General Agent of the Philadelphia Gas Works, one of the gas plants controlled by the United Gas Improvement Co. of Philadelphia. Room 402 U. G. I. Building, Broad and Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

My dear Andy:—

Please accept my apologies for adding to your labors and compelling you to ask again for this letter. That is one of the many mistakes of my life, but I hardly think, the greatest. The one that seems largest to me at this stage of the game is the lost opportunities at Princeton, and doubtless the regrets for such failures form mosaics in those streets that are paved with good intentions.

My life for these ten years has been a pleasant and happy one, and though void of any real achievement. I have not been sick a day, and have had few cares to worry me. These

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are some of the joys of remaining a member of the happy bachelors, even though all our troubles may not be little ones.

I am a member of only one Club, and my official position is that of Purser. The Red Dragon Canoe Club is the only one of its kind in Philadelphia, and is one of the oldest in the country. Last year I contributed 400 of the 5,000 miles logged by the Club members and had two fine trips from the Delaware Water Gap to Trenton, shot all the rifts and dams, except Wells, and that will be done this Summer. This is my hobby and method of recreation.

Politically, the only interest I take is to vote, and my Independence leads me to pay my own poll tax. Both of these acts are also done (sometimes) by other Philadelphians. I live in the smallest division of the smallest ward in town, and there never is but one way to vote. I live in the city because of the convenience in getting to other places, and I am so fortunate as to be near enough to the office to walk. If you have ever been in a Philadelphia trolley car in Winter, you will appreciate the situation.

The best thing the Glorious Class of '95 ever did was to make you its Secretary (now don't blue pencil this) and you may be sure that we all do appreciate our good fortune in having you, even though we seem ungrateful.

Let me express my most sincere wishes for the success and prosperity of every one of the Illustrious 240, and I hope to see the whole Bunch with their Better Halves and all their Blooming Progeny at the Decennial.

Yours fraternally,

W. H. LOGAN, Jr.

Philadelphia, February 7, 1905.



**JOHN WALTERHOUSE LORD**

**Baltimore Club, Baltimore, Md.**

806 Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Md.

Lawyer; 610 Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Md.

Beloved, Esteemed and Always Faithful Secretary:—

Note at the threshold of these uncolored confessions how affectionately and unconventionally I address you; how, in fulsome obedience to your injunction, I avoid the perfunctory "Dear Sir" by invoking these three laudatory adjectives, of which my heart suggests the first, my observation the second, whilst the third is suggested by the stereotyped conclusion of all your refreshing communications.

You ask me to play jiu-jitsu with my vocabulary. Perhaps better results would be obtained were I to exercise this Art Nouveau (pardon the Gallic intrusion) upon my memory. It is not words but facts that need to be conjured up in the present instance, and facts of the character you seemingly desire are profoundly slumbering in the dark and remote labyrinthical recesses of my intellect, which, by the way, is, at least so far as I am competent to judge, still unimpaired.

The vitality of memory is dependent largely upon the intensity of the sensation. I have had no intense sensations during the past ten years, either of pleasure or of pain. Those savouring of pleasure have by comparison with the like occurrences of the four preceding years seemed so feeble that they have impressed me but transiently. And so, to supply the defects of recollection, I must rely upon an imagination, always fertile, and made pregnant by the anticipatory joy of seeing at the Decennial a goodly share of these 240 good fellows. In giving a free and safe delivery to the flights of this imagination I will follow closely the sequence of your suggestions.

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Imprimis, I am not married. I am not, however, a bachelor by caprice, unless perhaps it be the caprice of several of the opposite sex, whom I have approached *molliter et molli manu* upon the subject. I have at times had the effrontery to imagine that the gates of connubial bliss were inviting me to enter, but after several rude shocks to Love's Young Dream I have concluded that it were best to put my affections in cold storage, and since this goodly resolution took effect I have been able to devote more time to my profession.

My profession. I am an attorney and counsellor at law, solicitor in chancery and proctor in admiralty—all rolled into one. My practice is not confined to any particular branch of the *corpus juris*, nor to any particular court. I practice when, where and as I may; and before any tribunal which demands no qualifications for admission, other than learning in the law and a good moral character. I will, however, remove from the operation of this sweeping assertion, the Hague Tribunal, as John Garrett has credentials plenipotentiary to represent me there. I love my profession. It affords an essay and attractive avenue for the pursuit of knowledge, both relevant and irrelevant. Confidentially, Andy, each day I find out something I never knew before.

“What made the lamb love Mary so?

Why Mary loved the lamb, you know.”

And so my profession seems to love me, if moderately decent treatment is any mark of affection.

I live in the city, by choice. I do not fancy the Simple Life. The complex civilization of that grand metropolis, Baltimore, fascinates me. I would not, however, be averse to having a mansion and a large country estate, to which I could repair for temporary rest and seclusion after the terrible strain of the city life, provided I did not have to pay taxes.

My principal traveling during the past ten years has been

between my apartment and my office, which, since the Big Fire here last year, have been separated by only two short city blocks. I have also been to Pittsburgh and points west; to Boston, where I took the law course at Harvard; to New York, where I saw the Metropolitan Museum, Weber and Fields, the Princeton Club and the Flat-Iron Building. I was abroad two years ago last summer for five weeks, during which I saw seven countries. I wrote a book entitled *Europe from a Car Window*, but it has never been published on this side of the Atlantic.

I had the proud distinction to serve during the Spanish war, in the Philadelphia City Troop, shoulder to shoulder with Chubby Lewis (I had to bend my knees to make the service symmetrical). I went to Porto Rico while a state of war existed, but I was never more than half-shot—a casualty also apt to occur in times of peace.

Being a fellow of affiliative tendencies, I belong to clubs and societies too numerous to mention. As a matter of convenient reference I give the following: the Baltimore Club, the Merchants Club, the Baltimore Athletic Club, the Baltimore Country Club, the Bachelor Cotillon Club, the Princeton Club of New York, the Ancient and Honorable Society of Hibernians, the German Society, the Knights of St. John, the Young Men's Republican Club, the Old Men's Democratic Club, the G. A. R., and the S. P. C. A.

In post graduate studies I have gone the limit, at least so far as my intellectual equipment permits. The additional tassel of LL.B. conferred upon me by Charles Eliot, LL.D., acting for and on behalf of the corporation and overseers of Harvard University, represents three years of arduous and unremitting labor—a thing which in both aspects was quite uncongenial, not to say absent, in my undergraduate career.

Literary work I have not essayed beyond my book on

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“Europe &c.” I have had in mind the editing of an unpurgated edition of Mrs. Heman’s poems; also a similar edition of Balzac’s Droll Stories, annotated, for use as a text-book in polite seminaries for young ladies, with an introductory note by Thomas W. Lawson. I have delivered two lectures, prepared by myself, to the students of the Baltimore Dental College on the fruitful topic of Dental Jurisprudence, and on the strength of this service I got free fillings for a year. I have made one speech, a masterpiece of undigested rhetoric (vide your encomium in the Quinquennial Record).

In politics I have been “a kind of a giddy harumferdite,” voting alternately, and being governed by prevailing conditions and a desire to be impartial. I have never “worked for the good of the party,” but I certainly wouldn’t hesitate to work the party for my own good, if I got the chance. I suppose I am what might be called a “Gum-shoe Independent.”

I have no avocation which can be dignified by the appellation “hobby.” The study of human nature and sacred history fills up the idle interstices of my occupation.

What has Princeton done for me? It has impregnated me with the loftiest ideals one can entertain, taught me to cheer in unison, and inoculated me with the germ of laudable ambition. What have I done for Princeton? Nothing yet, but I am still sanguine. I am lying in wait and preparing for the advent of the opportunity, and when it comes I expect to “make good.” I am not aware of any radical defects in Princeton’s Educational System. I would strongly recommend, however, English Composition and Forensics as required courses for the first three years; and jiu-jitsu as senior required.

The greatest mistake I ever made was in missing one Reunion.

And now I believe I have answered all your questions, and

told you all about myself, at least all that I can recall; and in doing so, I have unintentionally occupied more than my fair share of "space."

Your obedient servant,

J. WALTER LORD.

Baltimore January 16, 1905.

**ROBERT LIVINGSTON LOUGHRAN**

**Kingston, N. Y.**

824 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Physician and Surgeon, 824 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Dear Andy:—

The many facetious blue ones and the yearly orange business one never phased me; the cream-colored creation with the artistic arrangement of multicolored printer's ink made me take notice; the telegram put my notes in the file of unfinished business; but it is your pathetic plea of to-day that sets the ball finally in motion and before morning I hope the worst will be over and the patient, (i. e. your patience) resting quietly. All this is a bit out of my line, for I've quit writing letters since the checks from home stopped coming. Strange, isn't it? That's why I have had none to send you. Cheer up, though. Better times may come. Stranger things have happened. You have this letter you know.

Andy, you're a wonder. I'd hate to look into that card index of broken promises of yours—or rather, of others. I'd probably find several of my own I've forgotten all about. You are, among other good things, the best example of the genus "hustler" it has ever been my pleasure to know. Why, I even found your name enclosed in a circlet of "Trout Flies in Common Use" decorating a shanty wall away up in that hard timber part of Canada, marked in the maps "unexplored."

And, one day, while tramping over a trail in some good fishing country, I picked up an envelope addressed to His Lordship, The Governor General, and containing some of your business cards decorated with a couple of brown hackles. Getting in with royalty, too, aren't you? If being Secretary doesn't kill you off in early life, it will be the Hall of Fame for yours, sure.

Don't simply answer the fourteen suggestions? All right, that will suit me exactly. I'll pick out one or two that seem to apply. What has Princeton done for me? Well, it has instilled a great joy of living, and letting live, and at the first opportunity I, with several misguided youths, started out to carry the theory into effect by taking up the profession of Faith, Hope and Charity at the College of Physicians and Surgeons here in New York. And quickly—Oh, so quickly!—did I discover that medicine was not the fairy dream it had been considered. If it hadn't been for the ever present stimulus of Fisher's Tiger—trained enthusiasm, I'd have gone under more than once and never been heard of again—except, perhaps, as a motorman or a white wing on the Golden Streets, which a diseased appendix very nearly made possible. At that time I joined my first society, the A. B. A. (Association of the Bottled Appendix.) With lightened ballast, I continued my earthly career and finished the Faith and Hope portion at the Post-Graduate Hospital, reaching the highest point in a medical man's life, House Surgeon. That brief period of exaltation was soon over, and in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, I experienced what others have known. Even the orderlies on the wards didn't know me. Then began the Charity stage of my career, and it's still continuing.

Travels? Only one or two, and those with a three ounce rod, a Savage, and a canoe, through Maine, Quebec province and the Nipissing District of Ontario. (Mentioned with the hope that some in the class have tried the two latter and will

want to get together on the subject—a very interesting one with me, amounting almost to a hobby.) I must beg off on the literary question. Nothing but a monograph or two on medical subjects, which have already died the death of inanition. (I am thinking of undertaking a work on “The Evils of Procrastination.” How would it go?) As an instructor in the Post-Graduate, I’ve had a chance to tell a few of those seeking knowledge what to do for sick babies, and I guess they, as well as the advice, have also died of inanition. So much and nothing more have I done for the world.

To me, the ten years have gone by almost unconsciously and the Decennial in June will be almost like getting together after a summer’s vacation. To you, however, as the Father Confessor who knows all our successes and failures, will appeal the greater necessity for keeping us hustling against the approach of that forty year limit, when, according to Joe Flint’s colleague, our value ends and we contemplate that rapidly succeeding sixtieth year when we should be done away with. There’s no cause for worrying, however, for the Class of ’95 under your guidance was intended for greater things.

Sincerely

“MINNIE.”

New York, March 24, 1905.

**LESLIE CLIFFORD LOVE**

**50 South Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, N. J.**

Physician; 16 Church Street, Montclair, N. J.

My dear Classmates:—

In reading over my letter in the Triennial Record, I find that I was at that time still studying medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and anxiously looking forward to the time when I should secure one of those little

THE "PEE-RADE" TO THE YALE GAME, TRIENNIAL REUNION, 1898





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M. D. degrees from Seth Low's day school for boys and start out as a full fledged "pill slinger."

Strange to relate, I received that degree in due course of time—you know you can fool some of the people all the time—and I obtained, also, an appointment to the resident staff of St. Luke's Hospital in New York, where I began my duties on January 1, 1901.

Hospital life has a good many attractive aspects, especially when there are a number of sociable men on the staff. (You notice I don't say anything about nurses—which is another story.) The work, while interesting, is very confining, and during the last six months as house surgeon or physician the responsibility is considerable; still I shall always look back on my year and a half spent at St. Luke's with pleasure. All the men on the staff were college graduates, and all were bully good fellows; we had many interesting sessions of "hot air" on the merits of our respective colleges and Princeton always had one or two loyal rooters.

After leaving the hospital in the summer of 1902, I took a trip to the Canadian woods with a Cornell friend of mine, and spent a month canoeing with him on the Muskoka Lakes. We had some fine fishing, plenty of out-of-door life and a good loaf, which we both appreciated after a year and a half of steady work. On September first, however, I returned to New York and again took up hospital work. This time it was at the Sloane Maternity Hospital, where I remained until January 1903. Since that date I have been living in Montclair, N. J., trying to get started in the practice of medicine; and altogether I have come up to my expectations—whether I have anyone else's or not.

Professional life, as some of you fellows know, is not a "get rich quick game;" but still I hope to scrape up a few shekels

for that "Sectional Dormitory" fund, which our good Secretary tells us is an assured fact.

It is said that a doctor can't get married until he gets a practice, and he doesn't get a practice until he gets married. At present I am trying to get a practice and haven't assumed responsibilities in the matrimonial line.

Last spring I was appointed assistant attending surgeon to the Mountainside Hospital, and I am on the staff of the Foundling Hospital, both institutions being in this town. I am a member of the Montclair Club and of a couple of medical Societies, but haven't set anything afire with speeches or "hot air" of any kind—either Republican, Democratic or Socialistic. So here you have, in a nutshell, my excuse for living during the past ten years; and trusting it will pass the secretary's blue pencil, I am,

Faithfully yours,

L. C. LOVE.

Montclair, N. J., February 7, 1905.

### **VICTOR HERBERT LUKENS**

**32 Paddock Street, Watertown, N. Y.**

Pastor of Stone Street Presbyterian Church, Watertown, N. Y.

MARRIED: Elsie Franck DeWitt, April 15, 1903, Wilkes-barre, Pa.

Alan Franck Lukens, March 18, 1904, Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Andy:—

I think you must be mistaken about this Decennial business. It was only a day or two ago I sent my letter for the Triennial Record, and now you infer that I have been as sleepy as the members of the Bohemia Club imagined Walter Libby to be, and have let seven years pass by in a Van Winklian dream. Well, I always did hear that the years that seem the longest are those of childhood and youth, so maybe our great age will

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explain the apparent swift passage of the last seven. The first thing about being a Princetonian and particularly a '95er is that you have someone to whom to say,

“Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,”

--not as far as our lives and Princeton are concerned, however. That golden age must always lie in the fragrant past.

The vivid present, upon whose sands I am making tracks, finds me still a Presbyterian minister, living, not by choice, though it were worth the choosing, but by necessity (for my abode is a Manse) in Watertown, New York, where my church is situated. Here I have been for two years, the most favored of men, for I have the high privilege of preaching the blessed gospel to a ready and sympathetic congregation. If all the fellows who are everything that they are except ministers are half as satisfied in their work as I am in mine they are a happy lot.

When I graduated from Princeton Seminary in 1898 I was called to assist Rev. F. B. Hodge (the father of our Alec) in the First Presbyterian church of Wilkesbarre, Pa. There I spent nearly five years, with nothing of interest to the class to record. The years of a man's life may be uneventful enough and yet full of work and pleasure. So day by day I ate my bread, warmed my bed, dug my ditch, and tore off the calendar page.

One pleasant summer trip to visit the Presbyterian Mission Stations among the Thlinget Indians of Southeastern Alaska gave me a sight of two of the fellows whom I have not seen since that trip. Benny Harrison, missionary, and Joe Summers, banker, got up a reunion in Skagway, and we had a mighty good time.

Two years ago I came to be the Pastor of the Stone Street Presbyterian church here. Much to my disgust I found myself

pretty well out of a Princeton atmosphere. There are but three Princeton men in town, and our fellowship consists in calling one another up on the 'phone now and then and congratulating ourselves on the outcome of some game.

One's own life seems quiet when one hears of the doings of others. Some of the fellows have seen the world, others have come before the public eye as authors, politicians, or lecturers, yet the bulk of us have filled our niche with only a local notoriety. Youthful ambitions have seldom, I suppose, been realized; for some have faded from memory in the rise of others, and some have shown themselves impossible of fulfilment. I imagine if we all could remember ourselves as we were on June 12, 1895, and then put down what we are now and what we now hope to be, we would have some interesting reading. But it would take a more prophetic seer than John Thacher to tell us of our future now.

I remember well the first changes in the life of the class from the time the rollicking grads strode out into the wide wide world. Professional studies, success in business, travels, marriage notices in a steady stream, then births—no check to the college accumulated exuberance; but there followed the news of one man's child dead, another's wife, than a man himself; and each letter from you, Andy, has brought its black bordered card telling the tale of our already lessening numbers. And all that is going to show in our letters. The jollity of the Triennial Record was high colored; some in this book will be shadowed. Yet for all that there will be a fine old power in this book to drive dull care away as we read of the life of each of the fellows.

A good prescription for a winter's night when the tired and dull man warms his feet at his fireside, with wife sewing nearby and children safe in bed, is to read the Nassau Herald speeches or Johnny Weiss's history and grin over the mem-

ories. Princeton!--Princeton!--A fellow's memory flits in ten seconds through ten years to the thousand and one old scenes. We did not realize then how truly Woodruff spoke when he wrote in the Class Ode,

"But life's long and clouded vista  
Will be cheered as seasons pass,  
When fond mem'ries bring before us  
Visions of our parted class."

I suppose we might have learned as much at any of the other good colleges, but where else could we have gotten the manhood that came as the free gift of '95? And if, old Andy, you have not found out yet what is the best thing to be had at Princeton, as your blue circular question leads me to suppose, just write down in some card catalogue of your brain that what Princetonians value most is the Princeton Spirit.

With best wishes to you, and to all the fellows,

I am, your true friend,

VICTOR HERBERT LUKENS.

Watertown, N. Y., March 3, 1905.

### ORMSBY McCAMMON

**Bond Building, Washington, D. C.**

2007 O Street, Washington, D. C.

Lawyer; Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

MARRIED: Anna Estelle Murray, June 21, 1904, Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Imbrie:—

My profession as a lawyer is all that could be desired. It is most interesting, bringing me in contact with many original, queer and delightful characters and the different phases of life that are connected therewith. If work had anything to do

with the number of fees and their size, I should be on Easy Street, since I have put all my time into it.

Golf and other amusements are secondary, since I have taken unto myself a wife. I would like, however, to play on the team this year against the undergraduates' golf team during commencement week.

My home is in the most beautiful city of the world, the United States Capital. If you do not believe it, come down and see for yourself. As to my travels, I have been almost over this country of ours, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. I have been through Canada, the West Indies, the British Isles and Europe. Asia, Africa and Australia, have not as yet had the pleasure of a sojourn from me. I hope that they will not feel slighted, for a time may come.

Being a "military man" was my calling at the age of sixteen. I served for a year and a half in the Light Battery of the National Guards of the District of Columbia. I was honorably discharged after pressure was brought. Don't join when so young.

After the fortunate event of last June, clubs do not interest me as much as formerly. I am a member of only the following clubs of this city: Metropolitan Club, Chevy Chase Club and University. The Princeton Club of Philadelphia still has my name on its rolls, and the Society of the Sons of the Revolution also have me on their list.

I was graduated from the Columbian (now George Washington) University Law School, with the degree of LL.B., and was admitted to practice in July, 1896. The several articles I have written have appeared from time to time, in different newspapers, but were only of local interest. As there is no right of suffrage in the District of Columbia, I have never voted, although a republican at heart.

The only man I know of in the town, who was in the great

and glorious class of '95, is John T. Davis of West Virginia. I talk about Princeton, maybe too much, and maybe too little. Send me data, so that I can interest the youths of our capital city in the best of all universities. I shall always look to Princeton as my Alma Mater, although, I have not the honor of a degree from her. Not having taken the full course, it would be unwise to make any remarks, except to suggest that the men who enter, should be allowed to remain for four years.

The greatest mistake I ever made, was in not obtaining a degree from dear "Old Nassau."

With these "few words," I close,

Your sincere classmate,

(Even if it was for so short a time)

ORMSBY McCAMMON.

Subscribed and sworn at this 24 day of January 1905, in the City of Washington.

F. A. COLFORD,  
Notary Public, District of Columbia.

## WILLIAM HAMILTON MacCOLL

Saltsburg, Pa.

Member of firm of Wilson, Fair & MacColl, conducting  
Kiskiminetas School, Saltsburg, Pa.

MARRIED: Annie B. Jones, August 1, 1901, New York.  
Jean Stewart MacColl, July 8, 1903, Saltsburg, Pa.

Dear Classmates:—

A few weeks ago I wrote a short, dignified letter telling of my quiet but beautiful life since graduation.

I had my position in the class in mind and thought that the class cared little to read the experiences of a member so lacking in distinction. But since I received a telegram from the Sec-



retary which cost me a quarter I concluded that some importance is attached to me.

First of all I want to congratulate the real brainy men of the class on what they must have accomplished by this time, and also the rest of the freaks on their improvement. I have improved vastly.

I bow to Judge Hoos on account of his famous decision about the Jersey City twins, but that's all.

My life since graduation has been brilliantly successful. Though having learned little I have taught much, thus adding to the sum of the world's knowledge. I have prepared many a fellow for Princeton and taken delight in the number we have sent there from Kiskiminetas.

I have found school teaching a great work. It has called every element of strength, which I possess, into exercise and I am thankful that this grand profession did not miss the services of a man of my endowments and force of character. I am sorry that more of the class didn't know enough to teach.

I have a good woman and what I don't know, she does, and what I do she doesn't know. I live in the country because I have no business in the city, but inasmuch as our business is to provide a city atmosphere in the country air, I have been able to adorn myself with all the urban graces. We have also all city conveniences; for details see catalogue.

Western Pennsylvania is full of Princeton men, and of the scores I have met, not one has been slow or lacking in cordial greeting. At the annual dinner in Pittsburg there are always from fifteen to twenty of our class and about one hundred whom I personally know. I believe it more valuable to be a Princeton man than to be a member of any order or fraternity. I have been fortunate in seeing many of my closest college friends frequently during these years and I am proud to say that my old view of them has stood the test of time and they

are in my opinion still, the best fellows in the world. In this connection I want to thank Ted Norris for blowing himself for a frock coat in order to help me through the marriage ceremony. I hereby call upon the class as a whole to subscribe for the WEEKLY.

I anticipate the keenest pleasure in seeing a lot of the fellows, but trust that I shall do nothing undignified or incompatible with the reputation for distinguished virtue, which I have so laboriously established. Send your sons to Kiskiminetas and help me to get square for the quarter Andy's telegram cost me.

W. H. MacCOLL.

Saltsburg, Pa., March 6, 1905.

**HAROLD FOWLER McCORMICK**

**7 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.**

88 Bellevue Place, Chicago, Ill.

Vice-President of the International Harvester Company, manufacturing harvesting machinery, 7 Monroe Street.

MARRIED: Edith Rockefeller, November 26, 1895, New York City.

John Rockefeller McCormick, February 24, 1897, Council Bluffs, Ia. Died, January 2, 1901.

Fowler McCormick, November 15, 1898, Chicago, Ill.

Muriel McCormick, September 10, 1902, Chicago, Ill.

Editha McCormick, September 17, 1903, Chicago, Ill. Died, June 11, 1904.

My dear "A"(ndy) "I"(mbrie) :—

Howard Colby says of my brief letters to him that they always seem to have been laboriously written in an effort to say something; and so I presume my typewriting is not of a Spencerian variety, but rather of the "back to the woods" style. Of this I must plead guilty, and ask that you do not charge up the deficiency to the typewriter, at least.

I have taken your "blue print" No. 10 and longingly exposed it to the sun in the hope that it might find further definite

inspiration in the appearance of some mystic handwriting that would enable me to say in this letter more of what you wish I would say; but no such definite "interlinear" has appeared: so I must fall back upon the threadbare "cuff," or upon such an assembling of the "14 varieties" or "tips" which you volunteer as will make you believe this letter is original.

After leaving college, I set aside about two months in which to convalesce from the strain of the graduating exercises. (The realism of this ordeal was brought vividly to my mind the other day when, in looking among some older letters, I found Daniels' letter to me, dated a day or so before graduation, intimating that after a great mental exertion he had decided to let me pass in my examination in Political Economy.)

In the fall of '95 I was married, and visited Europe for a few months; seeing the sights very much as Mark Twain did when he journeyed up a mountain through the lens of a telescope. Returning I went to Council Bluffs, Iowa, to live and start my apprenticeship in the harvesting machine business. For about a year I was able to keep the pace up and enjoyed many interesting and novel experiences. As a neighbor I ran across Ailesworth, '94, and we often talked of good old college days. I travelled on the road a good deal and formed the acquaintance of many commercial travellers, who, like myself, were making their regular scheduled routes to keep their customers in line, to maintain their trade in cigars, candy or what not. It was very interesting on a train to see men joking with one another, and to know that at just that hour at periodical intervals they would meet in that same way time and again.

In winter time a buffalo coat (with my feet close up to the stove) enabled me to sustain life behind the frosted windows at the Local Agency where I might be endeavoring to do business. Returning East I took up my home in Chicago, and have been here ever since. The harvesting machine business

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is very interesting, but I presume it can be likened to a railroad business, concerning which a person said that all those who were in the business wanted to be out of it, and all those who were out of the business wanted to be engaged in the railroad business. By the way, the harvesting machine business is an ancient "Trust," and has always adapted its product to the needs of the consumer, or consume. In the old days they used to sow dragons' teeth and men would spring up. They always arranged so that this crop would be composed of their enemies; then they harvested them. The following is an extract of the Yellow Journal of that epoch—*XENOPHON'S ANABASIS*—

"In front of their line, at considerable intervals from each other, were stationed the chariots called scythed chariots; they had scythes projecting obliquely from the axletree, and others under the driver's seat, pointing to the earth, for the purpose of cutting through whatever came in their way; and the design of them was to penetrate and divide the ranks of the Greeks."

Chicago has no through trains, and all people going East or West must, as a rule, stop over a little while at least; and in this way we sometimes have a chance to see our friends. Knox Taylor has favored us with a visit every now and then, and his famous bear story, which I hope you will surely get him to recount, will stir you to the "Nth power." I have seen "Mother" Brady once or twice passing through Chicago. Gerardus Herrick has favored the city with occasional visits. Curtis Sloane has come to Lake Forest, and is in charge of the preparatory school there and is making a splendid "go" of it. Once in a while I run across Clarence Porter and Jim Decker in New York, and I have also been a member of the old guard at the weddings of Jake Otto, Billy Neill and Chris Payne.

Princeton spirit in Chicago mostly centers around Thursday afternoon lunches, at which all Princeton alumni are supposed to be present as frequently as possible. These lunches are held every Thursday during parts of the year, and different

restaurants and hotels are chosen as meeting places. Any alumni coming to town are invited to be present at these lunches ('95 please take notice), and somebody always manages to "hit up the horse teeth" very lively. Prior to the football game, we have a joint Harvard, Yale and Princeton Smoker at which the courtesies of the day are exchanged in no uncertain language. James Thorne, '00, our famous Secretary, is one of the best advertising men in the world, and keeps Princeton matters hustling out here. I believe he is responsible largely for the coming visit of the Triangle Club on April 24th, and we look forward to this occasion to lay in a fresh stock of enthusiasm.

Of the clubs and societies of which I am a member, I think I take as much pleasure from the Merchants Club as from any other. This is a club composed of the young business men of the city, and it meets once a month for dinner. General subjects are often taken, and interesting speakers are secured from different parts of the country to specialize on the particular topic under discussion. Sub-committees of this Club are formed; for example, the Educational Committee endeavors to keep in touch with educational matters in Chicago, and has had an especial interest in fostering the movement which now culminates in a settled policy to use the public schools as neighborhood centres for night purposes as well as day—night schools, lectures, meetings, etc., being installed under this scheme. Besides, a sub-committee was formed to further the project of establishing the new Naval Training Station just north of Chicago; the successful outcome of which has just been announced. I have not been in the Army or Navy, and membership on this committee is as near as I have come to the seafaring life. It would seem that the dangers realized in the recent Spanish War and the jeopardy of our country in such times have led to the desire to have a Naval Station near Chicago, approachable by boat or sea-going bark; and, of

course, we people of Chicago do not object to any such valuable works of art coming our way.

Politics in Chicago have been so ably and accurately described by Lincoln Steffens that it would seem superfluous for me to dwell upon this matter, for my civic pride might cause me to impose upon your indulgence by enumerating all the things we have accomplished; mentioning nothing, of course, about the things we have not accomplished. The present election fight for the position of Mayor culminates to-day. John Maynard Harlan is on the Republican ticket. The Republican candidate wants municipal ownership of public utilities as soon as they can be possessed. The Democratic candidate wants these same public utilities immediately (which is impossible, involving, as it does, a lawsuit) so as is often the case it is hard to tell where the platform of one begins and the platform of the other ends. The introduction of Harlan into the campaign has made it of much interest to Princeton men, and lends local color of orange and black—not Tammany.

Racquets and automobiling are the chief games I play, and as such might be called my Hobbies, although I am giving serious consideration to a new sport of which I have recently heard—the collecting of Hebrew grammars.

You always have a pat way of putting things, Andy, and when you ask what Princeton has done for me and what I have done for her, I feel that the account does not stand even at all. Princeton has done so very much more for me than I have done for her, that I seem to stand entirely and constantly indebted. If you would ask what Princeton has done for me compared with what Princeton would do for me, if I had the chance over again, I am sure that would be an easier question again to answer. On that basis I can see myself starting in with Clio Hall and debating day and night. I find somehow or other that the muse which Clio courts is a much

more frequently met inhabitant in after life than she whom the festive pool ball represents; but this "pipe dream" leaves one so uncomfortable, to say nothing of the dear reader, and is so suggestive of the "Lady or the Tiger," that I will forbear and pass this problem up as hard to solve.

If I were advising anyone who was running for office at Princeton, I think I would suggest as a platform the benefits of co-education. We have a good deal of this system around here, and it seems to work out surprisingly well for the girls. They take everything in sight, and leave the boys the rest; an example being in the case of a college where eight prizes were given on a certain subject, the girls taking two, leaving a boy the third, and taking themselves the rest. In the class there were twenty-six girls to about one hundred and fifty men. In other words, I would not stand for the "integrity" of "Evelyn" or for its being an "administrative entity." My platform would also increase optional courses of "Proms." Co-education would thus become one of the fine arts, and we would see ladies' day at Whig Hall.

Did I hear you say that you knew I wish I had been a poler at college? You were right there. If I had it to do over again (as the story goes) I would have discarded corduroys and football clothes and burned more midnight oil, but what is the use of feeling miserable now? I congratulate everyone who was forehanded enough to take the opportunity at the time.

I think we all owe it to ourselves to drink deep in the goblet to the joint healths of Chris Payne and yourself, and to congratulate you both on the splendid way in which you have managed the Ship of State of the Class of '95, through the shoals and narrows formed by our kindred Classes, and have led '95 so finely to the front.

It seems hard to believe that ten years have nearly passed by since we '95 men gathered together for the last time as under-

graduates before the "steps," and paused only momentarily perhaps, in the midst of our graduating exercises, at the contemplation of the new life we were about to enter. We dwelt upon the thought lightly then; but now as we look back upon the past ten years, encompassing all that they have, would we after all have them different? We have passed through our joys and our sorrows as fellow classmates and Princeton men; and now, with the experiences of these ten years supplementing our college days, we may be better prepared to face life's battles during the next ten years, if we are spared, endeavoring to move onward and upward, shoulder to shoulder, trying each day to do our best. Here's to the health of '95!

Very sincerely yours,

HAROLD F. McCORMICK.

Chicago, April 4, 1905.

**STANLEY McCORMICK**

**Chicago Orchestra Building, Chicago, Ill.**

Comptroller of International Harvester Company, Chicago.

MARRIED: Katharine Dexter, Sept. 15, 1904, Geneva, Switzerland.

My disappointment in failing to receive a letter from Stanley can best be understood when you have read again his delightful contribution to the Triennial Record. Perhaps being a recent Benedick, traveling many thousand miles away from home, will be his excuse.

Stanley was abroad for several months immediately after graduation and for a time was an art student in the Latin Quarter of Paris. He came back to America in the fall of 1895, but later returned to the Mediterranean and spent several months abroad. In the fall of 1897 he entered as a law student at the Northwestern University in Chicago, and his work



there was varied by a riding trip through Wyoming with Dr. Jimmy Decker and some time spent in California and also in Arizona and New Mexico in the company of Pop Pease. In 1898 he and John Garrett were running the Urraca Ranch at Cimarron, New Mexico, of which ranch Pop Pease was the superintendent.

Shortly after his letter for the Triennial Record was written Stanley returned to Chicago and went into the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., in which concern, with its successor, the International Harvesting Co., he has been associated almost continuously ever since. He represented them at the Paris Exposition in 1900 and in 1904 reported himself as Comptroller of the company.

Judging by a delightful personal letter I received from him not many weeks ago, Stanley has no further use for the confirmed bachelors of the class. He promises to be at the Reunion in June, and I believe, at this writing, is on his way home from the other side.

**ANDREW REED McNITT**

**Nittany, Pa.**

**Reedsville, Pa.**

Secretary and Treasurer of McNitt Bros., & Co. Lumber Merchants,  
Nittany Pa.

McNitt studied at the Princeton Electrical School for one year after graduation and then, as far as the class secretary was able to discover, relaxed into silence for a period of nearly five years. An investigation conducted by the United States Post Office Department finally located him at Siglerville, Pa. In January 1901 he acquired the habit of filling out blue slips and I learned that he was lumbering at Center Hall, Pa.

In 1902 he appears to have joined the firm of McNitt Bros. & Co., manufacturers of cooperage, lumber and ties at Mingo-ville, Pa.

In 1904 he transferred his operations to Nittany, Pa.

After I had sent four or five printed circulars and five or six personal letters, I tried a C. O. D. telegram to Nittany. This was returned by the Western Union with the remark that there was "no such place as Nittany." Then I tried Reedsville, Pa., where he once reported he lived. The telegram came back with 25 cents charges and the information that they had been unable to find him there. I told them they were mistaken and to try again. The word came back "We have tried again with no better success. Party unknown at Reedsville."

I have since learned that in 1896 and 1897 he travelled extensively in California, Oregon and Washington.

**HENRY AUGUSTUS McNULTY**

**281 Fourth Avenue, New York.**

South Orange, New Jersey.

General Secretary; Church Student's Missionary Association,  
281 4th Avenue, N. Y.

Dear Imbrie:—

It was only a few weeks ago that a friend of mine and I were berating those poor souls who must perforce impose upon the world that awful thing, an autobiography. Now, your letter comes; and I should like to know how I am to comply with your wishes and still be able to face my friend! However, I am more afraid of another communication from you than I am of him.

Ten years seem a long space of time; and yet these years have gone somewhere, and I have been forced to think of myself many times as probably the antithesis of Pop Pease, that oldest living undergraduate of the days of yore. For instance: three years after I left college I was attending a dance at Lawrenceville School, and a girl I had been dancing with—she

was a mighty decent girl in other respects, too—told me that she was sure I was higher than the third form; I must be a member of the fourth. If any man in the class was two years ago mistaken for eighteen years of age, as I was, I want to meet him and compare bald spots. Now, when a man is teaching boys, as I was, and wants to look old and dignified, such experiences as these are next door to heartrending. So after six years of that, I went to the Theological Seminary, and now I am a full-fledged dominie, “with my collar,” as my room-mate of former years said the other day, “turned backside foremost.” Now, at last, I am at peace with all the world; for when I am in New York and walk along “Double Fift’ Avenue,” right behind the Seminary—for the Seminary property extends from 9th to Double Fift’—I find my young friends on the street continually taking off their hats to me. So, I must be twenty-one at last.

My history has been full of pathetic experiences. Not the least of these came one day at Pomfret School, where I was teaching. Some cruel friend had told one of the boys about my nick-name, “Spider,” while at college. The boys were glad to hear it. On this particular day, the whole fourth form came marching into my recitation room perfectly quietly and in good order; but each one was wearing on the lapel of his coat a four-inch yellow cotton spider. My nickname had found me out, and I had to own up to it. For some weeks after that I would find upon entering my room artistic pictures of spiders decorating my blackboards.

My hobby has been a combination—trout-fishing and a study of birds, and camping out; for they all go together. I suppose the proudest moment of my ten years was that when I caught a  $4\frac{3}{4}$  pound brook trout, and so broke a pair of four pound scales I had been carrying with me ever since I had caught my first trout—way back in boarding school days.

That well-known sheet, *The Maine Woods*, in its guileless way, in commenting upon this and another matter sportsmanwise, said that "Mr. and Mrs. McNulty" had caught that trout. That is the nearest I have as yet come to being married, though it was only my friend the guide who had been thus highly exalted.

But among the many other things, the happiest part of my past ten years has come with the beginning last summer of my life in the ministry. I wish all you men could know how well worth while this life is. I am at present a wanderer, acting as General Secretary of an Association—the Church Students' Missionary Association—the object of which is to gain from the best that is in our educational institutions many more recruits for the ministry and for the mission field. And I cannot better close this letter than by expressing my earnest wish that you, my classmates, who are raising up children who will some day be, in their turn, sturdy sons of "Old Nassau," may sometimes suggest to them a field of fighting for their graduate days that will be better even than the fighting for those college victories, which we who know the Princeton spirit, are sure that they will win.

Your sincere friend and classmate,

HENRY A. McNULTY.

New York, February 14, 1905.

**EGBERT SHEPARD MARSH**

**1259 Park Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.**

Paying Teller: Bridgeport Trust Co., 169 State Street,  
Bridgeport, Conn.

During the year following graduation Marsh studied music at Yale University. In 1898 he was in the banking business in Bridgeport, and in 1901 was paying teller of the Bridgeport Trust Co. My last report from him was in the fall of 1902.

**HENRY B. MASTER**

**79 Oakland Place, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Minister.

MARRIED: Lucy Olmsted, October 21, 1902, Buffalo, N. Y.

John Rodman Coxe Master, { July 23, 1903, Buffalo, N. Y.  
William Olmsted Master,

My dear Andy:—

I have not the faintest desire to write a letter for publication. I have nothing whatever to say; and contrary to the usual impression, when a minister has nothing to say, the thing for him to do is shut his mouth, or restrain his hand. I have done nothing notable since I left College. I have written no book, printed no pamphlet. I have delivered no addresses which amount to anything. Have had nothing to do with war, politics, or travel. Despite the danger of self-incrimination, laid bare in your question about a "hobby," neither golf-playing, nor autograph collecting, nor even the seductive pianola, engross a great deal of my time. I have been very busy. Hard at work. That is about all I know of which would interest you in even the remotest way.

Ever sincerely,

**HENRY B. MASTER.**

Buffalo, N. Y., January 16, 1905.

**LAWRENCE PORTER MILLER**

**Levels, W. Va.**

Gerardstown, W. Va.

With L. P. Miller & Bros., Peach Growers, Okonoko, W. Va.

Upon due consideration I am inclined to admit Miller to the group with McNitt and Foster as the three most uncommunicative men in the class.

I have had not more than five very brief memoranda from

him in the past ten years, although my card index shows that I have addressed thirty-three communications to him.

In December, 1895, he reported that he was studying medicine at his home in Gerardstown, W. Va. In November, 1896, he wrote that he had given up the study of medicine and he did not say what he was doing.

In 1898 I learned that he was a peach grower at Levels, W. Va., and that he had something like 30,000 trees to watch. In spite of four circulars, five personal letters, and two C. O. D. telegrams, I am unable to present to the class any more than the above brief statement.

### **WILLIAM ALBERT MINOTT**

#### **South Orange, N. J.**

Agent for Mercer Rubber Co., and James Boyd & Bros., 141 Broadway, N. Y. City.

MARRIED: Clara Brewer, April 6, 1896, So. Orange, N. J.

Margaret Minott, June 15, 1897, So. Orange, N. J.

Josephine Minott, October 24, 1899, So. Orange, N. J.

Mary Minott, May 12, 1902, So. Orange, N. J.

My dear Andy:—

I have received your many circulars, and have tried to get at writing a letter several times, but it has never been finished. I am very sorry, for I know you have worked very hard, and deserve more attention than most of us give you.

To begin, I am in business, and am glad that I chose it instead of a profession, as I think I am better fitted for it. I am at the present time agent for the Mercer Rubber Company, of Trenton, N. J., and for Jas. Boyd & Bro., Philadelphia, and I am also secretary of The Nevins-Church Press, of New York. My summer home is at St. James, L. I., and I hope next winter to have a house in New York City.

My travels have consisted of a trip to Havana last winter and another to Newfoundland last summer. I was not exactly

bored on either of them, in fact I remember several bright evenings which might be called "snappy"; this is as close as I can come to your request for "ginger."

My clubs are the Princeton Club, Baltusrol Golf Club, Essex County Country Club, the Smithtown Hunt and the Atlantic Club.

In regard to question No. 9, I don't see how any one can escape getting the double cross. I am a crank about something. I am a crank about my children; I insist that they wear rubbers when they go out in the wet, and "there you are."

In regard to the members of the Class of '95 whom I see most frequently, I think that I see Schumy and Beef Wheeler more often than anyone else. I wish that I could see more of them more often.

I have not done much for Princeton, but I have done what little I could, and hope to do more in the future.

Hope to see you soon, and wish you good luck. Am looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the Decennial, and feel sure that we are going to have a fine time.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM A. MINOTT.

New York, March 20, 1905.

**WILLIAM A. H. MITCHELL**

**Milford, Pa.**

With W. & G. Mitchell, Merchants, Milford, Pa.

Mitchell has been engaged in business at his home in Milford, Pa., ever since he left Princeton in the middle of freshman year. He is a partner in the firm of W. & G. Mitchell, general merchants.

TWO VIEWS OF STAFFORD LITTLE HALL.





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**FRANKLIN BLAKE MORSE****85 Wall Street, New York City.**

24 West 96th Street, New York City.

Manager Matting and Braid Department of Smith, Baker &  
Co., of Japan, 85 Wall Street, New York City.

Dear Class of 1895:—

Write and dear Andy's with you:  
Don't, and he hands you sass;  
So I write this lay in a D. F. way  
Which will brand me an A1 ass.  
Oh for the swashbuckling days,  
When there was something doing!  
With sword and gun  
T'was fight and run,  
Until one's covered with gore.  
Then a big fat stein  
With blood red wine  
That makes you bellow for more. (Fight? Wine?)  
But, oh, slush!  
I have ter blush.  
It's rush, rush  
Fer more cush.  
Subway, "L,"  
What t'ell—  
What's to tell  
With a hunk er pie fer lunch  
And a money-making hunch?  
Pie, lead.  
Hunch, dead—  
Er than a door nail——

Gee whiz! If Lampton ever saw this thing he'd probably write more to show how it should be done. God forfend.

Yours,

FRANK.

New York, February 28, 1905.

The above literary convulsion was brought into my office by a messenger in brass buttons, who informed me that the "fat gentleman down in Wall Street says I must get a receipt." The fat gentleman's letter was not just what I had expected, but I wrote hastily on a piece of paper:—

“Dear Frank,  
It's rank:  
But—thanks.”

Three or four hours later this came:—

Dear Andy:—

Thanks for your thanks, but gol darn your opinion. What I sent you was written with the special view of pinching that Schumacher shaving mug; so I'm glad you're not the Judge!

Whoever gets it, aside of myself, all I can say is, that it will be rank favoritism. That D. Q. Brown cup is merely toadying to Fred Norris or some other man that's got us New Yorkers pushed to the wall!

However, will try to be in Princeton in June.

Ever thine,

FRANK.

If you are sharp you will read between the lines the story of Frank's life: but that the more dull-witted members of the class may have the facts set forth plainly, let me observe that in the fall of '95 he became a reporter on the *New York Sun*, where he worked for about a year. Afterwards he wrote for

the *Commercial Advertiser*, and I refer you to his letter in the Triennial Record for a recital of his adventures and hair-breadth escapes. He was in the life insurance business for a few months, and in January, 1897, took a position in his father's firm, Smith Baker & Co., of Yokohama and Hiogo, Japan, and Tamsui, Formosa, with agencies in all of the principal cities in the United States. They are large importers of teas and mattings and at the present time Frank is boss of the matting department.

### **WILLIAM HUTCHINSON MORSE**

#### **Spokane, Wash.**

Physician and Surgeon (Medical Examiner for Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.), Fernwell Block, Spokane, Wash.

MARRIED: Mary Elsie Hodgins, April 29, 1903, Spokane, Wash.

My dear Andy:—

Just seven years ago I wrote you from Leipzig, Germany, where I was in the midst of a medical course. The course was completed in January, 1901, and I returned to America. In July, I located in Spokane, Wash., where I practiced with moderate financial success until the Spring of 1903, when a better opening presented itself in the country. So I left the city to settle in an inland town in the center of the State. I was twenty-five miles from a railroad, which could be reached by about four hours' travel by stage and boat.

The town is the distributing point for a very large agricultural district, and the practice consists, for the most part, of long drives in the country. But it was a good business proposition, and I should probably be there yet had the access to larger towns been easier. As it was, the isolation, both social and intellectual, combined with the very severe winters

(nine feet of snow during the Winter of 1903-4) was not to be endured; so last Fall I returned to my first location.

This city is experiencing a phenomenal growth, and is strictly modern in every particular. Its population now numbers about 70,000, with every prospect of great increase. Seattle has the advantage of being a seaport town, but Spokane is the residence city of the Northwest, and a most beautiful one.

I have seen very few Princeton men in the West, and I believe there is not one located in Spokane. Stiffy Bone has been for years at Wenatchee, a small town about 150 miles from here, and has made a fine record for himself in religious circles; he was "baching it" when I visited him, so I did not get to know his family. Gail Dray spent considerable time here last Winter, and gave the real estate men quite a stirring up by his immense real estate purchases.

That completes the list of Princeton men I have seen since 1901, so that a little self-pity seems not out of place.

As far as political, military, or literary work is concerned, I have hidden my light under a bushel. A paper entitled "Differential Diagnosis between Uterine Tumors and Pregnancy," read before the Medical Society here, is the extent of my literary work.

This, then, classmates, is the uninteresting account to date of a very commonplace career. Some one has said, "Happy the country that has no history"; if this maxim may be applied to individuals, I should indeed be happy. I hope this letter will be the means of bringing me again into correspondence with many fondly remembered classmates.

Yours "class"ically,

BILLY MORSE.

Spokane, Wash., March 20, 1905

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**WALTER MOSES****Trenton, N. J.**

Executive Special Staff of (Columbian National Life Insurance Co., Room 202, 253 Broadway, New York City.

MARRIED: Emma Harvey Huey, October 24, 1899, Philadelphia, Pa.

February 12th, 1905.

My dear Andy:—

This, being the first holiday since I received your request for the latest version of the life of Moses, is naturally the first chance I have had to take up this important work (of course we all know that you only devote your holidays to class work). Dr. Loughran has just called me up to see if I will go out to lunch with him, so if you can hold back your work a while I will take this up later.

February 22nd, 1905.

I have been so busy since I started this epistle to you that another holiday has turned up to help me out, and to take away all excuse for not finishing. Meanwhile I have lost your letter, so do not know just what you want to know of my past, present and future, but will try and satisfy the class.

My last letter was written when I was in Trenton. Recently I have moved to New York, having severed my connection with the various enterprises with which I have been connected there. I am now on the staff of the Columbian National Life Insurance Company, of Boston, a young and progressive company started a couple of years ago by three Princeton men. We have a number of Princeton men on the staff. (Another interruption.)

March 1st, 1905.

I don't see any more holidays in sight, Andy, so I will have to take the time to finish this up.

In the fall of '95 I returned to Princeton with the idea of taking a post graduate course in engineering and afterwards to study architecture. I was compelled to give this up at the end of the year, owing to my father's illness. While in Princeton I assisted Professor Wilson in the Department of Graphics.

My greatest hobby at the present time is life insurance, so I warn every one to keep out of my way. Most men talk of their hobbies, and mine compels me to.

I drop a few kind words for Princeton wherever I go, and I have turned a number of good boys in that direction. Princeton has done a lot for me and I appreciate it.

As for mistakes—what is the use? We have all made them, but why call them to mind? The future is before us and we don't want to live in the past, but try to profit by it.

Well, Andy, I wish you luck with your work; and for one. I thank you for all you have done, and I know that I voice the sentiments of all. In June we will get together "In praise of Old Nassau" and to tell "Just who we are." Meanwhile, I am,

As ever,

WALTER MOSES.

**FRANKLIN MURPHY, JR.**

**143 Chestnut Street, Newark, New Jersey.**

1027 Broad Street, Newark.

Second Vice-President of Murphy Varnish Company, 143 Chestnut Street, Newark.

Dear Andy:—

When I come to look over your Catechism, or Rube's Ready Letter Writer, I am led reluctantly to the conclusion that I haven't done anything and don't amount to much, anyhow. I've had a bully time all the same. Been working at the varnish business, not because of any mad passion for it to start

with, but it was a job, and I have come to enjoy it very much.

Next to having a rich Uncle in China die and devise, the best thing is a Good Job. I have been lucky in traveling around the country on expenses, so that I have seen a good many of the boys. They are all easy meal tickets, and I have a continuous appetite and a modest but accommodating thirst.

I live in Newark, as I have always done, except for two years in Chicago. It is not so bad when you are used to it. Besides it is cheap for me, and the family credit is established.

I have noticed a fact about our friends from the interior. When a man runs on to New York, his object seems to be to see how soon he can get back to the safe old Railroad Train. When you heard him in his home town, he will cast aside his pen or his overalls and chase you around the main streets and out to the base ball game as if his job were a mere trifle; but, on reaching the Great City, he has no time to tarry. You've probably noticed this yourself.

There are a number of kindly souls who honor me by dining with me the last night of each year, and we help the old year on its way with a loving cup. We have had nine consecutive celebrations of this sort, and they will continue for ninety-five years. It is a Princeton crowd, and all but two are from our Class; the other two are from '94, but they are good enough to belong. It is the only thing I have dug out by original research since we graduated.

I wish that I might tell you of some really great things that I had done, but I have no achievement, and must rest content with belonging to a Class which has such a distinguished record.

Yours sincerely,

FRANKLIN MURPHY, Jr.

Newark, March 16, 1905.



**WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM NEILL**

**No. 407 West Second Street, Oil City, Pa.**

Right of Way Department—National Transit Company, 210  
Seneca Street, Oil City, Pa.

MARRIED: Fanny Lockard Cockley, October 21, 1903, New  
York.

William C. Neill, Jr., August 15, 1904, Oil City, Pa.

My dear Classmates—

It seems hard to realize that it is ten years since we were the greatest class that ever left Princeton. For in June, 1895, ten years seemed ample time to accomplish a great many wonderful deeds. But, alas! in June, 1905, the ten years seem but a day, the time has passed so quickly, and I feel I have hardly started.

If I were to tell you what I have attempted but failed to accomplish, it would take some time and space; but to tell you what I have realized of my hopes and ideals can be briefly told. But, even if I cannot bring to our reunion, as a tribute of my love and affection for "Ninety-five," some grand and noble deeds, something to make our dear old class still more famous, I can testify that the spirit of "Ninety-five" has ever been one of the strongest forces for good in my life. Whenever my mind has turned back to the "old days" and the dear old friends of "Ninety-five," I have taken a firmer resolve and purpose not to let anything discourage or dishearten.

As I said in my Triennial Letter, I was admitted to the bar and commenced the practice of the law in Warren, Pa., in 1896—taking up my father's practice upon his death the same year. I continued the practice of law for six years, or until 1902, when I took a position with the Right-of-Way Department of the National Transit Company, and have been in Oil City, Pa., since that time.

The one great event of my ten years—and, as I look back,

the one achievement that has meant more to me for higher and better progress toward right living—was the “winning and wedding” of the young lady who is now my wife. I was married in New York City on October 21st, 1903, to Fanny L. Cockley.

The second great event was the arrival of William C., junior, on the 15th day of August, 1904. The arrival of this young man certainly filled to overflowing my cup of joy, and, in him, I hope to live over the days that can never return to me, and in him I hope to realize all that I desired but failed in attaining. And I want to say that I have enjoyed base ball, foot ball, golf, and all other games in turn, but I am positive that none can compare with doing a combination of a cake walk and go-as-you-please race, in the middle of the night, with your own little boy in your arms. He is already a loyal supporter of “Old Nassau,” and expects to join his cousin, Christy Payne, Jr., who is three and a half months his senior, in about the Class of 1925.

I am looking forward with great anticipation to the month of June, and the happiness of seeing you all again at the place we love so well, and the joy of again grasping the hands of the dear friends of “those happy days” in affectionate comradeship.

Affectionately,

WILLIAM C. NEILL.

Oil City, Pa., March 21, 1905.

**ALEXANDER HOWARD NELSON**

**6843 Thomas Boulevard, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Engineer and member of firm of Nelson & Buchanan Company, Engineers and Contractors; Bridge Builders, 200 Lewis Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARRIED: Eliza Bartells McCandless, January 25, 1902,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Margaret McCandless Nelson, January 8, 1903, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Alexander Kirkpatrick Nelson, March 21, 1905, Pittsburgh, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

Your circular No. 10, with its ever welcome (?) request for additional funds, has come, and although I naturally object to outsiders prying into my personal affairs, your frankness and unconcealed nerve disarm me. I do not know what a "catechism" is, or have forgotten; but I am glad for your suggestions as to the information you want. My natural suspicion makes me conservative.

I chose civil engineering because I thought I could make more money out of it than I could out of law. I have not made the money yet, but I am still at it. The field of civil engineering is a large one and does not "open up" exactly as it looks from the outside. This may be true of other callings.

I am living in the Homewood district of Pittsburg (sort of a suburban district), because I can get a better house, with smaller rent. Proximity to the railroad, and freedom from dirt are other inducements.

My pleasure in travelling is altogether in the nature of hunting trips, entirely attractive to myself, but I learn by experience they tire others in their descriptions.

I take little interest in politics other than voting the straight Republican ticket.

I studied civil engineering for two years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, finishing there in May, 1897.

I get to New York occasionally on business matters, but rarely have time for pleasurable pursuits, and I never had an opportunity to visit the Princeton Club. I am going there tonight, the occasion being the annual meeting of the American

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Society of Civil Engineers, and, if I survive the opening ceremony, shall look up some '95 men.

I heard Woodrow Wilson address the Western Pennsylvania Princeton Alumni Organization, last Spring, and he outlined a new Princeton policy, to wit: Stripping for action in a contest with the purely technical institutions. I think this policy is a correct one.

In my occupation I meet with few '95 men, and the Princeton alumni with whom I most frequently meet are older.

Yours truly,

A. H. NELSON.

Pittsburgh, Pa., January 17, 1905.

**HUGH NELSON**

**Montgomery, Ala.**

Lawyer; 68 First National Bank Building, Montgomery, Ala.

Dear Andy:—

Your list of questions is buried (conveniently, I fear) under an accumulation of other papers on my desk. I have not given it the attention it deserves, and you have every right to reproach me, while feeling that you have done more than I was entitled to, in repeating your requests for the letter. When I think of the number of the others that you have had to round up, I am ready to say that you are Rough Riding It, in your effort to bring in the entire herd.

In the language of George Ade, I have simply been "waiting for the Muse to keep her appointment"; but have about concluded that I must be a "Literary Nit." I don't dare postpone this letter any longer, so I can only assure you of my continued attachment to the class and to Princeton, and say that I will be with you in June and talk shop with the lawyers of the class, as they are the only persons I can imagine who could

listen with any interest to a relation of matters personal to myself, and connected with my occupation for the past six or seven years.

Like most of the other members of the class, I suppose, the things I have been doing are not so much from choice, as from necessity, and as the result of circumstances; so I am hardly in a position either of satisfaction or discontent, but altogether I think I can say I am well and happy.

I am not fortunate enough ever to see any members of the class, and for that reason it is all the more pleasure to me to look forward to the reunion.

Thanking you for your invaluable services to the class, and anticipating the reunion as the greatest happiness for me in years, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

HUGH NELSON.

Montgomery, Ala., April 5, 1905.

**ANDREW PARKER NEVIN**

**149 Broadway, New York City.**

113 Waverly Place, N. Y. City.

Lawyer; 149 Broadway, New York.

My dear Sir:—

Pardon me (as the prisoner said to the Governor), Andrew, I nearly violated one of your School of Correspondence rules the first crack out of the box. Your fusillade of letters denouncing my delinquency has finally forced me to capitulate. You are the Oyama of letters. I am now writing my Decennial Letter. If its composition is a bit fringe-y, it is because it is the first Decennial Letter I have written—also the last.

My pen falters as I contemplate ten years of mutoscopic and biographic autobiography. A conflict arises: modesty vs.

egotism. Which shall triumph? Answer: Egotism. So, let her go.

I have wrought no miracles since we left college on the collapsed theory that the world owed us a large salary, payable in advance. Of my really great achievements I steadfastly refuse to speak. These achievements are not sordid and material; they are moral and spiritual, such as heroism, self-sacrifice, patience, fortitude, gentleness, purity, abstinence, nobility of purpose, and fidelity to high ideals. All these are a cinch. The point is this: How does a fellow stack up on the show-down after ten years' continuous bluffing? That is the whole Decennial proposition in a gelatine capsule. It is all right for us to sing our college songs and carry banners in the June round-up. Every one of us goes back to be sized up and to see what kind and how many goods the rest of us have delivered since the sheepskin event in June, 1895.

As long as this letter does not have to be sworn to, I ought to be able to prove that the word "success" is woefully inadequate to describe my accomplishments along many lines. Take the law. Haven't I paid my office rent for seven years at 149 Broadway? Haven't I successfully argued some tremendously big cases—with Inch "after hours"? The practice of law in New York is all right, provided you know sufficiently little about it. As a curious illustration: I remember distinctly the first \$10,000 fee I ever received. A man walked into my office . . . but no; it would violate several things if I related this experience; so I must repress it.

In the field of my profession I favor corporations and trusts. When I am on the political stump I Lawsonize them. This may be inconsistent, but it works. Politically I have kept in close touch with the Republican Machine in New York City and expect to do so. I believe in political reform—through personal precept. Infer as you like. I had a narrow escape

from the nomination of a State Senator a year or so ago, but fully recovered from the nervous shock. I believe I have not failed to make political speeches in every campaign since 1897. Consequently, I can dodge everything from arguments to care-worn turnips. As this is a record of what has been and not what will be, I am compelled to suppress certain personal, political prophecies. I shall have a splendid letter to write ten years from now. Don't miss it.

The servitude of business and allied interests has prevented me from wandering into the fragrant fields of romance and matrimony. If the Osler theory can be applied, I have nine years, before vanishing, to examine applications from the fair sex. In short, I am still single-stitched. I have roomed with such four-ply bachelors as Inch, Hunt and Farries for seven years, and in such a union there is strength. But, in the language of Munyon's Pilldom Progress: "There is Hope."

I have knocked around a little since we put our black gowns in moth-balls ten long years ago, and do not regret the experiences. A year in the Rockies, two or three times to Europe have been my limit, however. Barring these trips, I have kept close to the office chair. In the rush and strife of business, Ninety-Five men in New York do not see each other, in a social way, as much as they should. This, however, is in the nature of things. Each year brings a greater diversity of interests. Aside from business I have given more thought to political interests of to-day than to any other outside occupation.

I feel that men of our age must now put on steam. Princeton has given us the equipment. Ten years of experience have taught us to use this equipment. From now on we are to demonstrate what the product of these two factors is to be. The recognition of the value of university culture is so general that we cannot rely upon our diploma as though it were a

certificate of guaranteed preferred stock. Our class and Princeton have a right to demand substantial dividends from us all. These dividends may be in the form of political, professional, literary, or commercial advancement. If they are lacking, our diploma is a worthless script. If our dividends are honest and large, they honor the holder as well as Princeton—our capital of education and culture in which we are all stockholders.

Sincerely yours,

A. PARKER NEVIN.

New York, March 20, 1905.

**JOHN SARGENT NEWBOLD**

**113 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

201 South 20th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Member of the firm of W. H. Newbold's Son & Co., Bankers  
and Brokers, 113 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRIED: Virginia Mason Campbell, January 4, 1902, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

It has taken two or three of your red, white and blue notices to stir me up to a letter, for the very good reason, that the kind of a letter that you want I cannot write.

I have been extremely happy since leaving Princeton, and moderately successful, and that kind of a life doesn't provide much copy. My travels have been confined to lands with which nine-tenths of my classmates are familiar, and as a law-abiding citizen I have steered clear of any adventures that would interest them. This letter will answer for all the literary work that I have accomplished in ten years. My hobby is loafing, which I cannot indulge, so I am sure you will spare me the pain of telling you what I would do if I could. You ask me what is the greatest mistake I have ever made. Looking back



I can safely say that it was taking only four years to graduate from old Nassau; the extra year I might have spent there, had I been a bad boy, now looks the most desirable in my life.

Seriously, I am sorry not to be able to put more of myself into this letter, but as one grows older in life it becomes harder to be communicative on paper, and I hope when the days of our Decennial come around, in June, that in personal meetings, I may once more exchange with my classmates the old unreserved confidences that make perhaps the happiest memories of one's college days. Looking forward to seeing you all with the greatest happiness, I am,

Most sincerely,

JOHN S. NEWBOLD.

Philadelphia, February 23, 1905.

### **COURTLAND NIXON**

**Care Military Secretary, Washington, D. C.**

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Captain and Constructing Quartermaster U. S. Army. In charge construction of Fort Oglethorpe, Chickamauga Park, Georgia. Custom House. Chattanooga, Tenn.

MARRIED: Julia Grant Campbell, February 2, 1905, Denver, Col.

Dear Andy:—

The question I would like to have answered is this: Are handicaps allowed on Dick Brown's Long Distance cup? If you will date back to May, 1903, when I left Manila and started for the United States, I may hope to be an available candidate—but you won't, you are too everlastingly given to looking at the rights in a case! And now "I am almost persuaded" that you have a right to my cash for the '95 section of the Dormitory.

The yes or no questions will tell what I have been doing in

**TRIENNIAL REUNION—1898**



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ten years, so I will not bother others to read it here, except to say that I have tried living in Cuba and the Philippines, and as a choice between yellow fever and cholera, please give me Cuba and the former—you get a longer run for your breath. You can fence out the lady mosquito and laugh at her attempts to caress you; but cholera may be in your tooth brush.

The Army enjoys suburban life at garrisons outside of several cities. At Cincinnati, at Denver, and here at Chattanooga, I know the trolley lines thoroughly, and even the old mules that traveled about fifteen miles outside of Manila. Bachelors like to be commuters—at night. In Manila I joined the Army and Navy Club (and still retain membership). There the Englishman and the American, with a familiar labeled bottle between them, long to tell one another how they drifted so far from home, and sometimes only the old Filipino attendant, as he passes around under the green mint trees, dragging his heelless slippers on the brick courtyard, and turns out the lights, awakens them from reveries of scenes far away, to bid them back to a final Scotch nightcap.

The Princeton Club, of New York, I hold to religiously, and am an absent member of the University Club, of Denver. The Military Order of Foreign Wars and the Carabao Societies are the only two orders I have joined.

Last January, Wiley & Sons, of New York, published a small Adjutant's Manual on military subjects, so I am guilty of appearing in print. If some one would kindly remark that it is a scandalous piece of literature, I would willingly share the profits on increased sales.

At San Francisco, it was my good luck to meet Billy Patterson ('95), Artillery Corps, and may our dear old Uncle with white goatee and striped trousers permit us to meet in New Jersey next June.

In Cincinnati, the Princeton Club took me in for a season,

and at Denver I joined the Rocky Mountain Club, but after a couple of meetings I left, only to find on arrival here that Princeton men are decidedly scarce.

No one can appreciate better than I can in wandering around the pleasures of meeting a vigorous American who has old Nassau's interests at heart; even though he may have been there only a year or two, the spirit grows with brief nourishment—for it is a hardy, healthful spirit.

I don't want to talk too long, Andy. I would rather leave something unsaid and have you or some classmate drop in on me in my Army house to hear the rest. This life does not educate one in literature, oratory or politics—we may be fools, but if we keep our mouths closed, who will know the difference?

Like the old darky who wanted to marry one of two women, one was smart, the other quiet. He asked his brother Joe to get a marriage license for the smart one, but Joe by mistake had the license written for the other. The old darky, learning his predicament, said "let it go; they ain't no two dollars difference in them women, nohow." So go on to the next letter—we are all '95.

As ever, faithfully your classmate,

C. NIXON.

P. S.—The greatest mistake I ever made was in giving Andy my permanent address. I like to hear from him, but he demands replies—with an enclosure.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 4, 1905.

**EDWIN MARK NORRIS**

**Princeton, N. J.**

Editor of the Princeton Alumni Weekly.

Dear Mr. Secretary:—

Once upon a time, when I was learning how the world was made, as a member of the staff of the *Philadelphia Press*, I was sent out to interview a Catholic priest. I was told that His Riv'rince was receiving confessions and that I would probably have to wait some time. That didn't seem right, for you must know that time, tide, and the newspaper presses wait for no man. So I set about manoeuvring to get next to Father McCann. There was a long line of penitents waiting to have their sins forgiven, and it looked hopeless. But I managed to persuade one of them to let me have his place, near the top. When my turn came I put my ear down to the little curtain, as I had seen the others do before me. "My son, what have you to confess," came in a sepulchral voice from behind the curtain. Placing my hand on my heart and casting my eyes to the ceiling, I murmured soft and low: "Father, I have to confess that I am a newspaper reporter and want to interview you." I got the interview without waiting. And His Riv'rince chuckled gleefully over the situation.

That is a true story. And this must be, too, for it was told me by a newspaper reporter: A cub on the staff of one of the Baltimore papers was sent to interview Cardinal Gibbons. When the youngster found himself in the presence of His Eminence he was so overpowered at the consciousness of being face to face with greatness that he completely forgot the little speech he had rehearsed between the sanctum and the ecclesiastical residence. At last he stammered out: "Good morning, Mr. Gibbons, how's your health?" The Cardinal assured the cub that he was feeling quite fit. "And how's your wife?" quavered the cub.

But this is not the autobiography of a newspaper reporter. What I started to reveal, Mr. Secretary-Confessor, is that I am now an ex-newspaper reporter (or correspondent, whenever I

feel like boot-licking my sense of respectability), and I'm glad of it. Three years on the *Philadelphia Press* gave me plenty of theories of life, mostly cynical. But four and a half subsequent years in Princeton, and three months of married life—presto change! As Professor Bum Urban must have concluded by this time, whether a man is an optimist or a pessimist, a socialist or a monopolist, a pantheist, a hedonist or an esoteric Buddhist, depends to a large extent on how far he is removed from his callow youth, the state of his digestion, and his personal experience of life. No doubt old Schopenhauer himself would have been a rank philanthropist if he had lived in Princeton, with as much pity in his heart for you poor, forlorn bachelors as has the most indulgent of us chesty married men.

So only three of my ten graduate years have been spent outside of Princeton. But those three years were more or less thrilling. They gave me rich material for that celebrated work (projected) on Great Men Who Have Met Me. Also they gave me a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the geography and inhabitants of the worst governed city in the world, and occasional glimpses of the surrounding villages of Boston, New York, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Camden, Vineland, Wilmington, and Manunkachunk. And finally it gave me an assignment to Hawaii, in the spring of 1900, just after that Paradise of the Pacific had been scared into annexation.

In one of several scintillating sketches graphically depicting the conditions then prevalent in the new territory, I revealed the history, theretofore unwritten, of how Hawaii happened to come into the Union. Doubtless some unborn John Bach McMaster or Harry Thurston Peck will sometime dig that "story" out of a musty file of the *Philadelphia Press* and astonish the world with his revelations. But lest any of the '95 family should fondly imagine that the amiable citizens of the Republic of Hawaii were hungering and thirsting for

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membership in the Republic of the United States, I will again that tale unfold—but not for publication outside of the Record.

When war was declared with Spain, the U. S. S. Bennington was in the harbor of Honolulu. The leading citizens were strong for a declaration of neutrality, and for notice to the Bennington to leave—to avoid the wrath of Spain. For Honolulu is entirely without defenses, and you remember that it was rumored that Spain's Pacific fleet would cross the ocean for the western coast of the States. What that Spanish fleet would do to Honolulu, if it came along some fine day and found the Bennington casually loitering in the harbor of a netural power, was duly and luridly set forth in the local newspapers of the time. But just when notice was to have been given the Bennington to skedaddle, a liner came in from the East, bringing the news of Dewey's victory—for that was before they had a cable. That night they had a parade and celebrated, with oratory by eminent cits, and fireworks, after the fashion of an American Fourth of July explosion in Podunk. While enthusiasm for Uncle Sam ran high, the advocates of annexation got in their good work. Resolutions praying for admission to the Union were adopted by the local legislatures, and thus with a biff and bang Hawaii became a territory of the United States.

When I was down there a few months later, the same citizens were knocking the States for everything that didn't go like grease. One intelligent woman of English ancestry told me in all seriousness that she was sorry they were in the Union because she had been required to build a sidewalk in front of her house. That expense, she declared, was only one of the things she had against Uncle Sam. At all events, the States got the best of that bargain. For Hawaii had very little to gain by coming in, and much to lose. But enough of problems



of state; I just wanted to put on exhibition my large grasp of public questions.

About that time I became convinced that if it was a good thing to be a newspaper man, it was a better thing to be an ex-newspaper man. So I was very glad to accept an invitation from Jesse Williams, '92, to come to Princeton as his associate on the *Alumni Weekly*. I'd like to contribute a chapter to a '92 "Record" on what I owe to Jesse Williams. He helped me to get out of the newspaper way of looking at things, and showed me how to run "*The Weekly*." So when he resigned from the chief editorship last year, with a good deal of diffidence I began giving an imitation of the pace he had set,—somehow or other "*The Weekly*" is still doing business at the old stand. No Princeton home is complete without it.

You have heard Johnny Poe tell how he saw the world from a porthole. I haven't seen the whole world, but it has been my good luck to get half-way round it, from Germany on the east to Hawaii on the west. If it weren't for the fact that many '95 men have travelled farther and seen more, I might do a batch of bragging about my experiences, including chapters on "Looking into a Smouldering Volcano in Hawaii," "Viewing the Southern Cross" (and being disappointed), "What the Rockies and the Plains Look Like from the Top of Long's Peak" (14,271 feet), "From Glasgow to Geneva on a Bicycle," "Getting Next to the Kaiser," "A Day with Wu Ting-fang," "Stoking a Furnace in Princeton," etc., etc. But who has had experiences to compare with Soc Huston's?

Now that's all put behind me,—except the furnace stoking. And these are happy days in Princeton,—the new Princeton and still the old. One of the pleasantest features of life in the shadow of our Alma Mater comes from the opportunity of seeing classmates who come back from time to time for a quiet Sabbath in the country.

But I can't stop without recording that I was never thoroughly contented till last December, when I exchanged my A. B. for A. M. Which means, according to Dean West, A Boy and A (married) Man. For helping in the consummation of that felicitous event, I owe a lasting debt of gratitude to you, Mr. Secretary, and to Ray Carter, Willie Phillips, and Judge Hurst, a prominent Baltimore barrister. At our home in Princeton it will always give us unusual pleasure to see any returning '95 men.

Yours faithfully,

EDWIN M. NORRIS.

Princeton, April 4, 1905.

**FREDERICK ALBERT NORRIS**

**15 West 74th Street, New York.**

Civil Engineer with Princeton Archaeological Expedition to Syria.

For the first year after leaving college, Fred was a civil engineer and draughtsman for the Elmira Bridge Co., Ltd., of Elmira, N. Y.

The next year he was associated with his father in the Thompson & Norris Co., of Brooklyn, manufacturers of corrugated paper. For a while in 1902, he was a member of the engineering and contracting firm of Moffatt, Hewitt & Norris, of New York.

At the present time he is the civil engineer engaged in topographical work with the Princeton Archaeological Expedition to Syria. This expedition has been sent out to continue and to supplement the excellent work of the American Expedition to Syria of 1899 and 1900. The party is made up of Howard C. Butler, '92, who has in charge the architectural side of the work; Dr. Enno Littmann, of the University Faculty, an accomplished Semitic scholar, who is translating ancient Arabic and Semitic inscriptions; Professor W. K. Prentice, '92, who

is translating Greek and Latin inscriptions; and F. A. Norris, '95, who, as above stated, is making maps of the country and doing the engineering work which was done on the former expedition by Robert Garrett, '97.

The expedition left the United States in the late summer of 1904. The starting point in the east was Jerusalem, which they left in October. There are about twenty-five or thirty men in the party, in charge of a "dragoman" and accompanied by a small guard of Turkish soldiers. They go armed, for the district is inhabited by lawless tribes of Bedouins. From October to February they explored the district known as the Hauran, which is south and southeast of the ancient city of Damascus. The country is hilly, rough, with little vegetation in these days. In the old times it was the home of a highly civilized people.

The facts which the expedition has already gathered have more than justified the labor and expense which the undertaking has involved. They have made many valuable contributions to our knowledge about these old cities which date from the early Christian centuries. Much of this has either not been known before or has only been imperfectly studied. With the exception of the two Princeton expeditions, the only knowledge of importance which has been gained, was contributed by a French Expedition in 1860; but the reports of their researches were meagre and they were unable to make use of the camera which has been of so much assistance in the present work. I learn that already they have unearthed something like 2,000 inscriptions in various ancient languages. This is regarded as an extraordinary number.

In March the expedition moved north of Damascus toward the modern city of Hama which is the Hamath of the Bible. They were there when last reported and expect to proceed further north to the country between Antioch and Aleppo.

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When they return the results of their investigation will be published and will make a most valuable supplement to the excellent work already done by the expedition of 1900.

**ANDERSON OFFUTT**

**1803 Octavia St., New Orleans, La.**

Manager, Underwriters Agency of La., and Miss. (Making surveys of insured property for Insurance Companies.),  
Room 12, Masonic Temple, New Orleans, La.

MARRIED: Haydée Druilhet, December 12, 1900, New Orleans, La.

Anderson Offutt, Jr., October 8, 1902, New Orleans, La.

My dear Andy:—

In answer to your frequent appeals, I will do my duty in the matter of writing my communication for the Class Record.

Really I can see only a few facts to relate, as covering my personal history since the publication of our Triennial Record (which, by-the-by seems a mile stone passed only a few days ago). After graduation with our class I took the necessary two years in the electrical school, and obtained the much coveted professional degree which we were sure would be the "open sesame" to the door of success (and far be it from me to decry its value).

I then "hooked up" with Jas. E. Hayes, Jr., of our class and Jas. D. Remsen '93, forming an electrical contracting firm. This brings me through the period of the "Triennial." We pushed this business along for nearly two years and accumulated valuable assets (in experience). At this time we all saw more profitable ways of employing our energies, and accepted positions. Mine was that of an Electrical Inspector for the South-Eastern Tariff Association, a compact of Insurance Companies then making ratings and inspections over all the South-Eastern States, from Virginia to Louisiana inclusive. After about a year of traveling in this capacity I was transferred as

Electrician of the branch office at New Orleans, having charge of electrical inspections in this town only.

After about six months of this service, an anti-compact law passed by the Louisiana Legislature caused the Association employing me to discontinue operations in Louisiana, and it was "up to me" to move with them or make other arrangements. Having just become engaged to be married in New Orleans, I did the latter, and in partnership with another Inspector of the old New Orleans office, started an individual inspection agency, making general inspections for the bulk of the Insurance Companies on business located in New Orleans.

With the exception of taking over the interests of my former partner and extending the service to the balance of Louisiana and to Mississippi, I am still engaged as above.

I was married in New Orleans on Dec. 12th, 1900. We have one child, a boy, aged now about two and one half years. The above is the full "story of the life."

Outside of my visits to Princeton, which I make as frequently as possible, I never meet a classmate, though I do not see why some of them should not drop in here occasionally, as this is a town continually full of visitors, especially at Carnival times. I will make the exception of our good Secretary who passed through once, and Kid Cresson who bobs up each year to snatch tennis championships from presumptuous aspirants.

My life does not seem to furnish any data touching any of Andy Imbrie's suggestions for space fillings, so I must necessarily quit.

Your classmate,

ANDERSON OFFUTT.

New Orleans, February 20, 1905.

**EDWARD ROE OTHEMAN**

**31 Nassau St., New York.**

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41 East 53rd St., New York.

Lawyer. Firm of White & Otheman, 31 Nassau Street, New York.

My dear Classmates:—

There is no one man, not even Andy, who could make me sit down in business hours and rehearse the story of my life for the past ten years, and I wouldn't be writing this letter now if I didn't expect about two hundred answers to it. My ten years have been uneventful, and I will speak briefly, for "the longer the spoke the greater the tire."

Six of those ten years, I have spent with Howard White trying to keep a law office going in New York City, and I should say that except for Caddy Arnold, Bob Inch, Dick Farries, Ned Hunt, Cow Nevin, Ernest Bergen, Kid Andrews, Ral Fleming, Alf Hayes, Ollie Parker, Noah Loder and Tom Sawyer, White and I are about the most promising young lawyers in New York City. I have managed at least to keep my head above water and my name on the door. The only problem which has ever seriously disturbed me is what would happen if I should run up against any of the above mentioned lawyers in some case. It would either be a case of "when Greek meets Greek" or "after you, my dear Alphonse." If I were the plot a "success curve," taking my monthly fees as ordinates, it would look like the record of a registering thermometer in a July thunderstorm. I should say that the practice of the law in New York is lucrative only at rare intervals, but the position is one of dignity, and I can usually put things off if there is anythink doing down at Princeton. One of the best things about having an office for yourself down town, is that you receive many welcome visits from fellows who are traveling around the country and are stopping off at New York.

They say a man is known by the way in which he spends his

leisure time, and I may say for myself that I spend a great deal of it in very good society. Imbrie, the Angler, Phillips, the Banker, and Murphy, the Varnish Manufacturer, are among my constant companions, and one of the best things I can say about them is that they bear me company in a life of contented bachelordom. I don't know why I never married. I guess I "kind o' got out of the habit of it" as the feller said. I have spent all my summers in New York with the exception of 1897 and 1904, when I was abroad for a few months each. I like my city and have discovered that rowing, tennis, and various other healthy things are quite as possible in New York as in the country.

Last summer I got as far away from home as Stockholm, where I went to the circus. As I was rather tired of talking Swedish, I observed with delight a certain coon who seemed to be sort of a stable boy, and looked as if he had just come around the corner from Witherspoon Street. I knew *he* could speak English and started to talk to him about Home, *but he spoke only French!* After this I saw many similar characters in France and Germany, always amusing.

In Berlin I met some Princeton men in a place where there was good beer and music, and also saw the street where Dick Brown used to live when he was studying for his D.D. At The Hague I found that John Garrett was quite the best known young man in the place. You will be interested to know that he has a charming home on the little lake right in the middle of the little city (which they call "the largest Village in Europe"), that he is the best kind of representative from our Country to the House of Nassau, and that he is a most delightful host. In Paris I just missed seeing Bill Baird and Stan. McCormick, but I led quite a devil of a life there, and then passed on to London, where I attended the Oxford, Cambridge—Yale, Harvard games. The Royal Horse Guards band

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was allowed to play several solemn airs in the centre of the field (by the kind permission of His Gracious Majesty, King Edward). The most noticeable difference between these games and our own Mott Haven games was the appearance of the officials in frock coats and silk hats (in July), and the absolute lack of any interest in the results on the part of the Englishmen. When we would win an event there might possibly be a few cheers from the Yale men, but when England won there was nothing but respectful hand clapping.

I spent several pleasant hours wandering about the Temple Gardens and The Inns of Court. The Inns are peaceful shades, and I often wish, in these busy times, that my office had one of those shiny name plates on the door, and opened on a big grassy field. No telephone, no elevator service, and (at least so it seemed) no business.

One night I dined at Simpson's in the Strand, and met the Princeton Club of London. He was taking dinner with Bum Brownlee '89 and we had a pleasant talk. These individual Alumni Associations all over the world, are certainly very good things for the cause of wandering Princeton men. You can always be sure of finding one man in every town where there is such an association.

My travels in this country have been few and far between, I have been out to Pittsburgh a couple of times; and found that Gordon Fisher, Skinny Seymour, and Irish Hamilton were the whole thing in the town. A year or so ago I attended a banquet of the Association of the Bar of Allegheny County at which Gordon made an address upon Abraham Lincoln; so you can easily see to what a position of dignity this smooth shaven young lawyer has risen.

There is not much more to say. If I have any hobby it is music, and I am helping to get together a strong bunch of



Princeton men in the University Glee Club of New York. We remember all the old songs and learn all the new ones.

The older I get the more I prize Princeton and my Princeton friends. When I go back there I think how nice it would be to have a little house in the swell end of town, and lead the quiet life instead of this noisy one. Perhaps I shall some day, and if that good time ever comes I hope I shall find some neighbors from '95.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD R. OTHEMAN

New York, March 25, 1905.

**JACOB S. OTTO**

**121 North Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Physician.

MARRIED: Elisabeth Townsend Wheeler, October 15, 1902,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

My dear Andy:—

The fellows of Ninety-Five with whom I corresponded more or less briskly the first few years after leaving college can testify to the fact that I have not done much letter writing of late. My work and writing since graduation have been confined most exclusively to subjects related to the medical profession, so I fear that what little beauty of epistolary style I may have once possessed has long since vanished.

The result of the polling, to which I confessed in my letter for the Triennial Record, was the degree of M. D., which was conferred upon me by the University of Buffalo in May, 1898. The following two years were spent as resident physician at the Rochester City Hospital, the Erie County Hospital in Buffalo, and the Buffalo General Hospital. My shingle went out in May, 1900, and since then I have been "hustling while waiting" for the inhabitants of Buffalo to learn of my skill and

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to appreciate how essential my care and advice are to their welfare. Inasmuch as there are several hundred physicians still left in the city, I judge that some of the people have not yet acknowledged my absolute superiority. However, I cannot complain of my lot, and I am glad I chose my profession notwithstanding the uphill work that has been necessary. After all, the things that we enjoy most in life, and from which we obtain the greatest satisfaction, are those the attaining of which require the utmost endeavor.

No honors have been conferred upon me, unless appointments to the staffs of hospitals and the Medical College in this city be considered such. The appointments that I now hold are Attending Pediatrist to the Erie County Hospital, Assistant Attending Physician to the Children's Hospital, and Assistant in Anatomy at the University of Buffalo Medical College.

My political activity has been confined to casting my ballot yearly, and the only literary work I have done has been in preparation of lectures and demonstrations to the medical students of the University.

My career in the militia was short and uneventful, lasting from August, 1901, to March, 1904, during which time I served as Captain and Assistant Surgeon on the staff of the Seventy-fourth Regiment, N. G. N. Y. As the duties interfered with my professional work I resigned.

At the Pan-American Exposition in 1901 I had charge of the collection and installation of the Exhibit of Sanitation. This position gave me an opportunity of seeing some of the Princeton men when they came to town and for that reason was a source of much pleasure. Usually I could pilot the fellows to the places that I thought would be of most interest to each, but when I undertook to show Keg Neill the sights I soon found that no guidance was needed. He opened my eyes to many things I had not previously seen, and ended with a most

exciting trip "Around the World." Ask him about it when his wife is not present.

After the year of the Exposition, few Ninety-Five men came this way—or at least stopped to see me—until October, 1902, when Chris Payne, Billy Neill, Harold and Stanley McCormick, Jim Decker, "Mother" Brady, "Porky" Brooks and Jimmy Blair came on for our wedding and added much to the happiness of the occasion by their presence. I will not chronicle all they did while here. Some of them might consider it a breach of confidence, although as a matter of fact they did not confess to me until I confronted them with statements obtained from other sources.

Journeys have been few and far between. One of considerable interest to me was our wedding trip, when we "took to the woods" of Wisconsin and spent a month at Harold and Stanley McCormick's camp. The honeymoon of the Virginian was not "in it" so far as exclusion was concerned. I might relate some marvelous achievements in shooting partridge and exciting experiences with bear, deer, hedgehogs and pole-cats, but as there were no witnesses to these events, except Mrs. Otto, whose judgment might be considered biased, I will not describe them for fear that you will doubt my veracity.

My present residence and office address is 121 North Pearl Street, and while the house is small, there awaits every Ninety-five man a welcome inversely proportionate to the size of the house. Will you not cheer our hearts by dropping in whenever you are in the city of Buffalo?

Sincerely your friend and classmate,

JACOB S. OTTO.

Buffalo, March 13, 1905.

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**JOSEPH WILLIAM PARK****Wylam, Ala.**

Birmingham, Ala.

Professor of Ethnology and Sociology, Owenton College, Birmingham, Ala.

MARRIED: Mary Boone Curlee, August 25, 1903, Corinth, Miss.

Althea Garland Park, June 17, 1904, Wylam, Ala.

Dear Andy:—

After graduation I spent three years of study in history and political and social science at Princeton and the University of Chicago, holding Fellowships in both places. Much of this time Soc. Huston and I were together, which made it very pleasant.

For some years afterward I was engaged for the most part in business. At intervals, however, I spent considerable time in studying at first hand the conditions of the common people in Europe and Mexico, living in their homes as one of them. I have also spent much time studying the "Nigger" problem as it is affected by the new industrial conditions of the South; and have traveled more than a thousand miles by buggy and on horseback investigating the conditions of the backwoods "poor white trash," sometimes peddling merchandise to allay suspicion.

I have had a moderate allowance of adventures, some more physically perilous, but none more interesting than the two cases in which I was arrested. In one instance the wires were kept hot and armed parties beat the woods seeking the "desperate outlaw."

I am now teaching in Owenton College, Birmingham, and expect to make that my life work.

One of Princeton's defects educationally, in my opinion, is the practice of carrying the lecture system to an extreme, cut-

ting off all initiative on the part of the student. There should be introduced a moderate amount of class discussion, student papers, reports, etc. Such a give and take of ideas would benefit the instructor as well as call forth the interest of the student.

Far and away the greatest defect, however, is the two hour a week schedule of courses. Few men can drive three horses abreast; nobody can drive seven for any practical good. Two or three courses, each of four or five hours weekly, would furnish the continuity of interest so absolutely essential to any kind of scholarly enthusiasm. If the object is to cover a wide field, that end can be secured by varying the electives from term to term. It is not necessary to study everything in creation all in one term.

I expect to be at the Decennial.

Faithfully yours,

J. W. PARK.

Birmingham, Ala., February 17, 1905.

**ORREL ARDREY PARKER**

**120 Broadway, New York.**

62 West 47th St., New York.

Lawyer, 120 Broadway, New York.

Dear Andy:—

After hearing from you two or three times I did dictate a letter, but there was so little in it that I finally destroyed it. I have been expecting to think of something brilliant to put in my letter, but my expectations have been in vain, and now I am deeply moved by your last postal card appeal: "For God's sake, write a letter for the Record," and so I am writing, even though my letter may lack the "vital oxygen" so necessary to a class record.

As a fellow looks back over ten years and thinks of what he has and has not done, and what he might have accomplished, he is very apt to feel serious and make a few "Buster Brown" resolutions. And so it is with me. These years have all been busy ones, crowded full of matters that seemed important at the time, but at the end there is little to write.

After getting my LL.B. from the New York Law School and being admitted to the New York Bar, I opened an office in the Equitable Building, at No. 120 Broadway, in the summer of 1897, and I am still here in the same building, hustling to pay rent. During this time I have indulged twice in the luxury of a law partnership, but I have survived each and am still "doing business at the old stand." I have developed no specialty and my practice has been quite general in both the civil and the criminal branches of law. It has included everything from free advice (which usually was not followed) to opinions that were well paid for; from drawing a will to managing an estate; from petty collections to an injunction case in which I got a cash fee of \$6,000; and, on the criminal side, everything from getting a "plain drunk" discharged before a magistrate to unsuccessfully defending an Italian for murder in the first degree. I am glad that I chose the law as a profession, because of the great diversity of human affairs that it brings before one, and because of the wide range of opportunities that it opens.

I have always lived rather centrally in Manhattan, and find New York, all the year around, the best place of residence for a bachelor. I have never taken a vacation, but business has caused me to travel over a good portion of the United States, and I have made three trips to the West Indies, spending considerable time in Puerto Rico and Cuba during the turbulent years after "the late unpleasantness." During this time, as a side issue, I represented the Associated Press, and wrote a

good many illustrated articles, which were published in the current periodicals. I took over five hundred photographs while in the West Indies, and last fall I had two hundred of them made into stereopticon slides, and this winter I have given about twenty-five illustrated lectures on "Puerto Rico and Its People," before various clubs and societies in New York and vicinity, and under the auspices of the Board of Education of the City of New York and the Pond Lyceum Bureau.

I suppose any of my friends would say that my hobby is automobiling, although I am no slouch at "grinding the piano-la." Since the spring of 1902, most of my spare time in nice weather has been devoted to this sport, and I take about as much pleasure in keeping my machine (a ten-horse steam touring car) in thorough adjustment and working order as in the riding itself. In over fifteen thousand miles I have needed a tow line but once, when I broke a wheel near the garage, and the only accident was when I ran over a "white wing" and had to pay him \$25 for a general release. It is a matter of record that once, while out with Bobby Inch, Dick Farries and Cow Nevin, I was "pinched" for speeding, although (whether you believe it or not) we really were not going fast. Dick became my bondsman and we continued our ride. In court the magistrate believed us and not the "cop," and I was discharged. The machine has just had a fresh coat of paint and is ready for another strenuous season.

I belong to the Automobile Club of America, the Graduates' Club, the Ohio Society of New York, and Albion Lodge, No. 26, F. & A. M.

Looking forward with much interest to the Decennial, I am,

Ever most sincerely,

ORREL A. PARKER.

New York, April 11, 1905.

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**WILLIAM PATERSON****Fort Miley, Cal.**

Lieutenant and Quartermaster, United States Artillery Corps.

MARRIED: Bertha Gillet, April 16, 1902, New York City.

My (Dear?) Andy:—

I am not so sure about the "dear" when you pounce on us for something utterly beyond one's powers of expression; but I am quite positive about it in another sense, for the amount of worry and thought caused at least one of the class has certainly proved expensive, and I have no doubt but you will find it dear before you receive this and other epistles from the class.

Inasmuch as the class has an abundance of literary talent, in the shape of lawyers, clergymen, etc., longing to set forth their abilities in that line, it is certainly inconsiderate of you towards the rest of us (unfortunately unblest with the gift of gab) not to have given the work of historian to some of the briefless lawyers or parishless priests yearning to act in that capacity. I am sure the result would be much better from a literary as well as historical standpoint, and would have saved both you and us much worry and anxiety. If this reaches you too late to be of any use (which I sincerely hope), you will have no one to blame but yourself. Any way, thank goodness! you can't fire that ink bottle across the continent, although I know you have a great desire to do so, and wield a mighty arm.

But to get back to my original intentions, which, to say the least, are vague and of an exceeding airiness. After leaving the old burg, I tried my hands at several things, with the laudable intention of providing the traditional bread and butter, with more or less success; after trying to tackle J. P. Morgan, Rockefeller, and Gould in rapid succession, and re-



ceiving the straight arm in most of my vulnerable parts, I came to the sage conclusion that my original ambition was the one thing in the world I wanted, and found myself Assistant Engineer of some forty miles of the then projected Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railroad. After raising blisters on both shoulders for some months carrying transits and levels over newly laid ties (and any one who has tried to walk a track under construction will sympathize with me), and having seen some twenty-eight miles of rails laid in anything but straight lines, I found that I needed a rest, and woke up one morning to find that I was convalescent from typhoid fever. The medicos, after their usual tapping and pulse feeling, informed me that active engineering must be given up, so I naturally gravitated to the mechanical part of the work, and again found myself in the Buffalo Works of what was then the Wagner Palace Car Company.

With this company (which I found out later was, like all others, soulless) I remained until some time in 1901, gradually working out of the shops into the operating department, until I held the position of one of their superintendents. Just about this time, the stockholders had a great idea, and after many and various confabs, they proceeded to hold up the Pullman Company and forced them to disgorge, and sold the Wagner Company to them at about 200 cents on the dollar. Incidentally, they sold my services, but the Pullman did not see it in that way, so once more I was out of a job.

About this time, Uncle Sam found himself in need of the services of artillery officers, and desirous of obtaining engineers for the places, so, after proving to his satisfaction that  $X$  plus  $Y$  equals  $Z$ , and that the shortest distance between two points was never in a straight line, I was given a bit of parchment signed Theodore Roosevelt, and set to instructing ambitious Americans in the art of handling 1,000 pounds projectiles

without dropping them on their toes. Simultaneously, I also found that the joys of bachelordom were beginning to pall, and after much urging and entreaty on my part, I prevailed upon Miss Bertha Gillet, of New York, to agree with me, and shortly after choosing Uncle Sam as an employer, on April 16th, 1902, we were married in Trinity Chapel, New York, and moved into spacious quarters at Ft. Slocum, New York.

Uncle Sam seems to be of the opinion that travelling broadens an officer's views; at any rate, my services in the East being no longer needed, I was told to get a move on to San Francisco, where at Alcatraz Island they were eagerly waiting for me; so believing it was up to me to get up and git, I got.

The garrison at Alcatraz welcomed us with open arms, gave us quarters consisting of two rooms and a bath in the old Spanish citadel, with walls about 20 feet thick, having slits cut in them for windows. As Alcatraz consists of nothing but a military prison, the authorities soon came to the conclusion that the work of guarding the prisons was more the duty of the dough boys than it was of the artillery, so in July, 1902, my company was ordered to its present post at Fort Miley and the others to Puget Sound.

Fort Miley is one of the newest fortifications and the most westerly fortified point of the United States, and was still under construction when we arrived, being nothing but a lot of buildings dropped on the sand waste, and for weeks we had to walk through ankle deep and going to and from town. It is ideally situated; being, so to speak, on the corner of the Golden Gate. Looking west we are right on the Pacific Ocean and northward on the Golden Gate.

For the benefit of those who do not know San Francisco, but have read of the sunny land of fruits and flowers and continual summer, as I had before coming out here, all I can

say is that it was a great disappointment. When it is not raining it is so foggy you cannot see, and it is blowing great guns all the time.

When we arrived, I was made Post and Constructing Quartermaster, as well as having numerous other high sounding titles stuck after my name, and with the exception of a three months' visit East, I have been kept on the jump ever since.

If any civil engineer in the class thinks he is up in his profession or knows higher mathematics, just let him go to an artillery post, and I will guarantee that he learns more engineering than he ever dreamed existed.

However, we have a real house now all our own, as well as two horses, two dogs, two cats, and a Chinaman, and all manage to eke out an existence. After three years of hard work, I can feel some pride in the change of the post from a barren wilderness to a civilized settlement, with its own roads, gardens, water system and buildings, nearly all of which I was directly responsible for.

Certainly, the army life, particularly that of the artillery (as I cannot speak for the other branches of the service) is an ideal one for those who, like myself, prefer an outdoor, open-air life, with plenty of hard work and enough play without its growing monotonous.

It is with regret that I am forced to believe that I will not be able to greet the old class and join in the merry-making next June, particularly as I believe that if I could get away in June, I would stand a very good show of winning that cup, as a journey of 3,000 and odd miles would be hard to beat, and while I hope to get to the old burg soon, I will hope that during the reunion, some of the boys will help out the fun for those of us who cannot get there.

Good hunting, all!

PAT.

San Francisco, March 8, 1905.

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**JAMES DONALDSON PAXTON****Princeton, New Jersey.**

Saint Davids, Pa.

Civil Engineer on outside construction work. With F. C. Roberts & Co., Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRIED: Myra Reading Gulick, October 21, 1897, Princeton, N. J.

William Miller Paxton, 3d, October 14, 1898, Philadelphia, Pa.

Myra Reading Paxton, December 9, 1903, Saint Davids, Pa.

My dear Imbrie:—

The happiest moments I have had since graduation have been the weeks spent in filling out your yellow bills and blue slips, and am most thankful they are over with. The idea of an Alumni Dormitory is most satisfactory.

Since graduation, I have followed up civil engineering, and cannot say I am sorry I chose the profession. During the first year I was in the shops of the Southwark Foundry and Machine Company, of Philadelphia. Since that time I have been with F. C. Roberts & Co. Being on outside work I have travelled considerably, one year having covered about thirty-six thousand miles.

I am living by choice at St. Davids, Pa., one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, on the main line of the "P. R. R." My favorite hobby (besides work) is taking hunting trips, which I manage to do once in a while.

I do not envy you in your task of editing the Decennial Record, and hope you will survive the effort and be able to sit up and take nourishment at the reunion, where I hope to see you, if not before. I remain,

Sincerely yours,

J. DONALDSON PAXTON.

Saint Davids, Pa., January 13, 1905.

**JAMES WILSON PAXTON**

**20 Library Place, Princeton, N. J.**

605 12th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Civil Engineer, Washington, D. C.

In the fall of 1895 Jay was a civil engineer, with the Electric Railroad that runs between Washington and Mt. Vernon. In March, 1897, he was with Roberts & Co., of Philadelphia, engineers.

Early in 1898 he was living at Vischer Ferry, N. Y., "in a farmhouse on the banks of the Mohawk, working for Uncle Sam." "We are trying to find out," he wrote, "how much it will cost him to build a ship canal from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean."

A few brief reports have come from him, and I learn that he has continued to be a civil engineer in the vicinity of Washington at least up to January, 1904.

**CHRISTY PAYNE**

**248 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

625 Maple Lane, Sewickley, Pa.

Lawyer, Secretary and Attorney of The Peoples Natural Gas Company, and the Hope Natural Gas Company, 248 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARRIED: Annie Laura Neill, October 7, 1897, Warren, Pa.  
Neill Sinclair Payne, September 14, 1898, Warren, Pa. Died,  
January 15, 1899.

Martha Payne, May 17, 1900, Oil City, Pa.

Christy Payne, Jr., April 29, 1904, Sewickley, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

Is it good form to tell dreams to a man as busy as you are, Mr. Statistician? (I have you where you can't answer!) How can any one write anything to you, Andy, but dreams and fancies, when you, with your searching examination, demand for the public eye the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but

SEVENTY-NINE FROM PROSPECT AVENUE.



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the truth (and as an old squire used to finish), "as you shall answer to me and God on the last great day"?

Must a man reveal his greatest social blunder or most perfidious political plum-tree to gain a lasting memorial in the class record? I expect I could qualify, and others, too, if you could get an inside history from friends and family. They wouldn't hesitate to tell you that I had thrown away my prerogative of citizenship last November for the privilege of spending election day on the golf links at Princeton, and that I had learned to use some words not taught in the classic lecture rooms of New Jersey. It is not necessary to repeat the words used on that occasion, as gossip of an innocent variety is the only eligible reading (so your Record prospectus states) for the wives of the 240.

But to return to the dream I promised to tell you. I had been out enjoying a mild Sewickley entertainment, about on the level of a faculty reception, the evening of the day upon which I received your 8x10 letter. The next morning, at 5 A. M., I was awakened by the bells of early mass and I jumped out of bed and into my clothes, and in an earnest and religious frame of mind, such as a man usually wears at that time on a winter morning, pursued my way in the grayness of the early dawn to mass and confessional. Into the chamber of prayer I thought I saw preceding me the priestly figure of Father Andrew himself, supernaturally tall of body and long of leg, and caught a glimpse of a melancholy, stern visage, lean of cheek and strong of jaw (like a gaff hook), but kindly of eye. Later I found his voice was gentle but insistent to call forth the catalogue of my faults since my last confession, some five years ago.

"Reverend father," I prayed, "be patient with me. Do not make me do penance according to my error, but according to my misfortune! I have been a lawyer, it is true, for seven



long years; but for only two of those years have I been at all engaged in the iniquitous practice of gas company law—and these two years have been spent in Pittsburg, a misfortune that should blot out the crime! In that time, as is well known to you, I have tried to keep my three clients out of the courts of law, where such bandits as Gordon Fisher and Bill Leggate delight to plunder, and have used my honest effort to that end. Your reverence should know that Skinny Seymour insists that such is not good practice of law, and that I am loafing because he does not often see me upon the court house steps surrounded by a large bunch of the criminal class.

“In all that time, oh! holy father! I have not corrupted a legislature, pumped water into the stocks of one of Nevin’s West Virginia corporations, organized a railroad for transportation of gas, combined with Banker Blair or International Harvester McCormick to raise prices, committed the crime of Amalgamated (but once, to my sorrow), or any of the pernicious practices now defined as ‘Frenzied Finance.’

“Reverend sir, I have humbly and gladly worn the collar, learned that silence is golden, that gold is for the people, and who are ‘the people’, as well as the other ten commandments of the “System.” I am a reader of *Public Opinion*—but always carry advance numbers of *Everybody’s* in my back pocket. My clients have bought many law books which I have diligently failed to read.

“Broken gas lines, explosions and accidents have taught me that the ways of men, especially the Hunkey employee, are negligent; and that the path of the corporation is paved and measured with settlements and damage receipts, through which I have learned the meaning of the phrase “Hold Up!” from the corporation point of view. I have also learned that the Pittsburg business man is a colder proposition than was ever tested in the days of Magee’s physics before the discovery of

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liquid air, or hinted at in Fine's System of Numbers.

"For these many virtues and lessons, holy sir, I have suffered much already in this world. I have moved twice in Oil City and once to Pittsburg. I have been a commuter and gained fame among suburbanites for the size and number of daily bundles carried. I have been compelled to wander far from home, frequently into the fertile fields of the Mountain State, the home of John Davis and Sunfish Walker; and in the intricacies of defective titles I have stumbled upon the coal ventures which have made the aforesaid John Davis rich and the Sunfish Walker envious. As yet I have not had the good fortune to be led into that part of the State held under tight mortgage by these distinguished men in person.

"My scorn for luxury has been much increased by this traveling upon Short Line palace and dining cars in the said State, where coal, oil and gas, and homicidal disturbances, abound. My respect for the dignity of the law has received many a jolt in the county courts of that State, where all the lawyers in a community take part informally (though brilliantly) on one side or another of every case called to trial, and where the judge, when in doubt, takes a vote of the lawyers present to decide what suit next to lead from. Greater punishment than this, good sir, I have endured; for in my own State I have met and thrice fallen victim to that muniment of the people's rights—the Borough Council. I have spoken to the city fathers with eloquent eye and faltering tongue, and have seen my franchises tortured, put to death and buried without a decent burial benediction. And this, kind father, is good medicine for a too ardent advocate. Upon this point I am sensitive, as my friends say I do not know the mysteries of the 'full barrel' as practiced in St. Louis. The further chronicle of my evil ways, O father, . . . "

The priestly confessor here broke in upon my ravings, and as

I heard him say: "Wake up and attend a meeting of the Decennial Committee," I said "All right! Andy," and my dream ended abruptly.

If the cold, cold world has used you as kindly in ten years as it has me, you ought not to succeed in raising our full share of the dormitory money by this June, that you may still have something to keep you busy, and therefore happy, for years to come. In only one particular can I complain, and that is because it has not been my good fortune to number among my close companions in this time any of the "all around men"—as the men of our class were described by Professor Fine. For my part in this default, I blame the pace known as the "Simple Life," and ten years of it point to at least one year more: for while I have faith that the administration's investigations into Standard Oil will reveal full and square competitive dealings, I have like faith that they will not reveal anything new as to this Simple Life.

One close companionship I am grateful for as an exception to the above statement—if Billy Neill will permit me to add to his many nicknames the word "exception." We have enjoyed a thoroughly good fellowship, and now over a long distance private 'phone, to which we both have access, we have almost daily battles over the relative merits of our respective sons and namesakes, for their enrollment and place in the class of 1925. They are both good candidates for "all-around" honors.

Time and space forbid giving you any gossip about other men in the class, but I join with you in the hope that each man will take a swim in the cold waters of egotism, accepting your invitation to write about himself. Since I do not see many of the men, nor in fact any of the men often, I am so much the more eager to read their letters when published, as my interest in and affection for the 240 is a real and abiding part of

my capital stock. Permit me to say that your genius again manifested in the work for this June's glorious reunion, stamps you, in the language of the links, as "bogey figures" among class officers.

With sincerity yours,

CHRISTY PAYNE.

Pittsburgh, February 23, 1905.

**LEWIS FREDERIC PEASE**

**64 Centre Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.**

Organist and Choirmaster, North Ave. Presbyterian Church,  
New Rochelle, N. Y.

MARRIED: Laurette Eustis Potts, January 24th, 1905, Germantown, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

My dilatoriness has only been exceeded by your sweet temper, and I wish I had your eloquence that I might the better reward your patience.

When I wrote you last—for the Triennial Record—I was in New Mexico, a hustling slave-driver on the ranch known thereabouts as the "Garrett & McCormick Outfit." Those were good times, for we had many an eastern visitor—tenderfoot and otherwise—and a Sängersfest, presided over by the two Johns, Poe and Frame, can be most edifying.

Jack Frame, I recall, was much affected by the affluent appearance of our modest adobe house, and said he had thought that we lived in a dug-out with chalk marks on the floor for rooms, those wishing special privacy to have a double chalk mark; while Johnny Poe electrified us all one day by taking a header off a stumbling horse, merely to roll over a couple of times and get up to say, "I believe football is a good thing: it teaches you how to fall gracefully."

Big Hodge was one of the visitors who could scarcely be called "tenderfoot." He turned up unannounced while on his way back to the "Diamond Bar Ranch" after a six weeks' jaunt in California, and, from all I could discover, his entire impedimenta consisted in a six-shooter and a paper parcel about six inches square.

But the cowboy life must come to an end with advancing age, and I hustled home in the fall of '99 to get some acquaintance with real learning before it should be too late. I went up to Harvard, the source of all culture, and entered the Graduate School, armed with all sorts of valuable tips from Walter Lord regarding the various resources of Boston and its vicinity. I specialized in the Theory of Music, and after a year of this, went to Munich, where I put in two semesters at the Akademie der Tonkunst. Following this, I varied the game with a bicycle accident in the Tyrol, a spell of illness in Nice, some weeks in Vienna, about eight months in Paris, and half a year in Berlin.

I used now and then to see Bill Baird and John Garrett, Basso and Ambassador, respectively, and spent three hours in a Paris café one day persuading Charley Candee that the town was not half as bad as it was painted. "Cow" Nevin turned up in Paris while I was there, very curious concerning the secrets of Montmartre, and I ran across Slat Haynes, for the first time since Freshman year, in Berlin, wearing many glad clothes as of yore, and most anxious to inform the other diners regarding the various forms of the Princeton cheer.

The trip back to the "ould sod," in the summer of 1903, was saddened by Tom Pierson's being along to keep me chasing him through both cabins to prevent him by main force from getting into the steerage.

I had the luck to be able to spend the next year at Princeton as instructor in music, and last autumn came back to city

life again, with headquarters here at New Rochelle, where I am organist in a church. In January, I joined the ranks of the Benedicks, and can now hope to offer a somewhat more adequate hospitality to the Two Hundred and Forty than formerly.

Of Princeton affiliations, I have just now very few. The Princeton Club in New York, the Nassau Club, and the University Glee Club, where Howard White, Pat Murphy, and Ned Otheman shine luminously, are my opportunities, but circumstances will permit of my using them very seldom. I regret this more than ever at this moment, since my chances for being able to brighten this dull account of my own commonplace life would be increased by furnishing you with scandal regarding the others in the class who have had more happen to them than I have. I need not say that you may expect me at the Great Rodeo in June.

Faithfully yours,

FREDERIC PEASE.

New Rochelle, N. Y., April 5, 1905.

**GILBERT BROOKE PERKINS**

**328 West 83d Street, New York.**

With H. Knickerbacker & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 25 Broad St., New York.

MARRIED: Clara Huntington, April 30, 1902, San Francisco, Cal.

After leaving Princeton, Perkins traveled for four months in Europe and then returned to his home in Covington, Ky., where he took up the study of law under the direction of his father. He was admitted to the Kentucky bar in 1897. In December of that year he went to Germany and studied in the University at Berlin, devoting himself especially to law subjects and to the study of the German language.

In November, 1898, he was a practicing lawyer in Covington, and in 1900 he removed to New York, where he remained until the fall of 1901, when he accepted his present position with H. Knickerbacker & Co., bankers and brokers, of New York City.

In April, 1905, he was compelled to give up work temporarily on account of his health, and is now in California, where he expects to remain for a few months.

**WILLIAM WIRT PHILLIPS**

**30 Broad Street, New York.**

120 East 31st Street, New York.

With Strong, Sturgis & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 30 Broad St.,  
New York.

Dear Andy:—

My life has flowed along such an exceedingly unexciting course since my triennial letter that I am really ashamed to write or attempt to write a decennial letter.

I am still fighting it out along the same lines down in Wall Street, and although I have not yet had enough spare change to buy a sofa on the Stock Exchange, still I am making enough to buy my way into all the foot ball and base ball games that I can get away for.

I still would rather go to a Yale game than to a class prayer meeting, which I know speaks ill for my Philadelphian Society training.

The only exciting work I have done in the last few years (except losing money for my friends, with a dash of my own once in a while) has been assisting at the start of a few matrimonial enterprises that some of my glorious classmates insisted upon entering.

After each one of these efforts I feel intensely ashamed of myself that I have not tried to butt into the game myself and

do something for my class and country; but on figuring up I find that all my money has gone for wedding presents and travelling expenses, so I have none to get married on. By the time I get a little saved up some other easy mark falls off the dock and my nest egg goes.

I am still living in the small town of New York, within easy walking distance of the Princeton Club, where I spend many pleasant hours hot-airing and signing checks.

Enough of this random foolishness, I have no honors to report. I am still single, still in the stock business, and still ready to hump myself for the good old class.

As always, yours,

WILLIAM W. PHILLIPS.

New York, April 3, 1905.

**THOMAS HAINES PIERSON**

**281 Fourth Ave., New York City.**

136 East 19th Street, New York.

Engineer and contractor for iron and steel work. Firm of  
Pierson & Goodrich, 281 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

My dear Andy:—

In response to several impertinent and personal letters which have been received from you I wish to say it is only natural that you should find it difficult to separate your letters to the class from your Fishing Tackle business, and I therefore extend to you a vote of my entire confidence and appreciation of your services to the class.

It is easy for you, after ten years' experience in writing clever letters to the class, to make your own life's history read like a chapter from "Old Sleuth's" library; but for some of us who have led less strenuous lives it is a matter of much inconvenience, to say the least. I will therefore ignore your advice and answer your fourteen questions.



Answer to question No. 1: Yes, I am glad I chose civil engineering as a profession. I learned so much about it at Princeton that I was in great demand after my graduation as an "unskilled laborer" at the munificent wage of \$1.00 per day, and it was hard to decide what branch of the service I would enter. I was gratified to find I had not so weakened myself physically by hard study as to make me inferior to the average Italian or Irishman in lifting capacity; and after two months' post-graduate study and application in the "lugging gang" I was transferred to another department, where I was taught to use a hammer without destroying the shape of my own fingers. I continued from one department to another for two years until my course was completed.

The diplomas which were awarded in each of these departments were engraved, not upon the usual sheepskin, but upon my own. It may be of interest to note that these studies were carried on under the "tutorial system," which we are about to adopt at Princeton, and which I heartily indorse. I had about five hundred tutors and was the only pupil. It is needless to say I learned something from almost every one of them and they all showed great interest at times in my education.

I then became a member of the estimating department of one of the large firms doing structural engineering and contracting in New York, and was transferred by them to the American Bridge Company, two years later, when they were merged into that organization. After two years' service with the American Bridge Company I started in business for myself, and now have a plant in Hoboken, where some of the men who aided in my education call me Boss.

Answer to questions Nos. 2 to 14, inclusive: I live home "by necessary choice." As to travels, I go to Hoboken about three times a week, to my plant; I have also been in Paris with John Garrett. Yes, Andy, I "liked" it and was not "bored." As

to what I am doing for Princeton, I have started a subscription for a loving cup not to exceed the cost of \$15.00, to be presented to the member of our class who comes the shortest distance to our Decennial celebration. I think Dick Stockton is a sure winner.

With kind regards to you and the rest of our class, I remain,

Your loving classmate,

T. HAINES PIERSON.

New York, March 14, 1905.

### DAN FELLOWS PLATT

Englewood, N. J.

Lawyer, 66 Broadway, New York, and Mayor of Englewood,  
N. J.

MARRIED: Ethel Appleby Bliss, October 2, 1900, Englewood, N. J.

Dear Andy:—

The carrying of that unanswered blue circular is worse than a postponed dental appointment, so here goes for a predigested ten-year chronicle lozenge.

To begin at the ending of everything: In September after graduation, I went to Rome as a member of the Archaeological School. Saw a lot of Italy—mostly awheel—and in February made a good trip to Egypt, the Holy Land, Turkey, etc., landing at Athens in time for Bob Garrett's victory at the re-instituted Olympic Games, finished by a "Marathon Run," the most soul-stirring athletic event I ever witnessed—*almost* Later, Charlie Robinson, '94, a couple of Rome school lads, and I went through the Peloponnesus on horseback, up Parnassus on foot, and through Euboea and Boeotia on wheels—a good time and one I hope to some day repeat. (Don't mind the split infinitive!)



so as any letter I have ever written, for I realize it is to the men of '95 and their Secretary, "than whom there is none other such" (as dear old Horse Edwards was wont to say when introducing some one in the grill room, while standing on a stein-bedecked table). I suppose I must talk about myself, but that is preferable, from a Christian standpoint, to talking of one's neighbors.

After trying three or four different businesses—real estate, steamshipping, coal, soldiering in the regular Army in the Philippines, a Volunteer in the Spanish American War, a Marine in Panama, a Militiaman in the Feud District of Kentucky, a cowpuncher in New Mexico—I finally find myself in the Desert of Nevada in a mining camp. Read the prologue to *The Spenders* for a glorious tribute to the West:

"The wanderers of the earth turned towards her outcasts of the older  
lands

With a promise and hope in their pleading and she reached them pitying  
hands;

And she cried to the old world cities that drowse by the eastern Main:  
Send me your weary house worn broods and I'll send you men again,"

I sometimes feel as if Kipling's poem, "*The Lost Legion*," might apply to me:

"Our Fathers they gave us their blessing; they taught us; they groomed  
us; they crammed.

But we've cut the clubs and the messes for to go and find out and be  
damned."

Though living side by side with wife deserters, crooks, a child murderer, and some of the scum of the earth, I think the fact of being a Princeton man was as a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night in keeping me from sinking to their level, and the knowledge that Old Mother Princeton wishes to believe of her sons as Isabella of Croix did of Quentin Durward: "If I hear not of you soon, and that by the trumpet of fame, I'll conclude you dead, but not unworthy." I suspect some of the '95 men have feared I have taken as awkward a way

of gratifying this wish, as did the recruit when he loaded his rifle by shoving the cartridge down the muzzle, and when reproved by his sergeant, replied: "There is more than one way of loading a rifle."

In some of my jobs I have not had much more than enough clothes to pad a crutch, or flag a handcar. I have told my experiences in the Philippines in our tent in '02, and the stories I picked up in the Army, Marine Corps, and on ranches, are too Balzacian for publication. "The wearing, tearing, always swearing regular army man" uses strong language in barracks, camp and guard house; and his "brothers with the bark on"—cowboy and marine—are not more refined. They certainly would not be at home in Sunday school or yet at a social tea, for on the day they get their pay they like to spend it free, and they believe, as did that French writer, "there is no wit without coarseness."

I was fortunate enough to travel around the world on transports, though while doing so we were not particularly enthusiastic about it. Yet it is an interesting thing to think of, as are the "rush," snowball fight, and our other tea-parties with the sophomores—after they are over!

You ask: "What is my greatest mistake?" If a rapidly revolving buzz-saw were to hit me, could I swear which tooth hurt the most?

My only political work was to cry out at Tonopah, Nevada: "Lie down, you fat-head," to a Democrat, who was interrupting a Republican meeting. In regard to speeches, I have made quite a number in Princeton, when enobled by numerous steins of beer. I fear my audience did not have a clear idea of my speech. To quote Sherman Bell, of Colorado: "Only me and God knew what I was talking of, and He ain't sure." I wrote an article, once, for the Baltimore Herald, on "Fourth of July in the Philippines." I received three dollars and a

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half for it and hadn't the heart to try and live it down; so lit out to New Mexico. I felt almost as cheap over this as when called down by a Kentucky militiaman. He had asked if I were related to Edgar Allan Poe, and when I (with a tone of pride in my voice which he doubtless resented) said: "Why! he is my grandfather's first cousin," he replied: "Hell, man; you've got a swell chance!"

I wonder if I shall get back to Princeton this Spring? It is over three thousand miles and though the walking is not crowded, still it has its thorny side. I certainly hope I shall be there to see the fellows and join in the wild excitement which will take place on the 'Varsity field during the Yale game, and hear the speeches in our tent from McCready Sykes, Scott Bullitt, "Lady Jane," Phil Walker, Walter Lord, and others, and join in the wild bacchanalian cake walk to the accompaniment of the band.

We are six thousand feet high here and in the midst of a desert. No trees or grass! Water costs one dollar per barrel. The scenery reminds me a good deal of the Red Sea shores, with Mount Sinai looming up, where, as a tough soldier once said: "Col. Moses went up to get them ten general orders." Some people would think this the place where "nobody don't live and dogs bark at strangers"; but I like it. There are no Princeton men here, except my brother Nelson.

I was on a ranch in '02 and '03, with Dutch Hager and Hugh Hodge. Dutch had a disagreement once with a "bad man" about the ownership of a cow. "Hage" said it was his and he intended to take it, and if the man didn't like it he could help himself. Dutch and he were both armed, but if the other fellow had started anything I'll bet Dutch would have sent him winging his way over the great divide so soon that he would have still had a surprised look on his face when he grabbed a harp and caused an all around discord in the

heavenly choir. Hugh was a fearless rider, and I believe he could have ridden the cow when she jumped over the moon. Stanley McCormick also would ride anything with hair.

I was so sorry to hear of Harry Brown's and Gus Holly's deaths. I can close my eyes and see Harry and Gus as they fought so splendidly for Princeton on Manhattan Field on Thanksgiving day, '93; how Harry would follow the ball, and how finely he shoved "Beef" Wheeler through the Yale line for yard after yard; and I see Gus standing on the defensive at left tackle, legs planted firmly and arms swinging fiercely, as he awaited the bull-like rushes of Butterworth, who had heretofore not known what it was to be held, any more than did the old guard up to the day at Waterloo. I reckon the feeling with which we waited to find out whether he could be stopped, was akin to that of the Union forces awaiting at Gettysburg the rush of Pickett's Virginians as they swept magnificently up the slope, only to be driven back, decimated and broken. Gus held him, however, so well that "all Rome sent forth a rapturous cry and even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer." Well have they earned their seats in Valhalla's lofty halls along with the old Norse Vikings.

Now, Andy, some will consider this letter of mine too mushy, maybe; but we do not have a Decennial every year, and I feel very strongly what I have written. Besides, they do not have to read it, and I have enjoyed writing it. Blame it on the altitude if you wish.

I must close now, or you fellows will wish the same fate for me as did Col. Walker of the Marine Corps, who is a corker, to a private in Panama. The private was up for trial and seeing he was to be convicted, said: "Colonel, before sentencing me, you should consider my good record. Why, I was blown up in the Maine!" The Colonel, after a few minutes of deep

thought, replied: "Is that so? Well, I wish to God you had staid up."

"Well, Andy, when we take the trail where there are not any outfits coming back, may we all exclaim as did the Roman gladiators to Caesar: "About to die, Oh, '95 and Princeton, we salute thee!"

Very sincerely,

JOHN P. POE, Jr.

Tonopah, Nev., February 21, 1905.

**ROBERT WEST POGUE**

**20 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.**

527 Hale Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

Vice-President, The H. & S. Pogue Co., Dry Goods, 20 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

MARRIED: Sara Russell Letcher, October 26, 1899, Cincinnati, O.

Dear Andy:—

Have been waiting all this time to write you, incidentally spurred on by your second notice. received some time ago, hoping for an inspiration, but my muse has failed me, so I resort to the simple statement of facts.

Still following my same vocation, being a star of great magnitude, incessantly shining, I have achieved several promotions (otherwise inexplicable), due to increasing senility.

Enclosed find check and "vital statistics," which I trust will prove satisfactory.

Trusting to see you in June,

Very sincerely,

ROBERT W. POGUE.

Cincinnati, O., March 19, 1905.



**JOSEPH POLCAR**

**Daily News, Omaha, Neb.**

1521 Georgia Avenue, Omaha.

Editor, Omaha Daily News.

MARRIED: Emma Lewis, May 30, 1899, Omaha.

Dearest Imbrie:—

The despairing "what-more-can-I-do" spirit that breathes from your latest hunch regarding a class letter has finally awakened my calloused conscience; but before getting into it properly I want to express my admiration for your wonderful patience, which made the *Triennial Record* such a splendid thing and which promises to result in as invaluable a Decennial—if you are hounding the other recalcitrant members as you are me.

It may cause your patient old soul to chuckle with fiendish glee when I confess that—to answer at once one of the questions in your catechism—one of the biggest mistakes I have ever made was to disregard your pleadings previous to the publication of the *Triennial*. I will admit that I was somewhat of a sceptic about the thing, and, anyway, I thought, "what the devil can I write to interest the fellows?" but I changed my mind at once upon the receipt of the *Record*. The book has been manna to at least this thirsting soul in a wilderness devoid of classmates. For in the past ten years I have perhaps seen only a dozen of you; and of information about you I have gleaned but little.

One reason, Imbrie, why I have not answered your demand for a class letter sooner was due to the fact that your "suggestions" for a letter indicated such a formidable and high standard of class success, that I have been timid about recording myself such a comparative failure. "Travels—do you like them or were you bored?"—I haven't traveled enough to find

out. "Military service?"—I never could even interpret the mumbled yells military officers let fly at their men, or the different brands of lace and gold on military uniforms. "Degrees?"—none. "Books published?"—alas, none. No "lectures or speeches." Never "held office" nor even "been a candidate." And so forth.

You see, I have traveled along in a rather monotonous groove since I left dear old Princeton with the spirit to make my impress upon the world. Until I found it convenient to climb into the hole in the Hall of Fame which was yawning for me, however, I discovered that it was needful for me to get a job; and I have been so busy holding down that job ever since that I haven't found any time to make my intended impress upon the world.

Although my career since leaving Princeton has consisted largely in faithful adherence to the proverb which says that "eternal vigilance is the price of a job," yet some of the fellows may be interested in an outline of my doings. When I returned to Omaha from Princeton, I selected newspaper work as my profession. Because I wanted to start at the bottom and also because bread and butter became an essential, I took a position as proofreader on a newspaper. After awhile I shoved into the ranks of the reporters and plugged along there for a number of years. I got married, moved out to Denver to take a position as sporting editor, returned here to accept a position as political writer on the Daily News. I became city editor and at present I am engaged in bossing the editorial department of the paper.

Very frequently I have felt a twinge of regret over taking up the newspaper calling as a profession, because it is not one in which to become a millionaire; but whenever I feel a hankering for the fleshpots come over me, I take a day off to dally on a bass lake, and if I succeed in landing a fairish mess, I

return with the comfortable feeling that I would probably be at least no more content in any other calling.

I believe that I have written about as much as you, Imbrie, will care to put into your book, or as much as the fellows will care to read—anyway, whatever else I could say I hope to tell by word of mouth to most of you at the Decennial. I can only add that, when I think of the old place or of any of you whom I have not seen for so many years, I feel the same foolish thrill that “Old Nassau” so often used to produce in me during the campus days—a feeling that I would do almost anything for Princeton or for you.

Faithfully yours,

JOE POLCAR.

Omaha, Neb., February 23, 1905.

**CHARLES ARTHUR POOLE**

**P. O. Box 719, Rochester, N. Y.**

182 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

Assistant Engineer, Engineering Department, State of New York, Barge Canal Office, DeGraaf Building, Albany, N. Y.

My dear classmate :—

I sincerely trust that there are not many members of our class who are as delinquent in answering your last blue circular as I have been, for if there are, your postal bills must be something enormous. With your weekly reminders of a duty not performed comes to me the thought of how much energy and perseverance you have put into your work for the success of the Decennial Record, and how such as I have hampered you in putting off from week to week a simple statement of facts, as I see my response to your circular can only be.

For those of us who have attained literary success or have some interesting chronicles to relate can this writing for “pub-

lication'' come easy, and I might say promptly, but for such as I who have seen little and done less that would interest my class mates, this is surely a task to perform; but lest my letter be conspicuous by its absence, I have at last determined to "typewrite" a short account of my doings since leaving college.

I am one of six of our numerous classmates, I believe, who have followed the profession of civil engineering, and when I say "followed," it describes exactly what most engineers have to do who have chosen their work as a means of livelihood. We go where there is something doing, and when it is done, we move on. My case has been no exception to the rule, as I have changed my residence on an average of once every nine months since leaving college. Most of my work, however, has been in this State and has not occasioned a great amount of travel.

I worked in the State Engineer's Department during the \$9,000,000 improvement of the canals in 1896 and 1897; spent about a year in the North Woods on railroad construction; worked for the New York Central Railroad for a year and a half, and have had several others employers in the meantime.

In the spring of 1902 I went to Norway, with four other American engineers to develop some iron mines located in the northern part of that country. These mines were situated about three hundred miles north of the city of Trondjhem, or about two miles south of the Arctic Circle; and while not exactly in the "Land of the Midnight Sun," we enjoyed the novelty of having two months of continual lightness. During the following winter, which we spent there, we had the novelty of almost continual darkness, which we did not enjoy. We did not see the sun from the middle of November until the middle of February.

Our work there consisted of the building of a harbor and

docks, the construction of a railroad and surveys and maps necessary for the location of a large plant at the mines, they intending to use Edison's magnetic process for the separation of ore. We had the distinction of building the most northerly railroad in the world constructed by American engineers, there being only one railroad further north, built by the Norwegian Government. We left there in the Fall of 1903, and on our way home took a short trip around the continent, visiting Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, Dresden, Paris and London.

Since my return I have been working in the New York State Engineer's Department on the barge canal improvement, and am at present located in Albany, but for how long I cannot say, as I am now considering the acceptance of a position in the West.

I hope I shall be able to be with you in Princeton at our Decennial, but it is too early yet to make any definite promises.

I have seen very few of my classmates since leaving college and have not had many opportunities of returning to Princeton; but when I have heard of reunions and other gatherings of the boys, I have been with them in spirit if not in body, and have always felt that I was losing a good deal in not having more opportunities to show my enthusiasm and love for our dear old college.

Faithfully yours,

C. ARTHUR POOLE.

Albany, N. Y., March 8, 1905.

**CLARENCE PORTER**

**573 5th Ave., N. Y. City.**

83 Park Avenue, New York.

Firm of Whitehouse & Porter, Real Estate, 573 Fifth Avenue,  
New York.

MARRIED: Mary S. Bird, April 9, 1896, New York.

My dear Andy:—

You threatened to write a letter for me if I did not write one for myself, so to the disappointment of many of my classmates, I will do the writing.

I will answer a few of your most impertinent questions.

I fear my hobby may be termed automibiling.

You ask, "What is the greatest mistake you ever made?" I have made so many I hardly know where to begin. Probably the greatest mistake I ever made was to attempt "to call down" Howard Colby when he was guying me.

This letter will probably be my greatest literary work.

My home life may be termed "The Simple Life," but I manage to turn up at the clubs when necessary.

But seriously, Andy, I want to take advantage of this opportunity to congratulate you most heartily on the way you have kept our class together and to thank you for the many hours of work you have done in its behalf.

Very sincerely,

CLARENCE PORTER.

New York, January 27, 1905.

**HENRY MORGAN POST**

**41 Wall Street, New York City.**

Bretton Hall, Broadway and 85th Street, N. Y. City.

Broker. Member of the New York Stock Exchange. Partner  
in the firm of Post Brothers & Co., 41 Wall St., N. Y. City.

Dear Andy:—

As the Nassau Herald stated that I was a Quaker, it is needless to say that mine has been the "simple life" since graduation. Although my home is in Brooklyn—"perish the thought"—I live in New York with my mother and two brothers. Should reverses overtake, I suppose they will lead

me back to that town, a place which is neither hot nor cold (i. e., you can't get a hot bird or a cold bottle there).

My brothers followed in my footsteps, one graduating in '98 and the other in '00, so my room, which was shared with Buck Master (S. E. Brown), was in the family until June, 1900. I have learned that since Buck and I graduated, this room has not kept its reputation for pristine decorum. I shall always remember those delightful little revival meetings held there, led by the Rev. Buck Master and the Rt. Rev. Dick Hatch. I was something of a backslider in those days, but after they had encouraged me, and the noble hymn, "Throw Out the Life Line," had been sung, I usually joined heart and soul in the spirit of the evening.

As to this "simple life" which I have been leading, there is little to be narrated. From a law student, I became a law clerk, then an office of my own on Wall Street, which, as you know, is in close proximity to the New York Stock Exchange—too close, I am afraid, for those siren brokers called to me to "jump in the waters fine." So I jumped, and I'm now with the rest of the watered stock. It was a great drop from the noble profession of the law to that white mausoleum; but like my home in Brooklyn, I may, if I suffer reverses, return to it.

I have joined my brothers in the firm of Post Brothers & Co., and represent them on the "Board." It is a rather more strenuous life than the law, but the hours of work are easy. "Shad" Roe was one of my sponsors, and he stalwartly defended me from the hazers during my initiation.

Your first question is: "Your profession or business. Are you glad or sorry, and why?" As to my profession, I am glad I am a lawyer. It saves me from jury duty and thieves; a thief won't try to rob a lawyer, because he knows that there is no "swag" on him, and it is not etiquette. As to the Stock

Exchange, it is a noble, self-sacrificing occupation, working all day long, making money for others, and taking but the small commission of \$12.50 a hundred shares.

You ask if I know "any particularly good gossip." Yes; I hear that you are engaged. Jove! what a class reunion your wedding will be. I also hear that you will announce the news at the reunion.

As to your question in regard to defects in Princeton's educational system, I am in favor of a wide range of courses in the Academic Department, with a very little required after the first year. I have never met the man who got much out of a course which he did not want to take and which he did not enjoy. If a man is looking for "snaps," let him have them; he will get more good out of them than the courses which he is forced into. It does not seem right to deprive a man of making his own choice of courses on the ground that certain men will take all the "snaps." Let them take them. If they can enter the University and pass all the "snap" examinations during their stay, they will make just as good citizens and know as much two years after graduation as the present graduate.

I think my sophomore year at college, as far as the courses went, was a loss.

You should not be interested in my ideas on this subject, but we are in yours, because we would like to make you an Alumni Trustee.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY M. POST.

New York, April 3, 1905.

**FRANK REYNOLDS**

**Maquoketa, Iowa.**

Civil Engineer.



Reynolds' first job was with the Iowa Engineering Co., of Clinton, Ia. Later, in 1901, he was assistant engineer with the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railroad Co. In January, 1904, he reported that he had resigned his position, and since then I have heard nothing from him.

**PIERRE EVERTSON RICHARDS**

**95 Orchard Street, New Bedford, Mass.**

Carlton Hotel, London, England.

Manager. American Agencies, Ltd., London, England, Importers and Commission Merchants, 38 Shoe Lane, Farringdon St., London, England.

MARRIED: Hetta May Hervey, June 5th, 1902, New Bedford, Mass.

Homer Hervey Richards, April 2nd, 1905, New Bedford, Mass.

In October, 1895, Richards began the study of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but in 1896 he left Boston and was associated with the New York Fire Proofing Co., at Keyport, N. J.

A few months later I heard of him with the Metallic Glazing Co., of New York, in which Gerard Herrick was largely interested at that time.

Early in 1897 he reported that he was with the Whitman Mill Corporation, manufacturers of cotton cloth, at New Bedford, Mass. In the fall of 1901 he told me that he was interested in real estate matters in New Bedford.

Early in 1904 he became associated with the concern of which he is now the manager in London, known as American Agencies, Ltd. They are importers and commission merchants. He writes that he will be in England at the time of the Decennial Reunion and "much regrets not being able to anticipate the pleasure of being in Princeton in June."

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**WILLIAM HENRY ROBERTS, JR.****Wayne, Pa.**

No. 193 Washington Street, Cumberland, Md.

Secretary, Treasurer, Purchasing Agent and Claim Adjuster of  
the Cumberland and Westernport Electric Railway Company,  
Cumberland, Maryland.MARRIED: Katharine Temple Caldwell, January 12th, 1904,  
Mansfield, Ohio.

My dear classmates:—

Cumberland, Maryland! You all know where that is: that small size city on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, half-way between Pittsburgh and Washington, where weary travellers stop off for twenty minutes to satisfy the longings of the inner man; the place where Jay Paxton was born. Well, that is where the result of ten years' life in the working world finds me, striving to hold down the job of Secretary and Treasurer of one of the most promising of electric railways. But let's begin a bit further back in our story.

Like a good many of the boys, the first summer after graduation I spent in rest from the arduous labors, if I may call them such, of the four years' just passed and in preparation for the duties ahead. Also like a good many others, I began operations in a lawyer's office, for I had planned to take up the study of the Law as a valuable training for a contemplated business life. There in that suburb of Princeton, as some are pleased to call the city of Trenton, in the office of William M. Lanning, I plodded along for three years through Blackstone, Chitty et al., until admitted to the Jersey Bar.

In 1898 I entered the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, from which it was my privilege to graduate with the degree of LL.B., in June, 1900. Soon thereafter, the diploma so obtained admitted me to practice before the courts of the Keystone State.

The next three years were spent in Philadelphia, practicing law and mixing a little in politics. The only political office which came my way was membership on the Republican County Executive Committee of Delaware County.

In May, 1903, a business trip took me to Los Angeles, Cal., and having the opportunity, I visited many places of interest in Colorado, California, Washington, and Oregon, ending with the Yellowstone Park. If you have never been through the National Park, don't miss it; you will not be bored. This journey, with a trip to Florida and one to the other side, were the only opportunities for travel coming my way.

Soon after this, Cupid ran across my path. On January 12th, at Mansfield, Ohio, I joined the married men, with Miss Katharine Temple Caldwell as Mrs. Roberts.

Not many days from that date, the writer arrived at Cumberland, Maryland, to take up the duties of Secretary and Treasurer of the Cumberland and Westernport Electric Railway Company. The road is about 17.5 miles in length, running through the famous George's Creek Mining Region, from which Uncle Sam buys the coal for his battleships.

If you are ever so fortunate as to take up your abode here, take my advice and don't try to board, but trot your family out on the west side of the city to some hilltop, where you can view the Potomac and the hills of three States, and then, like the writer, you will be contented. Although this is quite a Princeton town, '95 men apparently are all at the other end of the State. It will be just like being home to have a glimpse of the boys next June.

This is my story, told simply in self-defense, for Andy has a way of writing letters for you if you do not do it yourself, and you know what that means.

Here's wishing "you all" the realization of your fondest ambitions.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM HENRY ROBERTS, JR.

Cumberland, Md., April 5, 1905.

**WILLIAM D. ROBERTSON**

**240 South Fifth Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.**

Practicing physician, also attending physician, at the Mount Vernon Hospital.

My dear Andy:—

Your letter deserved a more prompt reply. The grippe and a boiler on my neck took such a hold on me that even a letter to mother, for money, or to my best girl (had I one), was out of the question. If any of the fellows do not answer your letter, just wish them a seance of what I had and you will be fully revenged.

Such devotion as you have shown to '95 is of course very much appreciated by all of us. I have been looking for an invitation from you to hear the wedding march played, but I fear you are neglecting some fair creature. However, we shall expect more from you after next June.

I have little to write about myself. I have been doing business at the old stand for the past five years, dealing out pills to the suffering public; whether they have continued to suffer I will leave them to answer. Jessup has had to take some of them and has lived to tell the tale, but it may be due to his naturally strong constitution.

Joe Jessup and I are the only representatives of '95 living in Mt. Vernon. We are trying to lead the "Simple Life." It all goes well until young Jessup, Jr., gets the colic; then we

get strenuous; but an occasional dose of castor oil has always brought us back to simple living again.

I enjoy my profession. The study and practice of Medicine is extremely interesting; but these wild night calls make one think of what a cinch everybody else has.

My two years' work in Bellevue Hospital is time never to be forgotten. There one sees life in all its phases. There you learn what being a physician means. You see the noted physicians and surgeons of New York, even of the world, treating an outcast with as much gentleness as they would the President. There I learned that the art of true living was doing for others, not with the sole idea of commercial gain, but that the world will be better that you had lived. My ideas of a successful life have changed—it is not to be measured by dollars and cents. If, at the end of my chapter, I can look back and think I have kept the "Golden Rule," I will consider my life a success.

One of the greatest disappointments is that I seldom see the men of '95. My profession keeps me very close to the wheel. Once in a great while a vacation; but that time has been necessarily used in finding some quiet nook for recuperation.

If I am not careful you will think from the tone of my letter I am an old "sour-balled."

I do not always analyze, but play my hobby quite frequently. That is billiards. If anything will make you swear, that's the game. My vocabulary would not sound well on paper, so I will not shock you.

Politics! Please do not mention them. I voted for Parker, but I cannot find any one else around here who did. I have been an independent, but generally land on the wrong side of the fence, so I have decided that it will be pills for mine.

I could write on for ages, but possibly some one else would like to get his letter in the book.

I must add one more thought or circumstance. I am not married yet, but it is no fault of mine. Have asked every girl in sight. Possibly, when I enlarge my field of vision, my next letter will bring the joyful news (or "bring in the sheaves") as you suggested.

My best wishes to all of you, I am,

Very cordially yours,

W. D. ROBERTSON.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., February 10, 1905.

**ALEXANDER VINTON ROE**

**3 Broad Street, New York City.**

174 West 72nd St., New York.

Banker. Stock Exchange member of the firm of Millett, Roe & Hagen, 3 Broad St., N. Y. City.

"Shad" Roe left College in February of Sophomore year and went into business with his father, where he remained for several years. He then took to stock-broking and became one of those who follow the sunshine in winter and the shadow in summer in front of the Mills building. He was a member of the firm of Compton & Roe for a while, then practiced his art alone, and finally has achieved the dignity of being the Board member of Millett, Roe & Hagen, a good firm, with offices in the Drexel building. Roe is, and always has been, an amateur of good horses, and if he ever gets married he is going to send his boys to Princeton.

**ROBERT EDWIN ROSS**

**First National Bank Building, Chicago.**

234 Lincoln Park Boulevard, Chicago.

Lawyer. Waterman, Thurman & Ross, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

My dear Classmate :—

Your letter of the 4th inst., stating that the bulk of the copy for the Decennial Record has been sent to the printer was received this morning. As I do not wish to be the only one not to send a greeting to my classmates, I hasten to write a line.

You know I graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1899, and spent two years and a half in a law office here in Chicago, starting out for myself January 1, 1902. On July 1, 1903, I entered the law firm then organized by Judge Waterman after sixteen years' service as Circuit and Appellate Court Judge. The firm is now Waterman, Thurman & Ross.

Since graduation I have done nothing of note, and am more of a "poler" than ever. I am still studying law. You ask me what was "the greatest mistake of my life?" I believe it was in senior year, cutting chapel once in a while after going three years without a "cut."

My clubs are the University Club, of Chicago; Union League, Twentieth Century, City Club, Winter Club, and the Princeton Club of New York. I am a life member of the Chicago Bar Association, a member of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, a Republican, and unmarried.

I live at The Raymond, 234 Lincoln Park Boulevard, Chicago, and in the summer at The Moraine, Highland Park, Illinois.

One of the pleasantest evenings I have spent in the last ten years was at the Princeton Club of New York the evening before the Yale-Princeton football game in 1903.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT EDWIN ROSS.

Chicago, April 7, 1905.

**THOMAS ROSS****Doylestown, Pa.**

Lawyer; firm of Yerkes, Ross & Ross, Doylestown, Pa., and  
Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

My dear Andy:—

This letter is written simply to stop any deluge of future circulars that may be threatened from you and to give me the right to read in the Decennial Record the wit and assininity of the other members of the class.

I have done nothing since leaving College, except to sit down in Doylestown and hope for enough clients to pay my board bills and an occasional dash on the side; although recently, in conjunction with my partners, an office has been established in Philadelphia as well as here. In common with country lawyers and some others, I thought it necessary to break into politics and eventually join the Senate Club at Washington, and as a starter I ran for District Attorney; but I was so badly beaten that I asked my proposer to withdraw my name from consideration by the Club.

The small check enclosed for the Sectional Dormitory is, of course, not as much as you expect, but I take it we will all have an opportunity to throw you another plank to help you out of the deep water.

Unquestionably (and this is not for you, but for anyone else who may happen to glance his eye this way) the greatest thing '95 has ever done was in the selection and propagation of its Secretary.

Anticipating reading with pleasure the letters of others who have something to write about, and with best wishes to them and to yourself, I am,

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS ROSS.

Doylestown, Pa., February 15, 1905.



**LYNN RYERSON RUTTER**

**Highland Park, Lake Co., Ill.**

President of The David Rutter Coal Co. (Inc.), 98 Dearborn St., Chicago.

MARRIED: Mabel Adelaide Hill, Dec. 7, 1898, Highland Park, Ill.

I thought perhaps that Lynn resented my C. O. D. telegram, though I did not send it until I had mailed him two or three personal letters. So, after writing two or three times more, I paid for a telegram all the way to Highland Park, Ill. It was despatched at 1 A. M. on Sunday morning, and read: "Wake up. Write Decennial Letter before going back to bed." Even that failed to rouse him from his slumbers, so I must be his biographer.

He entered the Northwestern University Law School in October, 1895, and was admitted to the bar in June, 1897. His degree of LL.B. was conferred upon him in 1898. While a student at the Northwestern University he was a member of the Phi Delta Phi Fraternity. After leaving the law school he practiced law in the office of Otis & Graves in Chicago. In 1902 he gave up the active practice of law to become President of the David Rutter Coal Co., in which his father had been interested. He is a member of the Union and University Clubs of Chicago.

The class secretary can testify from experience that whatever Lynn's delinquencies as a letter writer may be, he knows how to make a stranger in Chicago feel almost as if he owned the town.

**WARREN LOCKHART SAWYER**

**Nyack, New York.**

Lawyer. Nyack, New York, and 170 Broadway, N. Y. City.

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MARRIED: Maude Marguerite Kimberly, October 23, 1901,  
Brooklyn, New York.

My dear Andy:—

Your last circular letter seems to indicate that you are somewhat uncertain as to whether you had already written me four times or five times, for the Decennial Record. Let me relieve your mind. It was the fifth time; but inasmuch as you do not care for preliminaries in the form of apologies and the like, I shall immediately plunge into my subject—the story of my life since leaving Princeton—which I fear will not be of much interest, as I have not been either a Rambler or a man of many businesses. With the exception of the time which I spent in the United States Navy, I have been practicing law, with varied success, at my home, Nyack, N. Y., and in New York City.

As to my travels, I have made two trips to California and the Southwest since I left Princeton, and enjoyed them both exceedingly. Southern California, in my opinion, is a delightful country, and one of the garden spots of the world. I am sending you a letter containing my "War Record" during the late unpleasantness, which I presume will appear in another part of the Decennial Record.

Although I did not have the fortune, or "misfortune," to engage in any battle, still I did great execution with the pen in drawing government checks and the like.

I am at present Assistant Paymaster of the Second Battalion, Naval Militia, New York.

My only literary work has been the signing of some promissory notes. My political life has been somewhat of a blank, consisting only in voting on election day. I expect to attend the Decennial Reunion, and will doubtless see you there.

With best wishes to yourself and the Class of '95, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Nyack, N. Y., April 17, 1905.

"TOM" SAWYER.

**ARTHUR WILLIAM SCHUMACHER**

**515 Madison Ave., New York.**

With Tiffany & Co., Jewelers, New York.

My dear Andy:—

Your threat that you would write a letter for me, if I did not, has induced me to write for myself—believing that in the way of omissions and commissions the things that I omit you would have me committed for before the whole class.

I must say that I am not prepared physically, mentally, or matrimonially to answer any of your questions favorably; but if my capacity holds out I look forward to drinking a toast at our reunion with each and every one of the class.

Yours fraternally,

A. W. SCHUMACHER.

New York, March 2, 1905.

[Ever since I read the letter of Fitzhugh Speer (Schumy's room mate) I suppose I have felt like the Standard Oil Company, after a particularly hot shot from Thomas W. Lawson (of Boston). I may as well make a clean breast of it and expose the deal I made with Schumy about his letter for this book. On the opposite page I present to an expectant class the prize which he has given for the best contribution to these pages.

After what Fitzhugh has written I expect it will require all of the characteristic good humor and urbanity of Doctor Jimmy Decker to keep peace between his two room-mates. But as neither Schumy nor Fitzhugh has taken the trouble to record the facts of Schumy's life since graduation, I am constrained to print the following brief biography in simple justice to one who has been to me a greater help than he imagines in the preparation of this book.

**THE A. W. SCHUMACHER CUP.**

To be presented to the member of the Class who writes the best letter for the  
Decennial Record.



After leaving college he spent several months at his home in California. When he returned to New York he took a position in the engineering department of the New York Central Railroad, and I do not believe he has willingly missed a single reunion or gathering of the class. In March, 1897, he left New York for San Francisco, where he joined Ferguson, '93, Frank and Harry Riggs, '94, and our own Kid Carroll, for a trip around the world. He did not get around the world, but turned back at Hong Kong, after nearly seven months in the Orient, visiting Japan, China, Corea and Hawaii. He reported meeting Gun Warren and Tommy Leonard in Yokohama.

In February, 1898, he returned to New York, and became a member of the firm of Gibbs & Schumacher, Consulting Engineers. Two years later he accepted a position with Tiffany & Co., New York, where he has been for the past five years. From what Schumy tells me, I know that he likes work. From what other people tell me, I know that those for whom he works like him. He is one of our most loyal Princetonians.]

### **EDWARD ELY SCOVILL**

**219 Livingston Street, New Haven, Conn.**

Connecticut representative of N. W. Harris & Co., Bankers,  
Pine and William Streets, New York, N. Y.

MARRIED: Medora Hurlbut Platt, October 8, 1902, Brooklyn,  
N. Y.

Dear Andy and Boys:—

Spring has come, and though the fever burns in my veins I hasten to write before you send another reminder that time and tide and the printer have lost patience with you and yours.

As you insist upon a rambling letter instead of formal answers to your questions, I will begin at the time I left Princeton.

After about seven years of experience in business I started

all over again with my present firm, N. W. Harris & Co., bankers, who conduct a very successful bond business in New York, Chicago and Boston. I am with the New York office and for the past four years have been their Connecticut representative.

I am very much in love with the business, because I believe it to be one that will endure for all time, and here I will have to quit else you may think me guilty of trying to sell you a bond, which same I would a little rather do than not; however, it is a clean business, worthy of one's best efforts, and that, after all, is what is worth while.

After living in hotels, clubs, and other places for a few years, getting home for over Sundays, I made up my mind to live where I could be at home oftener, and though it seemed rash to beard the Eli in his den, I chose New Haven, because of its central location, where I am happily situated in a modest home that has a latch string hanging out for all who care to pull it.

That simple statement of my life ought to convince anyone that Princeton did a good deal for me, but in case there might be a doubter let me say in addition that Princeton taught me a whole lot of things it is better not to do, that are not required, but are mainly elective, and I am living in hopes of some day being able to do something for Princeton.

Andy suggests a few lines on travel. As I haven't done anything else for some years, I am sure I will be forgiven for gently letting that pass, also a little militia experience with the Seventh during the Brooklyn car strikes, which fades into insignificance beside the late war.

Politics have ruffled the even tenor of my way, especially when I tried to help along the Good Government Club movement in New York, but I have since come back to the organization and try to make that better from the inside outside rather than the other way.

Living as I do in New Haven, I seldom see any of the old crowd, so I have no chance for recreation unless I happen on a few at the club when in New York.

I very much regret not seeing more of my old friends, but I do not see how it can be helped. I sometimes think we will have time to visit each other in the next world if not here.

Don't any of you forget to look me up if you stray this way for business, football, or for any old reason. I have a 'phone, so you can easily get in touch, and we honestly try to always have enough for one or more extra, so come along, together or singly, or all in a bunch, as I said, the string is out. My best to you all, may you live and prosper, and as you journey along help those you meet to turn their steps toward Princeton.

Faithfully yours,

EDWARD ELY SCOVILL.

New Haven, Conn., March 1, 1905.

**WARREN ILSLEY SEYMOUR**

**Farmers' Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Bellefield Apartments, East End, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lawyer; firm of Seymour, Patterson & Siebenick, Farmers Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Also, Assistant District Attorney of Alleghany Co.

MARRIED: Emily Miltenberger Sproul, June 27, 1902, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

Notices recall a duty neglected. A. Schumacher's prize to the best scrivener in the class may lure a few to fruitless labor. But, my dear fellow, the interchange of ideas via the Western Union is too expensive for me, so that I now hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your note and telegrams. While I have no decided ambition for literary fame even among my



contemporaries, necessity compels me to record misdeeds rather than pay tribute to a trust which stands for more poles than there are votes.

I hope, Andy, that you will see that I am governed by the principle now advocated by the doctrinaire—"If meat maketh my brother to offend I will eat no meat while the trust control-eth the price."

Since last I penned you for publication—seven years ago—I have worked and been worked hard. I am just now becoming accustomed to the "nom de plume" of Assistant District Attorney of Allegheny County. During my novitiate in this office of public trust and confidence I have honestly tried to "graft" for myself therefrom a more than modest competence by applying Blackstone to "Hell with the Lid Off" (for such my residence has been styled). On the other hand the "System" which you New Yorkers so much admire has caused me much inconvenience, to say nothing of mental annoyance.

Please tell the class that I am a married man, and though I implicitly believe in the "strenuous life" and hope that eventually "my seed will multiply," thus far the Divinity which shapes our ends has predestined a life barren and fruitless—I am by duress an exponent of the "simple life."

You request a description of my peregrinations. My friend I am not of the proletariat. I have visited no foreign climes except Atlantic City. I have been working hard at my profession of the law; but "I'm for Princeton and Ninety-five" and there's a welcome here in Pittsburg for all my friends who come this way.

Sincerely yours,

WARREN I. SEYMOUR.

Pittsburgh, March 3, 1905.

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**HARRY ENGLISH SHAW****140 Garfield Place, Long Branch, N. J.**

Physician and Surgeon.

MARRIED: Nellie Goodnough, April 23, 1902, Long Branch,  
N. J.

Dear men of '95:—

I call you "men" now instead of "fellows" as all of you, I know, have had experiences since we left Princeton ten years ago, in which you have been afforded the opportunity of declaring yourselves as men—no longer boys of '95. We have each branched out in our own line; seeing little or much of our classmates. I, unfortunately, have seen little, only passing glimpses. But I have heard much—much to be proud of. We have had our successes and our failures; of the latter I hope few.

It seems strange to write a letter to all of you at once—just an ordinary informal letter with nothing to tell as in my case. But Andy says "you must." He also "out of pity" offers his fourteen suggestions. But of what use are suggestions to one who has been kept hard at work driving through the country, visiting the sick, and listening to tales of woe. You don't want to hear those, I know.

I have traveled a little, seen no military service—although at one time from voluminous correspondence on the subject I almost thought I was going to get a chance to see some army life, but the "man higher up" balked. I have taken no active part in politics because I do not think a physician can devote himself to politics and his profession at the same time with justice to both. My literary work would not appeal to you, I know, only a few papers on some medical topics.

At the present time I am connected with the County Hospital and am doing more or less surgical work, the side of the

profession in which I am especially interested. So my life as you see has been the quiet and prosaic, yet the active and interesting life of a physician whose holidays and Sundays come seldom. But when the holiday does come, which turns up about once a year, I drop work and thought of work and then steam and sail away out of the reach of bells and telephones and spend the time tramping about with a gun. That, to me, is thorough rest and recreation. But this year part of my vacation time will be spent loafing around Princeton for a few days in the company of some of my best friends and sitting at headquarters looking old, feeling young, and being generally proud of Andy Imbrie and '95.

I have had little chance to see many of you since leaving Princeton, except a short greeting and quick handshake at the games, but many a time have I thought of you—of this one and that—and spent many a pleasant moment going over some of the good old times.

Before the Record gets into your hands at Commencement time I hope to have seen you all and to have shaken hands with you and to have apologized for this short history of my post-graduate career. And in the good time we will all be having, I know you will pardon and forget a very poor attempt in my "Informal Class Letter." I trust that now, at the reunion, and for all time I may always be considered

As faithfully yours,

HARRY ENGLISH SHAW.

Long Branch, N. J., March 1, 1905.

**ARTHUR MASON SHERMAN**

**281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.**

Hankow, China.

Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church of U. S. A.

My dear Andy:—

Herewith the little story of the Man from Among the Chinks. I believe that "Furney" and I have had the distinction of being the only foreign missionaries in the class, but I rejoice much to hear that we are to enjoy the distinction no longer, for, to my great delight, I hear that McNulty is going to China, and Ray Carter to India this autumn. How about keeping up the good habit that the Class has gotten into of raising money each year and turn it in for the support of the four Class Missionaries? Wouldn't that be taking up the "White Man's burden" most royally?

I have arrived back in America for awhile (yes, I certainly expect to go back to China) and—bless my lucky stars!—that coming home now brings me right on deck for the Decennial. I went out to China via Europe, Suez and the Indian Ocean and have just returned across the Pacific and have had the rare pleasure of belting this good old world. I have been in Scotland, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and enjoyed greatly my trip in Europe. After leaving Naples we touched at several ports and came in contact with many and varied kinds of life and made the transition from Occident to Orient by degrees. I was let down gradually. But when I got there I was surprised to find out what a large foreign city Shanghai was. Wide streets—substantial and imposing buildings—beautiful drives—large white population. This, of course, is the European Shanghai—not Chinese Shanghai. The same thing held true, though to a considerably less degree, of Hankow. The amount of foreign trade that is carried with China is something tremendous and is growing all the time.

But I didn't go to trade. I went to do my little in the great work of the spiritual regeneration of this mighty empire—one-fourth of the population of the globe. This isn't a missionary report, so I won't burden you with a lot of facts

about missionary work—though they are fascinatingly interesting in their place. Mighty forces are at work in China, and she is being reborn into the arena of modern nations. She is drilling armies and opening mines and building railroads. She is starting schools and colleges of Western learning. She is trying to learn the secret of Western power. China is growing strong and great and modern. The Christian Church is trying to see that there comes with this material growth an inner spiritual righteousness that shall exalt the whole. I believe thoroughly in missionary work in China and hope to spend my life in it. A new China is coming, but I am glad that I was there under the old for awhile before it passes away forever.

There are several Princeton men in China, and last summer DuBois Morris, '93, Jim Cochrane, '96, and I got together and discussed plans for the formation of a Princeton Club of China. We asked Robert R. Gailey, of Tientsin, to act as Secretary in getting the thing up, and when I left the outlook was promising for its success. Its aim is to connect China and Princeton more intimately and to bring Princeton men in China in closer touch with each other. There are different ways suggested to accomplish this, and one is a quarterly paper, called "Princeton Men in China."

My literary work has been very modest—letters on travel and work that have appeared in a weekly newspaper and occasional magazine articles on missionary and kindred subjects. This year I shall be on the public platform considerably, speaking along these lines, and I hope that I shall have the pleasure of running across '95 men in my frequent travels. And at Commencement time you can look for me among the merry crowd that from the East and West shall gather at Princeton for the Decennial of the Class of '95.

Yours most sincerely,

New York, March 28, 1905.      ARTHUR MASON SHERMAN.

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**CHARLES SINNICKSON****411 Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.**

Rosemont, Pa.

Lawyer. Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRIED: Rebecca Miller Wallace, October 31, 1903, Haverford, Pa.

Dear Andy:—

There are two reasons for my neglect to answer your urgent letters and telegrams, first, that I have been down and out for a few weeks, and, second, that I cannot get up enough nerve to write for the Decennial Record an account of work and play and humdrum existence, or believe that it would enhance the value of the book.

None of your suggestions seem to create in me the letter-writing ability you have aroused in the more prompt members of the Class; but the fault, I know, is in me, and not with our painstaking Secretary.

I freely confess that my ability is insufficient to make interesting the chase I have made for the "Almighty Dollar." Moreover, should I attempt to write for the Record an account of the one event that happened to me in the past five years, it would be interesting only to the thirstless souls, conspicuous by their absence from the class.

Therefore, all I have to say is that I am a member of the Philadelphia Bar, a Benedick, living in the suburbs by choice and necessity, and look back over a decade to those four pink years spent in the Eden of the Universe, to which I expect to return for a few days in the coming June.

Your delinquent, but faithful, classmate,

CHARLES SINNICKSON.

Philadelphia, April 10, 1905.

**THOMAS SLIDELL**

**Princeton Club, 72 E. 34th St., New York.**

Dear Andy:—

Yellow Circular No. 11 smoked me out way down here in New Province, where it was forwarded to me to-day.

I have mislaid "Blue Circular No. 10," so can't give answers, either wet or dry, to the "14 suggestions."

However, if you turn to my letter to you of nine years ago, you will be able to use my answers of that date; as I know of nothing which has happened in the meantime to alter them.

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS SLIDELL.

Nassau, Bahamas, March 1, 1905.

**JOSEPH CURTIS SLOANE**

**Lake Forest, Ill.**

Head Master of Lake Forest School for boys, Lake Forest, Ill.

MARRIED: Julia Larned Moss, June 25, 1904, Lake Forest, Ill.

Dear Andy:—

You have been very long suffering and patient with your erring friend and I am sorry that your patience is to meet no better reward. Your fourteen points are most helpful and it would be so nice if you would allow me to answer them categorically like this:—

No. 1. School teaching—glad—it suits me.

No. 2. Country—have to and I like it, etc.

but I am certain that no one would care to read such a production quite apart from your wrath at receiving it. Ten years seems such a short time in retrospect that the whole of my "adventures" might be compressed into a short page and leave

nothing unsaid. "Blessed is the nation that has no annals" and I suppose the individual is equally blessed. I must be thrice blessed.

Barring a few incidents like marriage and taking the thirty-second degree in the appendicitis club I have spent uneventful years, but here goes for the "Annals of a Quiet Life."

I approached the business of living and working for my daily bread and butter (with the thinnest possible layer of jam) with a greenness which was only comparable to my greenness when I entered Princeton. Philadelphia, that sweet, sequestered spot, first received me and the De Lancey School permitted me to try my "prentice hand" on its unfortunate inmates. I stayed there for six years. It is characteristic of that city to stay "put" and I absorbed as much as possible of its spirit. The rigors of life in Philadelphia were much mitigated by frequent visits to Princeton and New York where I frequently saw you and the other fellows in the class who had settled down there. During these years, Mr. Henry Hobart Brown, whom many DeLancey fellows afterwards in Princeton will remember as a warm friend and great school-master, died and left the DeLancey School as his enduring monument. The year after his death I became Assistant Head Master and held that position for one year when I resigned to become the Head Master of the Lake Forest School.

I left Philadelphia with deep regret as many of my warmest friends were and still are there. The temptation "to be my own master" was more than I could withstand. That glittering phrase has appealed to me since time began and probably will as long as it lasts and thereby do many store up more trouble for a rainy day than they can imagine. However, I have never regretted moving to the Middle West and Lake Forest is a charming place. I had the good fortune to meet Mrs. Sloane here and it wears the consequent halo. So



far as the School is concerned, it advances, although slowly, and I suppose that should be sufficient for hope.

A schoolmaster has a peculiar combination of duties—a strange mixture of the material, spiritual and intellectual. In a boarding school he has a “cure of souls” no less than a clergyman, a need of business intelligence and a professional technique. Before I took up my work here I had four months leave of absence which I spent most enjoyably in visiting schools in this country and England. My “Invasion of Britain” was particularly interesting and the old English schools explained much in the character of Englishmen that had puzzled me. This has been my only trip abroad and as I went alone my friends have called it “Travels with a Donkey.”

Your eighth question, dear Andy, betrays you. Bless your little machine made, political soul. I have never been anything else but an Independent and hope I never shall be. But politics is a very short suit with me and perhaps I am mistaking license for liberty. I suppose that the other fellows in the class feel about Princeton as I do—that each succeeding year adds to my debt to her and that I am proud to rest under such an obligation. My services in return have been very small but not for lack of good will—a few fellows sent there, a warm adherence to the “Princeton Idea” as I understand it and an ever increasing joy in being a Princeton man (if that can be reckoned in this class) will sum it all up.

This letter comes far from answering all of your questions, but it holds the most of what has happened to me and the statistics will show the rest. Though I am not near the centre of class life yet I feel myself closely linked in that common bond which holds us all, militant or triumphant, together as a class and as sons of Princeton.

Your affectionate classmate,

JOSEPH CURTIS SLOANE.

Lake Forest, Ill., April 1, 1905.

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**EDGAR MASON SMEAD****Milford, Pa.**

Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Milford, Pa.

Smead studied at the Auburn Theological Seminary in the same class with Teal and Hardin. During two of the summers while he was a student at the Seminary he took charge of churches, and in 1899 was called to be pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Naples, N. Y. In the fall of 1900 he was a post graduate student at the Princeton Seminary and the next year was installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Milford, Pa.

When I last heard from him he was at Milford. His fellow-townsmen and our classmate, Mitchell, writes that Smead has recently gone abroad and I believe that this explains why I have heard nothing from him recently. He is usually very prompt in reporting his whereabouts.

**JOHN CLARENCE SMITH****34 Hudson St., Trenton, N. J.**

Instructor in Latin and Greek, State Model School, Trenton, N. J.

MARRIED: Hanna Haines Eastburn, November 26, 1896, Trenton, N. J.

Eastburn Richey Smith, January 25, 1898, Trenton, N. J.

My dear Andy:—

The life of a teacher is so free from the excitement to be found in some of the other professions, and especially in business, that it seems to me I have little to add to my letter in the Triennial Record. For me, the ten years have passed quietly and pleasantly.

I am still teaching the classics in the State Model School, Trenton, N. J., and using whatever influence I have to induce

the boys under me, who are going to college, to enter Princeton. I am at the head of my department, and enjoy my work.

When I was in college, I had no idea of entering the profession of teaching. At that time, I thought I would study law. After graduation, however, I changed my mind, and after a short time in business, took up my present occupation. I have never regretted my course of action, for, although no one need expect to make a fortune as a teacher, there are other compensations not to be measured by a financial standard. One is assured a modest but comfortable income, and, knowing its limitations, he is not led to discount the probabilities of the future and to enter into excesses beyond his means. Fortunately, too, for me the close of the school year is coincident with the attack of hay fever which drives me to the seashore for relief. Consequently, I have no enforced absence from work to worry about as I might have if in business or some other profession.

Last year, I took the examination for teacher in the High Schools of Greater New York, and am now on the eligible list. A call there would mean a larger salary, but heavier expenses as well. I know that those of you who are in New York think that it is the one place in the world, and, while you may be correct in that opinion, I fear that some of us outsiders will have to be educated up to that belief.

During the summer of 1903, I attended the summer session of Columbia University. The time covered was six weeks, during which I studied Latin and Science of Education, and enjoyed the work very much.

I have not attempted to answer your list of questions, as to many of them I should have no response. As you see, my life is a very quiet and perhaps to others uneventful one, but I am happy in my work and home.

With kind remembrances and best wishes for yourself and

all the other members of '95, and hoping to see you all in June, believe me

Most sincerely yours,

J. CLARENCE SMITH.

Trenton, February 20, 1905.

**WILLIAM HENRY SNYDER**

**400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.**

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Lawyer, 400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

After leaving Princeton in 1893, Snyder studied at the University of Pennsylvania Law School. Early in 1896 he was in the law office of Bispham, Wintersteen, Barnes & Bradford, of Philadelphia. He began the practice of law in 1896 and has continued to do so ever since.

I have not heard from him since November 1903 though I frequently catch sight of him at foot-ball and base-ball games.

**DAVID SPEER**

**6742 Thomas St., Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Manager, Speer Box and Lumber Co., P. O. Box 1314, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dave has been in the box and lumber business ever since he left college. In the hope of making him tell his own story, I sent a C. O. D. telegram which came back with charges and the explanation that "he had not been at his office or his home for several days." This was discouraging—and expensive for the class secretary—for high hopes had been entertained that he would contribute to this book something more illuminating than the examination paper he submitted for the Triennial Record.

**FITZHUGH COYLE SPEER**

**515 Madison Ave., New York City.**

Coal, 11 Broadway, Room 601.

Dear Andy:—

Your strict attention to the interest of the class deserves a more hearty cooperation on my part than it has received to date for certainly I cannot be accused of an inmodest haste to air myself in print.

I believe that the class letter should be considered in the nature of a personal tax on each member of the class—a tax which some pay gracefully, some disgracefully and which some, by sundry ruses, dodge altogether. Jim Decker swore off his, I swore at mine, while Schumacher has, I understand, bribed his way out of paying his, under the mantle of magnanimity. Schumy may resent this, but having looked into the matter carefully, I repeat that it is as much a bribe as that which Lawson pictures on the cover of Everybody's Magazine for January. Note the *modus operandi*:—Meets you *alone*—

Schumacher (whining slightly): Let it be known to all the class that I will present a silver loving cup to the member writing you the best letter—

Andy: Great! Oh limit of human generosity!

Schumacher: And let it be further understood *by the class* that I will not compete lest perchance I should win my own gift; but I'll tell *you* on the side, Andy, honest I don't want to write all I've done since graduating—I'm ashamed to, and if you'll agree to this scheme I'll feel bully.

So you agreed and the news was heralded. Personally I don't like to see "System methods" creeping into class matters. Too few of us, as it is, have enjoyed experiences worth recounting while Schumy could unfurl a tale of surpassing interest and one which would make elegant week-day reading such as might cheer up every member of the class whereas the

cup will cheer but one—maybe. If there be those who think lightly of Schumy's ability to clothe in graceful verbiage his many lofty flights of thought or to cover his rare imagination with delicate expression, they should have been with me that evening last year when he stayed home. We had discussed the advantages of "Frantic Frugality" over "Frenzied Finance"; of the "Simple Life" over the pace that kills. He had demonstrated conclusively, to himself at least, that aside from the buoyancy of spirit which results from his consultations and aside from the hope which he always hands out, Old Dr. Grindle's experience counts for nothing and that Jim Decker's remedies are just as good. Daily topics of interest had been touched on and dismissed. Suddenly after some moments of musing the silence was broken—Schumy was speaking:—

The sound of music stole o'er me  
As I wandered in the wee sma' hour  
Like the song of a forgotten key  
Wafted from despair's own tower.  
In awe I paused beneath the trees  
Where the moon cast its latticed shadow,  
Where the gentle sighing of the breeze  
Was pregnant with its plaintiff sorrow.  
Now harsh and shrill as a clarion horn,  
Now soft as a dulcet lute,  
It woke the echoes of the morn  
Like the Amen of some lost hope.

And I knew it was from his heart. He called it "Despair," but whether it was inspired by my company or his indigestion or his past, I know not.

So in accepting his offer with its attendant conditions, the class has perhaps robbed itself of another such master-piece and has certainly encouraged the concealment of unquestioned talent if not in a napkin at least under a loving cup.

In order that everyone may be acquainted with the facts surrounding this presentation, I have denied myself the oppor-

tunity of competing for the prize—but what do I care? If by a generous exposition I have Lawsonized myself, no doubt after the award has been made I may be granted an equally generous draught to the health of the dear old class.

Most sincerely yours,

FITZHUUGH C. SPEER.

New York, March 1, 1905.

**ERNEST TAYLOR STEWART**

**Indiana, Pa.**

Lawyer. Indiana, Pa.

MARRIED: Emma Sutton, July 20, 1903, Indiana, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

Since leaving college my life has been quiet and uneventful, but very busy, and on the whole very pleasant. The year after graduating I taught at the State Normal School at this place, at the same time reading law in an office in my spare moments. In the summer of 1896 I went to Europe in company with Dr. R. D. Wilson, of the Princeton Seminary, and S. W. Miller, '96. We went on that trip as far east as Budapest. I met accidentally several of our class, among others being Dan Platt, at Dresden, and John Newbold and "Bill" Libby the same evening at the Grand Opera House in Paris. The year following I spent principally at the New York Law School, and after another year in a law office, was admitted to practice law in the summer of 1898. Since that time I have been practicing law here in Indiana, Pa., as a member of the law firm of Telford & Stewart. Last fall my partner, S. J. Telford, was elected judge of our county courts, so that I have been fortunate enough to fall into the greater part of his practice.

I was married July 20, 1903, and again went to Europe, where we spent a very enjoyable summer.

I have seen very few members of our class, except during the year at New York Law School, and at the annual banquets of the Princeton Club of Western Pennsylvania at Pittsburg. McColl of "Kiski" comes up to Indiana occasionally to show us that he still retains his ability as a gymnast, and "Curly" Nelson comes up frequently from Pittsburg to sell our county commissioners a bridge. There are no other '95 men about our town, but there are quite a number of Princeton men of other classes, and we get together frequently to cheer a victory of the old college, or drown our sorrows, perhaps, after a defeat.

As to political offices, I have held nothing higher than school director and secretary of the Republican County Committee; neither of them very lucrative. I am a Director of the First National Bank of this place, and Secretary of the local Telephone Company.

While life in a country town is apt to be prosaic and lacking in excitement, yet I am very busy and contented. I have had no great misfortunes, and am on the whole very much pleased with life and what it has done for me.

Very sincerely,

ERNEST STEWART.

Indiana, Pa., March 16, 1905.

## **RICHARD STOCKTON**

**Princeton, N. J.**

Real Estate, Princeton, N. J.

For a while after leaving college Dick was with the Gerard Trust Co., of Philadelphia, and afterwards returned to Princeton, where he alternates between the strenuous life of a real estate manager and the simple life of a horticulturist.



**WILLIAM RIDGELY STONE**

**66 West 49th Street, New York City, N. Y.**

22 East 31st Street, N. Y. City.

Physician, 66 West 49th St., N. Y. City.

My dear Andy:—

After numerous suggestions from you in the way of letters, postals and telegrams, I suppose it is “up to me” to tell you and the rest of the fellows what I have *not* been doing since we left Princeton.

First of all, I state most emphatically and without hesitation that in spite of the fact that I have assisted some twenty odd young couples into that state where there is but death to look forward to, I am not married. My business is such that I love children. In fact, I live upon their advent into this world. Already this month the births of five of these blessed little beggars have made daily bread possible for me. With Mr. Roosevelt, I hold that “race suicide” is a crime.

Through the good nature of the Faculty of the Johns Hopkins University Medical School, four years after leaving Princeton, I was presented with the degree of M. D. As a natural result I am now among those masses of individuals who infest this great city and curse the happy lot of those who have the good fortune to suffer with excellent health.

Leaving Baltimore in the spring of 1899, I received permission to inhabit Blackwell's Island for two months less than two years, along with some other ten thousands of convicts and paupers. While there, I was, perhaps, most successful in adding to the death-rate of the city.

After my term had expired at Blackwell's Island (I was in the City Hospital and not in the Penitentiary), I determined to settle down to as honest a life as my profession would permit me to live. So here I am in the great metropolis, shouting

for Old Nassau with a vigor increased by ten years' absence from the shelter of her kindly walls.

I haven't been a hero in the Philippines or Porto Rico, nor have written that which will add any glory to our Alma Mater, but I count myself one of her most loyal and faithful sons.

Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM RIDGELY STONE.

New York, March 15, 1905.

### **CLEMENT MOORE SUMMERS**

#### **Juneau, Alaska.**

President of The First National Bank, Juneau, Alaska.

MARRIED: Harriett Holt, July 1, 1898, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Clement Moore Summers, Jr., April 15, 1899, Juneau, Alaska.

Marion Finley Summers, June 21, 1900, Tacoma, Wash.

My rapid-fire "follow-up system" has been chasing Joe Summers around Alaska until he was finally rounded up at Wenatchee, Wash., where he had some business interests and in which town Bone is pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

Joe wrote that he would send his letter as soon as he got back to the land of typewriters. Perhaps he would have us infer that Alaska is more civilized even than the State of Washington. He speaks as if he expected to be a candidate for the D. Q. Brown Long Distance Cup, and he should have a good chance to win it if he comes back to the reunion.

After leaving college he spent most of his time studying law and political science in Ottumwa, Ia., and in Chicago. In 1898 he contemplated a year at one of the German universities, but the attractions of the Klondyke proved too strong and he departed for Juneau, Alaska, in the fall of 1898. There he became cashier of the First National Bank and has remained in Juneau ever since except for a few months spent in Skagway, the home of the Rev. Ben Harrison. In 1900, Joe

reported that he was Vice-President of the Bank of Alaska at Skagway, and in 1904 became President of the First National Bank of Juneau.

I am heartily disappointed that his promised letter, which ought to contain so much of interest to the class, will probably reach me too late to be printed in the book.

**EDWARD FORRESTER HOLDEN SUTTON**

**Castleton Corners, Staten Island, N. Y.**

Physician.

Sutton entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City and received his M. D., in 1899.

After a competitive examination he was appointed resident physician at Roosevelt Hospital, where he served for a year or more after leaving the medical school. In April, 1901, during his service at the hospital he contracted a severe case of diphtheria, and it was some time before he fully recovered.

Whatever may have been his good fortune in regaining his health, I know that he has never recovered the commendable habit of writing letters which at one time he gave such excellent promise of cultivating. I suppose I have written forty times to him in the last five years and have even sought the assistance of other members of the class to break through his protracted silence.

I learn indirectly that he is living now at Castleton Corners on Staten Island.

**KNOX TAYLOR**

**High Bridge, New Jersey.**

Plainfield, New Jersey.

Taylor Iron and Steel Company, [car wheels, manganese, and other special steel castings, and steel tires], 253 Broadway, New York.

## KNOX TAYLOR AND A WILD ANIMAL HE KNOWS

---

Tackled and downed in Stanley Basin, Idaho; carried eight miles to camp;  
presented to the Bronx Zoological Park, New York.

*[Printed without the consent of either of them.]*



---

MARRIED: Lucy Janney Miller, October 14, 1903, Blue Ridge Summit, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

It is a joy to find at the end of ten years that things are still commencing! It seemed to me when those four long years of college were over, that in ten years more we would have settled most of the important matters of the world. I find, however, that although we have done a lot, there is still as much as ever to do.

As you know, the first seven years after our commencement, I was engaged in mining work. Most of the time was spent at Ketchum, Idaho, where Ted Huntington and John Thacher made me two visits. Ted bid fair both times to become a heavyweight; and I am quite sure that if John had made a third trip there he would have worn the mountains down to a level by his persistent climbing in search of game and gold-dust. Ted and I had plans for making the whole State of Idaho a Princeton Colony and no doubt the scheme would have been completed ere this had our work not been interrupted!

The mining business took me to many other points, South and West and also to Canada. You have read of the fascination of Western life. I have experienced it. I went West with enthusiasm and I came back with more. I can tell you I am a great deal more likely to go back to it than I am to forget it. The country is so big and as yet so unsettled and undeveloped, that for generations, Western life must be distinctive in that it brings one in closer contact with Nature and fosters the development of personal resource along individual lines.

In 1902, after seven years of work in mining, my father's growing need for my help brought me East, where after being associated in business with him a little less than a year the

time suddenly came when all his work had to be done by other hands.

I am still here and find my work with the Taylor Iron and Steel Company very interesting. In the mean time I have been married and I would cite this as a reply to the converse of your question No. 14. Mrs. Taylor, when she was still called by another name, favored the Idaho Rockies with her presence one summer, and eclipsing even them in attractiveness, I decided to stake out a new claim, taking in the whole territory. We are living on the edge of Plainfield, N. J., near the real country, for we must have convenient places to play "Idaho."

Far be it from my intention to criticise Eastern life. My life in the West taught me to appreciate the comforts and opportunities of the East in a way that gives me no patience with the blasé, surfeited people I so often meet here.

The many chance meetings I have had with good Princeton men have been among the most pleasant incidents of my travels. Princeton influence and Princeton men are everywhere, and I am glad to be a part of the whole and to be again so near the home of it.

Yours sincerely,

KNOX TAYLOR.

New York, March 13, 1905.

P. S.—I am a member of the following clubs and societies: The Princeton Clubs of New York, Philadelphia and the Rocky Mountains; the Engineers' Club of New York; the American Institute of Mining Engineers; the New York Zoological Society and the National Geographic Society.      K. T.

### **ARTHUR ROGERS TEAL**

One of the shortest and saddest stories of our classmates since graduation is that of "Duckie" Teal.

After leaving Princeton he took a three years' course in

Auburn Theological Seminary, at Auburn, New York, where his healthy interest in athletics, his musical ability, and an earnest work, made him much liked by all. His first position after leaving the Seminary was at Binghamton, N. Y., where he was assistant for several years to Dr. Nicholls in the First Presbyterian Church.

From Binghamton he was called to the Presbyterian Church at Katonah, N. Y., where he made a fine record, winning the love of the whole community. He had a beautiful little stone church, with a fine organ, which he often used to play himself. At the outset of his ministry in Katonah, he married Miss Jane Babcock, of New York City, and everything seemed to point to a happy and successful life for him.

During the years 1901 and 1902 he became deeply interested in missions, particularly those to the far West and Alaska, and it is believed that overwork on this subject unbalanced his mind, for on August 12th, 1902, he left his home, saying that he was going to make a pastoral call, and has never been heard from since that day. A. R. Wells saw him in Pueblo, Col., three days later, but as his conduct aroused no suspicion, they parted after the exchange of a few words. The most earnest efforts on the part of his family and friends have failed to discover the slightest trace of his fate.

### **JOHN HAMILTON THACHER**

**1035 Pennsylvania Ave., Kansas City, Mo.**

Lawyer. Firm of Rozzelle, Vineyard & Thacher, New York Life Building, Kansas City, Mo. Also, Assistant City Councillor of Kansas City.

Say Andy:

That's a joke!

Whatever hath

Inspired you to its springing



I know not.  
But surely you don't mean it  
For a fact  
That we've been out of college  
For ten years!  
Are you really going to try  
To make us think  
That our backs have all been bent  
By a decade  
Since the time we used to sit  
Upon the steps  
And freely and complacently dispense  
Our cherished discords on  
The evening air?  
And can it now be possible  
That we  
Appear unto the present undergrad  
As did those gray Methuselahs who came  
Back to their decennials  
When we  
Were guileless Freshmen? Why they  
Seemed to us  
Old beyond the span  
Of mortal years!  
And how they croaked and crooned  
Of by-gone days!  
Telling, each the Epic  
Of his life,  
With particulars and much  
Embroidery.  
If *we* have come to be

So aged—Well!  
You see I'm from Missouri.  
Please show me!  
I know that Time has worked  
Some changes since  
We last around the circle  
Passed the cup.  
There'll be some vacant places  
At the board  
When next we sit together  
As a band.  
*Sic transit*—yet I feel  
They're with us still!  
And from the brimming cup,  
Upon the ground  
A little wine we'll spill  
For love of them.  
Of course I know that Billy Baird's  
*A peer*  
Some several times--  
A follower of Teddy.  
I've heard that Baby Bunting's  
Oldest boy  
Can tell the circulation  
Of the "Lit."  
And solicit ads.  
There's a rumor that  
The progeny of  
Dan'l Webster White  
Repeats at evening prayers  
A "J. O." speech.  
And soon the son of Jesse James  
Will work

No little detriment  
In foot-ball jeans  
To his opponents,  
As once his dad did.  
And in the family  
Of Teddy "Hunt,"  
There is a Personage  
Who presently will be  
The Treasurer of Everything in Sight.  
And eke the story's told  
That Gordon Fish  
Admiringly attends  
The falt'ring steps  
Of a youth who with facil-  
ity and ease  
Doth dictate Tiger jokes  
To four or more  
Stenographers, simultaneously.  
Such stories passing strange  
Have come to me  
Likewise I know that several  
Earnest men  
Belonging to the Class of Ninety-Five  
Have quietly secured  
An option on  
Half the universe for  
Our Decen.  
And President Wilson  
And the Fac.—  
The President of these  
United States.  
The Governor of New Jersey  
And the Hague

Tribunal and the Czar.  
And Harold Mac.—  
Have all of them bestowed  
Their gracious leave  
That we should be allowed  
To take apart  
And use for our own pur-  
poses the town  
Of Princeton—In the early part  
Of June.  
Likewise for this occasion  
I have heard  
That several hundred thousand  
Cubic tons  
Of beer have been imported  
From the Rhine,  
To anticipate a super-  
mundane thirst.  
I rather think that's going  
Some! And yet  
I feel it's somehow all  
A Solar Myth.  
(This ten-year proposition  
That you spring.)  
And just to prove my  
Theory correct  
I'll drop around about  
The ninth of June.  
And should I find  
That all the class *is* there,  
With you, it's tutelary diety.  
I'll *tell* you what I should  
Have put in a,  
Class-letter from

Yours truly,

JOHNNY T'ACH.

Kansas City, April 15, 1905.

**FRANK REED THOMPSON**

**Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Partner in The Howell M'f'g Co., Manufacturing Wholesale Grocers, 135 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati, O.

MARRIED: Sarah McIntyre, October 9th, 1902, Glendale, O.  
Died, Jan., 1903.

Thompson has been in the same business ever since he left Princeton. Beyond the bare facts he has given me on the blue slip, I am unable to make a report.

**THOMAS GAWTHROP TRENCHARD**

**Gumberry, Northampton Co., N. C.**

Vice-President of the Westcott & Trenchard Lumber Co., and Auditor of the Northampton and Hertford Railroad, Gumberry, N. C.

MARRIED: Rosa Eleanor Landin, November 18, 1903, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Andy :—

Your task of publishing the Decennial Record is such a great one, that every Ninety-Five man should do his little willingly and cheerfully. Immediately after graduation, in the Summer of '95, I started a veneer plant in connection with my brother, W. E. Trenchard, at Chestertown, Md., and I continued this business, devoting part of my time to it until June, 1901, when I sold my interest in Maryland and came to Gumberry, N. C., August, 1901, to become part owner and help manage the Westcott & Trenchard Lumber Company and the Northampton and Hertford Railroad Company.

I like both the manufacture of lumber and looking after a short railroad. It is active, outdoor work, and I get plenty of exercise. I live in a small railroad village—it is necessary in order to attend to my business—and I also prefer living in the country because it is healthier and one can be so much more independent.

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In the winter of '98 and '99 I took a six months' trip through the Republic of Honduras. While there I saw how much better England protected her citizens in Central America than did the United States. If an English subject was injured, in a very short time there was a British gunboat in the harbor, forcibly demanding satisfaction; and she took measures to get it very quickly. The United States, on the contrary, insisted on treating the Honduraneans as equals, morally and mentally; instituting courts of inquiry, which often failed to arrive at the facts on account of the large amount of perjured witnesses introduced by these Latin-American races, and even if the United States succeeded in having damages awarded it was never paid without a delay of many a year. Revolutions were as numerous as the seasons, and were quickly concluded with the killing of a few natives; firing their guns was warfare, but killing was slaughter, and could not be endured. The land was extremely fertile, but there were no transportation facilities. I agree with President Roosevelt that they must be compelled to discharge their obligations as nations by pressure brought upon them by the United States, if we would insist upon the Monroe Doctrine.

I have never been in Military or Naval service.

I am a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Knights Templar, Masons, and of the Princeton Club of Philadelphia.

I have done no post-graduate work, no literary work, and taken no interest in politics, only voting the Democratic ticket all the time—W. J. Bryan being the exception and proving the rule.

Outside of my business, I am more interested in the growth of public school education and the dispensary system in North Carolina, and the Negro question. I consider the dispensary a wise regulation of the sale of liquor, for the profits from it

are applied to reducing taxation in the district in which it is sold, and so support a longer term of public school instruction than the State can furnish. There are many restrictions put upon the sale of liquors by dispensaries in order to discourage the sale and make it unattractive. But prohibition which does not prohibit makes and encourages two classes of criminals, the seller and the buyer, and the article bought is usually a cheap and injurious mixture of drugs.

We have only four months of public schools in this State, and the studies of necessity are very elementary. The average pay of a teacher is only \$20 per month, or 80 cents per day, and one hundred working days.

Don't bother the Negro, for he is working out his own salvation. Don't again force the ballot upon the ignorant Negro, for he is not ready for it, nor does he appreciate it.

Don't try to export them from the South, for they are needed in her industrial development. The South allows them to work at good wages and deals very leniently with them in business affairs.

- And don't think the South will tolerate social equality. In many communities, where there are as many blacks as whites, it is a matter of racial supremacy, and the Anglo-Saxon race will never suffer itself to be dominated by a more ignorant and less powerful one.

Come to the South and stay long enough to make sure you understand the race question thoroughly; see if the Southern people are not best fitted to deal with problems that arise here, and are devising the best measures to overcome these difficulties, before you encourage any measures that will retard her development. Remember, the South is a part of the United States, treat her as a poorer and weaker brother, but not as a foe.

Ninety-Five men are very scarce in North Carolina and

Virginia, and I very seldom see them, except occasionally when I go to Maryland, and the men in Maryland can best tell tales on themselves.

I have always upheld Princeton University, her professors, graduates, students, methods, and college spirit, and have tried to conduct myself in such a manner that I would bring no discredit or opprobrium upon her.

Among the many things Princeton has taught me is to retain my mental equilibrium during victory or defeat; how to study problems and conditions which arise, and to look at both sides of a question and view life in a broad minded way.

I think the greatest mistake I ever made was to have taken a general academic course at college, instead of electing studies that would have developed my mind for some particular work or profession.

And now, class-mate, the deaths of Harry Brown and Gus Holly have hurt me so much. I knew these boys better than most of us, for we had fought many a gridiron battle side by side. There was nothing mean or little in their souls. They did their work unflinchingly, conscientiously and without murmur. They were always reliable, fair and aboveboard in all their duties. We can ill afford to lose such men from our class.

Your class-mate,

T. G. TRENCHARD.

Gumberry, N. C., March 6, 1905.

### **OLIVER WELTON UPSON**

**163 River Street, Cleveland, Ohio.**

114 Wilbur Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Upson-Walton Co., Ship Chandlers, 163 River Street.

MARRIED: Helen R. Burkert, October 14, 1903, Detroit, Mich.



Dear Old Andy:—

I know I have taxed your patience beyond limit and was warned of that by your telegram to-day. There was no excuse for my delay, but there are many reasons. I have moved from a flat into a house, all my own (so long as I pay my rent). I have taken inventory and figured it; yes, I have even made money for the house I am working for; the same house I started with July 1st, 1895.

In return for ten years of service the stockholders have decided to honor me with the office of director, but I have not yet arrived at the dignity of signing checks.

Referring back ten years, I chose my present occupation, not because I wanted to, or wanted not to, but because I found it necessary to make a living for myself. I am glad I started because I have succeeded in a measure in attaining my object. I can say frankly that I am not in business for the love of it, although I have found a great many friends and much pleasure in connection with it. I have found time to visit San Francisco via New Orleans and "Kid" Cresson. (Which leads me to say that the finest place to visit under the Stars and Stripes is "Kid" Cresson's home in San Antonio.) Last summer I looked up Leigh Wyman at the St. Louis Fair. I met Harry Godfrey at Coronado five years ago; but have found the homing instinct so strong that I have had to journey back to the New York and Princeton atmosphere at least once a year.

As Secretary of the Princeton Alumni Association of Northern Ohio, I have tried to keep in touch with the dignified end of the Institution and with many undignified alumni; have sent six men to Princeton who would not otherwise have gone there; have engineered two Glee Club concerts here and one Triangle Club performance.

My membership in the University Club in Cleveland has made me many valuable acquaintances, chief among whom I

count Prof. Henry van Dyke. Taking it all together, my ten years have been busy and fruitful in experiences, some pleasant, some unpleasant, none thrilling, and few dangerous. I have been a good risk for the accident insurance companies, but please don't send any agents around. The best experiences that I have had have been the journeys back to the re-unions, and my big mistake was in not entering as a freshman to get the four years with the class instead of two. My experience has been almost too humdrum to be interesting. Political, literary, and military experiences have not been mine.

Before I graduated I learned the roll-call of my class. In the ten years past, not a hundred nor a thousand times, have I repeated that roll to keep alive the name and memory of the choicest two hundred and fifty odd fellows who have ever been thrown together. Whenever you can work up a re-union count me in, and if not the first I will be the second one back in June.

Loyally yours,

OLIVER W. UPSON.

Cleveland, March 11, 1905.

**WILBUR MARSHALL URBAN**

**74 Vernon Street, Hartford, Conn.**

Professor of Philosophy, Trinity College, Hartford.

MARRIED: Elizabeth Newell Wakelin, July 27, 1896, London, England.

Lisbeth Marshall Urban, December 16, 1897, Philadelphia, Pa.

Isabel Wakelin Urban, November 1, 1903, Hartford, Conn.

My dear Andy:—

Well, here you are again! The blue circular has been followed by a yellow one and, though sorely tempted, I sha'n't wait this time to see how many more colors your repertoire contains. How like your old self they always are—these let-

ters! "Take a little trouble with your letter. Make it personal," you say; "and full of enthusiasm!" I really believe, Andy, you have enthusiasm enough to go round among the two hundred and forty of us; but where, in Heaven's name, is a philosopher to get enthusiasm? That's what I am coming back to the reunion for—to get enough to last for another ten years, to get some more of the "spirit of the institution" against the years of dryness and leanness.

I showed your letter to a gentleman of Harvard to-night as a reason why I could not go out with him. I knew when he had come to that word enthusiasm by the lift in his eyebrows. He did not understand it—how could he? In that lies a world of difference and that's why—well, that's why we have the best college song in existence.

But really, Andy, there's very little to tell of myself. Some one has described the philosopher as one who is so interested in things in general that he cares for nothing in particular. Another equally penetrating intellect defined the college professor as a man who neglects his teaching in order to write books in order to secure a place where, by more completely neglecting his teaching, he can write more books. Well, that's about all there is of it. If I wrote indefinitely it could be little more than an expansion of these texts. You see what an endless vicious circle it all is—leaving nothing of interest where-with to answer even that one of your fourteen questions: "What is your hobby?" although as you rightly say, "Every man who is any good is a crank about something." Nothing but internal history, Andy—not even a respectable hobby to make a little showing in print.

Of course I have written articles, delivered lectures, and even slaved in a small editorial way on magazines and dictionaries. But who doesn't? Then there is the opus magnum, the "book" for which the professor, unlike the man of the

parable, not only loses his own soul, but, alas, the world also; the "book" of which the professor's family (if he happens to have one) speaks with bated breath—vaguely—as of some transcendental gold mine, but about which the aforesaid lost world will have no such comforting illusions. Mine is not yet completed, but the outlook is not hopeless, and, after living with the horror of it for four or five years, I have learned the real meaning of that curse: "O that mine enemy would write a book!"

But, my dear Andy, there is one thing that I am really proud of—that in this region which our fellow class-mate and editor of the "Lit," the present editor of the Alumni Weekly, has described as Darkest New England, it is my lot to preach, be it ever so feebly, the light and sanity of Princeton ideals. I bore my colleagues of the faculty with the "honor system" and the "group system," against the former of which there still are, as you know, inexplicable prejudices. I am even thought to be a crank on the honor system, and so may perhaps come within your definition of "the man who is good for something." And as for the group system—well, we should congratulate ourselves that our Alma Mater is one of the leaders in the return to educational sanity.

But, if I may venture upon a suggestion (apropos of the thirteenth question of your exhaustive list), we shall have to hurry up the development of that "graduate school" at Princeton. This group system is admirable for undergraduates, if there is a corresponding expansion of the graduate work. Contraction of the course of studies below, unless it is accompanied by a corresponding expansion above, would mean decay of university spirit and ideals, so dear to the heart of some of the lovers of Princeton.

After reading this last paragraph I feel like saying "cut it." Why spoil your collection of (in this case pre-prandial

eloquence) by an unpardonable lapse into the serious? But here goes—We'll banish seriousness (to say nothing of all care and sadness) when we find ourselves back at last, strong in heart and voice, recalling anew those days of gladness 'neath the Orange and the Black!

Until then, yours as ever

WILBUR M. URBAN.

Hartford, Conn., February 15, 1905.

**LEROY WORTHINGTON VALLIANT**

**5032 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.**

Valliant left the class at the end of freshman year and my first news of him came in February, 1896, when he was in the steel business with the Johnson Co., at Lorain, Ohio.

In January, 1899, I heard of him as salesman with the Roberts, Johnson & Rand Shoe Co., of St. Louis. In the fall of that year he reported that he was "manufacturers' agent for boots and shoes" in St. Louis. I did not hear from him for nearly three years, and when in St. Louis in 1902 made a personal search which finally located him, and I learned that he was in the engineering department of the Choctaw Construction Co., at Ardmore, Indian Territory. The next year he was down in West Virginia at a place called Big Bend, helping to build a railroad, and in 1904 was still at the railroad business at Ringgold, Ohio. Since then he has escaped me altogether.

**FRANK COLLINS VAN SELLAR**

**211 South Central Avenue, Paris, Ill.**

Lawyer. Firm of Van Sellar & Van Sellar, Rooms 1—4 Masonic Temple, Paris, Ill.

After leaving Princeton, Van Sellar studied law at the North-

western University and at the same time became a clerk in the law office of Gen. Hunt, in Chicago.

Upon graduation from the law school in 1897 he returned to his home in Paris, Ill., and became a member of the firm of Van Sellar & Shepherd. In 1903 the firm became Van Sellar & Van Sellar.

From the enthusiasm of several of Van Sellar's letters to me in the past ten years I was in great hopes that he would write a letter for the book. His interest in Princeton is still strong, although I understand he has never been able to return to the college since 1895.

### JOHN BENNETT VAUGHN

Dorranceton, Pa.

Wilkes-Barre Manager for Frederick H. Payne, Banker and Broker, and Member N. Y. Stock Exchange, 54 W. Market St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Dear Imbrie:—

It is proverbial that every one likes to talk about himself; perhaps you can contradict that from experience in getting these "heart to heart" talks on our careers. Any way I can disprove it.

Well, here goes: I left college, went "West Young Man" for my health, and got it and thirty-five pounds in weight, along with thirty years in experience. After two years in a lumber camp in Northern Wisconsin, I came back East, was in the real estate business, preferred chasing an automobile, and am now and have been for the last three years manager for Frederick H. Payne, banker and broker, and member New York Stock Exchange. Office in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Am more than ever enthusiastic about the motor car, and the market permitting, you will see me at Princeton in June.

Very truly yours,

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., March 14, 1905.

JOHN B. VAUGHN.

**RAYMOND LYNDE WADHAMS**

**72 N. Franklin Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.**

Physician.

MARRIED: Mary Bergmann Dobbs, October 18, 1900, New York City.

Dorothy Lynde Wadhams, April 28, 1902, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Agnes Elizabeth Wadhams, November 7, 1903, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Dear Imbrie:—

It does not seem nearly ten years since we left Princeton, and yet a great deal has happened since that time. Some of our class-mates have had brilliant years and lives full of interest, while some of us have just been filling our own little corners and keeping on sawing wood, taking care never to let the sawdust accumulate.

In the Fall of 1895 I entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. The Faculty were considerate and allowed me to graduate. After that I spent one year in the Wilkes-Barre City Hospital as Resident Physician, and after leaving there I entered into the practice of medicine.

Since December 1901 I have been on the Regular Staff of the Hospital, serving in several different departments. Just at present among things I have charge of the Radiographic apparatus; therefore am I called "X Ray Wad."

As regards my profession, I am very well satisfied; but let no one study medicine unless he wants plenty of hard work and is sure he is fitted for it. For those who wish to make money it is the poorest graft I know of.

Our little city, although not large in the number of inhabitants, is a very busy town, situated in the midst of the coal region, and is gaining rapidly in manufactories. About seven months in town and five in the country I find very pleasant, especially as I go to a small lake in the mountains and find plenty of work among the summer people.

A hobby is indeed essential, and several interchangeable, compatible hobbies are a joy for ever. With a launch and small boats in the boathouse, a sailboat anchored outside, and a couple of cameras in the locker, ennui never makes itself known.

This writing about one's self does not appeal to me in the least. Now if you had asked for a few volumes concerning my family the work would have been a pleasure. As you know, I was married the Fall of 1900, and since then two little girls have come to make life worth living.

I often recall the very salubrious occasion of Bert Lukens's wedding, solemnized under the auspices of the class of '95. The only regret is that he has sought other fields to herd his goats.

In addition to our quite large resident Princeton contingent I see numerous Princeton men here, either on business or pleasure, and occasionally a '95 man turns up.

It is with the greatest pleasure I look forward to our reunion next June and expect to come early and stay late.

Very sincerely yours,

RAYMOND L. WADHAMS.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., February 22, 1905.

**CHARLES SAMUEL WALDO**

**Prattsburg, Steuben Co., N. Y.**

7 Winthrop Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Lawyer. 706 Powers Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Classmates:—

I have been accused of belonging to that portion of our class which Andy characterizes as "too modest autobiographers." This is no doubt a very charitable way of describing our tardiness. The fourteen "suggestions" which he has of-



ferred as valuable aids for saving time ought to enable us to send in our communications soon enough for our "vital statistics" to be recorded with others.

Since leaving Princeton I have been engaged in teaching, farming and practicing law; not to mention being merely engaged. However, I am still enjoying single "blessedness" and expect to be for some months yet.

Since 1900 I have been located at Rochester, N. Y., where I have struggled with speculative negligence cases, indictment (of others) for receiving stolen property, collecting claims against old ladies owning real estate, but who were in very secluded retirement and unable to see anyone, especially process servers, etc., etc.

I have not traveled extensively, but my experience convinces me that the best way to travel is to stop in one locality long enough to become acquainted with its people. In Missouri there was a certain breezy friendliness and frankness in the atmosphere which was very refreshing. I had there the good fortune to become very well acquainted with Mr. Harry Pratt and his wife, who is an aunt of one of our class-mates, Capt. Courtland Nixon, and found them very charming people. I taught school in Sedalia, Mo., for the first year after leaving college, and spent the next two years farming at my home in Prattsburg, N. Y.

My literary career has been chiefly confined to occasional toasts at banquets and the forensic efforts incident to my profession. In politics I have served my country bravely as an inspector of election, and have assisted my party by standing for hours on the icy curb waiting for torchlight parades to appear. So far as hobbies are concerned my principal ones are golf and canoeing in the summer and skating in the winter.

About two years ago we had a comparatively small but successful Princeton banquet here in Rochester, at which was

present, as guest of honor, Prof. West, who greatly interested us in Princeton's recent developments.

We have in Rochester 13 or 14 Princeton Alumni, and of the '95 men I most often meet, there are Dr. Ward, who resides in this city and John Bowman, who is often here.

I believe that the reforms which have been made in the curriculum since Prof. Woodrow Wilson became President will prove of great benefit to the student.

Sincerely hoping that I may have the pleasure of meeting you all at the decennial reunion,

I remain, your Classmate,

CHAS. S. WALDO.

P. S.—Three cheers for the Tiger.

Rochester, N. Y., March 1, 1905.

### **PHILIP GEORGE WALKER**

**Capitol Street, Charleston, West Va.**

Lawyer. Kanawha National Bank Building, Charleston, W. Va.

Dear Andy:—

I am practicing Law and up to the present date have never for a moment regretted choosing this profession. My home is in the city of Charleston, in the Kanawha Valley of West Virginia. I live there by choice and unless something unforeseen happens, I expect to live there the rest of my active life. When I am too old to engage in the active practice of law, I may select some place that offers more and varied amusements. I don't believe that a man ought to get old until he is ready to die.

My experience in the Army was very limited—that is, as to actual service. The regiment to which I belonged never left this country. Army life was very attractive to me, and

I enjoyed my year in the service immensely and came out much stronger physically than when I enlisted. My service was never irksome or tiresome to me at any time. I enlisted as a private, was made Sergeant Major of the First West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, promoted to Second Lieutenant, made Battalion Adjutant, acted as Judge Advocate of a General Court Martial for about two months; was made Aide on the Second Brigade Staff of the Second Division, First Army Corps; promoted to First Lieutenant and assigned as First Aide on the staff of Brigadier-General Wiley, of Pennsylvania, at that time in command of the Second Division of the First Corps. I remained on this staff until my regiment was mustered out, at Columbus, Ga.

After leaving Princeton I studied law at the University of Virginia and was admitted to practice law in this State in 1897. I have often thought I would startle my classmates by writing some literary work, but so far have been too busy trying to make a living. Perhaps some day I may do so. So far, I have never been a candidate for a political office (not that I have not been frequently asked to become one, but, being a very modest man, I have always stepped aside for some one else.

I have never been an Independent or straddled the fence, but have always voted the ticket as it came from the printer's. My hobby, if I have one, is hunting and fishing. I belong to several hunting and fishing clubs in this State and have spent some of my happiest days on the banks of our mountain streams.

I see very little of Ninety-five men, although there are a great many Princeton men in this section of the State, and I am glad to say that their number is increasing as the years go by. In my humble way I have tried on every possible occasion to give Princeton a boost, whenever the opportunity

presented itself, and if in doing so I have violated any of the Commandments, I feel that my sin has been forgiven. When the time came to make a selection of a university at which to complete my education (or try to) I selected Princeton, more on account of the spirit and loyalty of her sons than for any other reason. I believe that I made the wisest selection possible for myself. So far I have never distinguished myself, but if I ever do, I know that it will all be due to the training I got at Princeton.

I am, very sincerely, yours,

PHILIP G. WALKER.

Charleston, W. Va., April 11, 1905.

**WILLIAM DOUGLAS WARD**

**12 Grove Place, Rochester, N. Y.**

Physician. 474 North Goodman St., Rochester, N. Y.

My dear Andy:—

Your letter reminded me that our ten years of grace are almost over, and it is now time to return to our Alma Mater to give an account of what we have done or left undone, of our good fortunes or mishaps, our successes or failures. Fortunately our judge is our friend and wants to hear only good of us. I believe she would even give us another chance.

Ten years ought to be time enough in which to accomplish something, and yet I feel as if I had only just started my career. For three years I have been at work at the actual practice of medicine; before that I was getting ready for it. The first year after I left college I went over to Lawrenceville to impart into growing youth the mathematical idea, also the rudiments of foot-ball, and the truth of all truths that there is no University in the country like Princeton. Jack Tildsley, '93, was a mighty strong "rooter" at Lawrenceville, that year,

and with many others to help, many boys seemed to incline our way. Bill Edwards and "Cap" Kafer have proved themselves probably the greatest athletic stars of that year, but many others were not far behind.

Teaching, somehow, did not satisfy me; in fact, even before I left college I had an idea that I might be a doctor some day, and soon my thoughts became definitely fixed in that direction. I began studying out at the University of Michigan, where I had an opportunity, also, to try foot-ball coaching, following in the footsteps of "Jerry" McCauley, '94. With the foot-ball team I traveled through a great deal of that middle western country, Minneapolis being the most western point I reached, and I often met old rivals from Yale or Harvard, and occasionally another Princeton man. Phil King was coaching Wisconsin, but we did not play them that year. There are many interesting things in coaching, but there are also some drawbacks and disagreeable features, so that I was glad to be through with it, and able to give myself wholly to the study of medicine.

I finished my year out at Michigan—and a very good course they have, too: their laboratories are especially fine. The boys were very good to me there and among other things elected me a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity. There was a nice set of boys in the chapter and I used to have my room at the chapter house. It made life at Ann Arbor much more pleasant than it would have been, and I enjoyed the fraternity life, though I still rejoice that we don't indulge at Princeton.

For my last two years in the medical school I went down to Penn., and though I was there the full two years, sat on their benches and made some friends, still I never felt at home. Somehow the remembrance of Trenton and November 10, '94, would not leave me, and I never attended a base-ball or foot-ball game while I was there, but that I hoped that their op-

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ponents, no matter who they were, would win. To Dr. J. Willie White, though I had often to listen to his teachings in surgery, I had a special antipathy. Pennsylvania has a good medical school, but I feel that I owe more to Dr. Joseph Price for my medical training than to the medical school. At Pennsylvania, too, "Jerry" McCauley had been my forerunner, and he it was who took me around to see Dr. Joe upon the very day of my arrival in Philadelphia, and from that time until I left Philadelphia, in March, 1902, after a winter's special training with him, he was my friend and instructor; and if I ever make a name for myself in the domain of surgery it is his training that I shall have to thank for it. Many a morning would find me standing beside his operating table instead of on the benches of the lecture room where I belonged, but I have never repented of my choice. I believe that Dr. Joseph Price is the finest abdominal surgeon in America to-day, and that means in the world.

I didn't see many of our '95 men in Philadelphia—occasionally I would see some of them at the Princeton Club, but I was only able to get there myself infrequently. While in the Presbyterian Hospital, where I served for eighteen months after graduating from the medical school, I used to see Charlie Worden, '94, and Ned Hodge, '96; very often and afterwards Charlie Browne, '96. They were internes there at the same time that I was.

Many of my summers I have spent at Hemlock Lake, in Western New York. We have a little cottage there called "Idle Hour," and it has been the scene of many a good time. Teddy Norris has been there, and "Kelly," Porkie Brooks, and Jake Otto, with his girl. They can tell you more about it than I can, but it certainly was good to see them, and many a time the old rafters rang with Princeton cheers and Princeton songs.

And now I am in Rochester living with the family in the heart of the city, though we have a little green around us and Lewis will tell you of several bitterly fought games last summer on the tennis court. I haven't a house of my own yet, nor a wife, but I hope to be a happy possessor of both ere long. and you may be sure that you will be welcome at our home. I belong to the Country Club and the Whist Club, so can promise you several kinds of entertainment.

Andy wants to know my literary ability. I am afraid I have not shone in that line. The only article that I can boast of ever having had published appeared in "American Medicine," in the issue of April 11th, 1903. It was called "The Possibility of Clean Obstetrical Work in the Slums," and I am afraid would interest none of you, except possibly the doctors.

And now here's to Old Princeton once more and to the glorious Class of '95—we shall all be there in the Spring. Best luck to every one of you, from

“DOUGAL” WARD.

Rochester, N. Y., January 25, 1905.

### GUY SCOTT WARREN

424 West 2d Street, Lexington, Ky.

With McClure & Bronston (Inc.), Printing, Engraving, Book Binding and Gen'l Stat'y, 152 West Main St., Lexington, Ky.

MARRIED: Katherine McCreary Bronston, Feb. 12th, 1901, Lexington, Ky.

Anne Warren, May 4th, 1902, Chicago, Ill.

Sallie Warren, June 23rd, 1903, Chicago, Ill.

In 1895 and 1896 Warren was in the Wholesale Hard Wood Lumber business in St. Louis as a member of the firm of Powe & Warren. After that he traveled abroad for a while, and in 1898 enlisted in Light Battery "A," Missouri Volunteers, and saw service in Porto Rico. Early in 1899 he reported his busi-







ness as that of a "prospector," but shortly after that became cashier and manager of the Postal Telegraph Cable Co., of Chicago.

In September, 1904, he removed to Lexington, Ky., his present home, where he is now associated with McClure & Bronston (Inc.), in the printing, engraving, book-binding and general stationery business.

He begs off from writing a letter on the plea that his "experiences during the last ten years have been of such a varied nature that were he to recount them they would perhaps be a record in themselves."

### **DEXTER MASON FERRY WEEKS**

**care of Studebaker's, Kansas City, Mo.**

No. 2 West 37th Street, The Nassau Apartments.

Manager for and partner with Studebaker Bros. Manufacturing Co. (Wholesale Branch.) Controlling Mo., Kans., Neb., Ind. Ter., Okla. Ter. Vehicles of every kind, 13th and Hickory Streets, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIED: Mary Mather, August 17, 1897, Geneseo, N. Y.

Dear Fellows:—

A fellow seldom has the opportunity to write so royal a group of men as make up the rank and file of our class, and so I am going to respond to this occasion with pleasure.

I have always contended that college classes are like pies; some have a thick upper crust, some a thick undercrust, some have both, but have very little filling. As I remember the class of Ninety-Five and watch it grow to meet its responsibilities, I am more than ever convinced that it was properly constructed—an all-around, well-seasoned mixture, reaching both ways and holding together all kinds of dispositions with a bond of fellow feeling which does not die out with the wear and tear of years and the distracting tendencies of our individual lives.

One of the regrets of my life has been that I have always been thrown in places where I have been deprived of your fellowship, but I have your records, every one of them, and I have cause to be proud of you. Forgetting for the moment the great things you have done, I am proud that there is not a bum in our class—not a man who is in want or who has not yet struck his trail—not a man so good or so bad that he is out of touch with the class and is therefore not good company for every one of us. After all, the personal equation and the friends one has count for a whole lot more than dollars, and so my membership in Ninety-Five is not for sale.

The ten years since our graduation has dealt kindly with me. They have trailed me across the continent eighteen times and landed me here in the middle west. With the exception of nine months when I was laid up for repairs in California, with a doubt in my own mind whether I was ever going to walk again, I have had my share of health, fun, and emoluments. I dare say I owe as much as the average, but I keep the wolf away from the door, my taxes are paid, and I am solvent and happy.

My life has not been a great one and my accomplishments have not been remarkable. I have simply been a wheel-horse with an old man's responsibilities—daily plotting against the whites. I cross your trails now and then and recognize your footprints in the foreground of undertakings which are always worth doing.

To my acquaintance with you, I am indebted for the entree to many a pleasant friendship, and I am satisfied that the spirit of our class is a real, tangible thing, a help in my business and a comfort when I am "sourball." It is the Spirit of the West, calling for the associations of men with big hearts and courage and endurance—the spirit of Princeton. I have a profane theory about such men for which I apologize, but

which can only be expressed as follows: "Pull together fellows, and—damn 'em, they can't beat us!"

A continent and a surplus of work have kept me from every reunion until this year, and I have been the loser for it. I feel that I cannot afford to miss another such opportunity, and so, if I am alive in June, I will be with you in Princeton.

Very sincerely,

D. M. F. WEEKS.

Kansas City, March 6, 1905.

**JOHN FOX WEISS**

**Harrisburg, Pa.**

206 Pine Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

Attorney-at-Law, 216 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa. Also,  
District Attorney, Dauphin Co., Pa.

MARRIED: Christine B. Brandt, November 26, 1901, Harrisburg, Pa.

Dear Fellow Classmates, and you especially, my dear Andy,  
who have done so much toward keeping our Class together,

FELICITATIONS AND GREETINGS:—

I have your "No. 10" circular, Andy, which, combined with those which have preceded it, make a rather a distinguished Blue Book, and I return herewith the enclosure, answering fully your "Bertillon System" of suggestions.

Primarily, I take extreme pleasure in sending (and I'm sure it's yours in receiving) a check for my final subscription to the Decennial Fund. If you will search among the contents of this envelope you will find it neatly tucked away. You will pardon the fact that this check is drawn on non-erasable paper, but I know the great temptation under which you labor at this particular time.

You have made some valuable suggestions, Bro. Secretary, upon the second page of your epistle, and I give herewith the

general history of my life for the past ten years. Don't ask for more.

After graduation, I spent the summer of 1895 in Europe, returning home late in the fall. I then entered the law offices of Hon. S. J. M. McCarrell, Harrisburg, Pa., and began the study of law; was admitted to the Bar of Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, on March 21, 1898, and opened law offices at 216 Market Street, Harrisburg, where I have been practicing since. In the summer of 1899 I was elected Chairman of the Republican Committee of Dauphin County, and have been annually re-elected. On November 26, 1901, I was married to Miss Christine B. Brandt, of this city; we have no children; our home is at 206 Pine Street, Harrisburg, and the latch string is always out for '95 men. On April 5, 1904, I was nominated by the Republican Convention of this county to the office of District Attorney, and was elected to said office on the 8th of November, 1904, by a majority of 4,347. I took the oath of office on January 3, 1905, for a term of three years. It has always been customary in this county to give the District Attorney two terms, but whether or not that will be my fortune I do not know.

From the foregoing, it is hardly necessary to say that I am a member of every political club, athletic club, charitable society, etc., around this neck of woods. I am the only '95 man in Harrisburg, although I frequently see members of our Class, as well as many other Princetonians, in Philadelphia. I had the real pleasure, not long ago, of hearing Ray Carter preach in the church which I attend, and I am glad to say that he is a most interesting, instructive, and entertaining preacher.

I fear very greatly that I will not get to the Decennial. This is the saddest news that I can write. The last criminal court in this county before the summer adjournment, begins on Monday, June 12th, which is just at Commencement time.

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Postponement of court is out of the question and my presence is absolutely necessary. I shall, however, do my utmost to arrange the business of the court so as to enable me to be at Princeton Saturday and Sunday—June 10th and 11th. This is all I can possibly do. If getting to the Decennial for these two days is under my control, I'll be there—good and proper, large and square—don't worry. It's been a long time since we've had a chance to size things up and lay plans for running the Government; and it's imperative now that these should be carefully considered by us all and that every one should be heard from. I'm delighted with the Committee, my dear Andy, and I feel confident that we'll have a RATTLING BIG DECENNIAL.

I'm anxious to see you all again—to grasp your hand, to look you over, and to learn about you. I'm anxious to see the old town once more—to join the cavalcade and “pee-rade” again up and down Nassau Street—the bands are playing, flags are flying, and '95's in town. I want to sing and cheer and dance and yell, in fact I want to raise merry h——! I want the whole college world to know that we, in truth, will be the whole show. I want them to hearken and then they'll thrive on the wonderful tales of Ninety-five. I want them to stand in wonder and hear the good old way Ninety-five can cheer. Then we'll bid them “Come, fill up a glass, and drink to the health of our glorious Class.” Then we'll have mirth and then we'll have glee, and we'll feel just as young as we used to be. A triple cheer for Princeton! Are you ready? Hip! Hip—and a “locomotive” for '95.

So here's to you, my brother Benedick, your wife and children; here's to you, Mr. Present-Day Lover, yourself and sweetheart; here's to you, Mr. Typical Bachelor, alone in the wide, wide world—may each and every one of you enjoy to

the fullest measure life's peace, life's pleasures, and life's prosperity.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

JOHN FOX WEISS.

Harrisburg, Pa., February 10, 1905.

**ARTHUR REGISTER WELLS**

**Corning, Iowa.**

Lawyer. Member of firm of Davis & Wells, Corning, Ia.

MARRIED: Helen Wilson, April 28, 1897, Corning, Ia.

Mary Wells, January 2, 1904, Corning, Ia., died January 5, 1904.

My dear Andy:—

If you must have an excuse for your many unanswered letters these ten years, it is to be found in the pleasure the receipt of your frequent "reminders" have given me. If you would only write a fellow as often when your inquiries are promptly answered as when they are not, you would have a better opinion of the business habits of your classmates.

My story is uneventful and no red head-lines will be needed to introduce it. I attended law school at the State University of Iowa the year after we left Princeton, and was admitted to the bar before the Supreme Court of Iowa in May, 1896, and began practice the next week with an established firm and have stuck close to business ever since. My travels for pleasure have not been extensive and have been confined mostly to occasional hunting trips—duck hunting is my hobby, and I don't belong to G. C.'s political school, either. I have never held office, though I have "worked for the good of the party" and some of my friends, but I have never been guilty of wandering after the strange gods of the independents.

I am glad I went to Princeton and landed in '95. I have enjoyed life and have nothing to kick on now; am satisfied

with the practice of law and live in the fine State of Iowa by choice as well as by chance. One of my chief regrets is that I do not see the members of '95; except for those who were at the reunion in 1900 you could count on your fingers all those I have seen since we graduated. I shall surely be at the Decennial. The only news I know is that Teddy Norris is married; as I have not seen a notice of it in the Alumni Weekly, it ought to be told.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR R. WELLS.

Corning, Ia., March 22, 1905.

**WILLIAM HENRY WELLS**

**22 Summit Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.**

Physician.

My first news of Wells came from him in the fall of 1896, when he was entered as a student at the College of Pharmacy in New York City. For a while after that he was in business with his father in Jersey City, and in the fall of 1898 was a student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. In July, 1903, he was one of the resident physicians at the Hudson Street Hospital. It was a familiar sight down in the business section of New York to see him dashing by on the tail-board of an ambulance. His younger brother is now Captain of the Princeton base-ball team, and at least for the present Wells is devoted to the game so far as it concerns Old Nassau.

**DANIEL PARVIN WESTCOTT**

**3301 River Avenue, Camden, N. J.**

Real Estate.

MARRIED: Ida Mabel Cramer, September 6th, 1898, Camden, N. J.



## 402 Princeton, '95—Decennial Record.

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Alfred Cramer Westcott, July 8, 1899, Rochester, England.

Died, December 5, 1900, in Buenos Ayres, Argentina.

Muriel Westcott, April 15, 1903, Richmond, England.

Dear Imbrie:—

I congratulate you, sir, and I can only compare you with what Lincoln said of Grant when asked how Grant impressed him: "He has the grip of a bull dog; when once he gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off." From the number of letters I have been receiving lately with your signature at the bottom, I see that you have your teeth in me and that you are not going to be shaken off until you get what you ask for.

In July after leaving Princeton I sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool. The day before the ship sailed some friends and I called on the Captain. Among the party was a certain young lady whom the Captain took such an interest in that he asked if she were going too; she blushed and I answered "not this trip"; but she did go later, however, a number of times.

I was in England for the three first years after graduation as an engineer for the Economical Gas Apparatus Construction Co., carburated water gas engineers, of London and Toronto, traveling most of the time; but I was always careful to take slow trains until I got used to it, as I remembered what the freshly arrived Yankee said while taking his first ride on a through train from the North, "I should think these fellows would be afraid to go so fast for fear they could not stop soon enough and run right off into the ocean." This Yankee, you see, was not acquainted with the reputation of a certain other English road. I was unfortunate enough to travel on this particular road a number of times. On one trip, I remember an old gray-haired gentleman was in the compartment when I entered and I happened to be directly behind him when he was passing through the ticket gate. The inspector looked

at the ticket and then at the man. "Why, sir," said the inspector, "this is a half ticket." "It's all right," said our gray-haired friend, "I was only a boy when I started."

In April of '98 I sailed from Southampton for New York. I tell you I was glad to get started, but "glader" to stop, for I was in America once more. I spent that summer in Buffalo, N. Y., and had a glorious time, which I could appreciate to the full after being absent from the Stars and Stripes so long. In September I came back to Camden and married the lady of whom I spoke above. We were married on September 7th, and on the 8th sailed from New York to Liverpool. My wife is a sister of Al Cramer. I spent almost another two years in traveling in England, my wife, however, coming to America in October, '99, with our first born, Alfred Cramer Westcott, who first saw the light July 8, '99. Most of my time during these five years was spent in erecting C. W. G. plants in English towns and cities.

England is a very interesting country to live in, there is such a variety of people. In the Northern counties the people are very hospitable and some of them speak a dialect which is almost impossible to understand until one gets accustomed to it. In the South and around London, the people are more "stiff," although very friendly after getting acquainted.

In the spring of 1900 I came to America again, and with my wife and son sailed on the 19th of May for Buenos Ayres, Argentina. We were fifteen days after leaving New York before we reached Pernambuco. We stopped there for provisions and proceeded to Bahia, where we were transhipped to avoid quarantine at Buenos Ayres. We remained in Bahia five days, sweltering under the hot sun and eating seedless oranges; the meat was too tough for our teeth. We next boarded an English mail steamer and proceeded to Martin Garcia, by way of Rio, Montevideo, and a four hours' ride on a little tugboat

on a rough river, with everybody the worse for wear by the time we landed.

Martin Garcia is a small island in the River Plate used as a quarantine station (so you see we did not escape the quarantine after all), and incidentally to let convicts run wild on. One fellow killed another to make some excitement and break the monotony for us during our stay. When we arrived another shipload was occupying the shanty adjoining ours and soldiers with muskets on their shoulders paraded between to keep us from contaminating our neighbors. On the 27th of June we at last arrived in Buenos Ayres itself. There I had charge of the erection of a large plant. Most of my men spoke everything with the exception of English, and you can imagine how easy it was to make them understand. However, the work was completed and perfectly satisfactory to all concerned; although our life there was not all roses, for in December, 1900, our boy left us for a better world. I had berths engaged for my wife and baby to sail for England on Friday, but our baby passed away on the Wednesday before.

Buenos Ayres is a very nice city, the main street is one of the finest I have ever seen, and the hotels are very good, but expensive, like everything else there. Some of the American dentists are very peculiar, as they speak only Spanish. We met a few Americans and some English people, and with the one exception spent a very pleasant and profitable eight months in Buenos Ayres, and left there in March, 1901.

We traveled from Bahia to Buenos Ayres with a young man who had left his fiancée in England to follow in a few months. On the steamer returning was the young lady, alone, who, in the meantime, had arrived in the Argentine and evidently was entirely undecided about the desirability of being burdened with a husband. When we arrived in Rio she was more undecided than ever and so we left her there in charge of one

of the officials of the steamship company and never heard her final decision, whether she returned to the old love in the Argentine, or a new one or single blessedness in England or elsewhere.

My wife and I were detailed by an Englishman, who remained in Buenos Ayres, to see that his wife reached England safely. He, however, sent her a cable at Rio to return on the next steamer; but as she was in our charge and possession also, even orders from her husband, did not move us and we saw her safely to Waterloo, London. Saw her husband about a year later. No ill feeling.

After arriving in England in the latter part of March, my wife spent this summer, 1901, in America, and when she returned in October, we went to housekeeping in Richmond, on the outskirts of London and within a stone's throw of Kew Gardens. I was now assistant general manager of the Economical Company and in the London office most of the time. In April, 1903, Muriel Westcott arrived. She is now a lively youngster of almost two years.

In the summer of 1903, I resigned my position and came to America, where we have now settled down to a quiet life in the outskirts of Camden. I am in the real estate business with my father-in-law.

My first visit to Princeton after we left in '95, was last fall for the Yale game. The old place has certainly changed and improved also, and I am glad to see that our class is contributing to a still further improvement. A friend accompanied me to the game and asked "What is this building?" and I had to say so many times that I did not know, that she began to think I had never seen Princeton before.

I also had the pleasure of attending the Philadelphia Club dinner in February, 1904, and saw a few of the old fellows.

I will not weary you further, but leave the accounts of my

Continental trips to Paris, Brussels, etc., in order that I may have something to say when you call the next "cennial" letter, and I assure you, sir, you need only remind me of the time by a postal card.

With my best wishes for yourself, the class and Princeton, I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

D. P. WESTCOTT.

Camden, N. J., April 1, 1905.

**ARTHUR LIDLIE WHEELER**

**434 Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.**

2205 St. James Place, Philadelphia.

Manager of up-town office for Winthrop Smith & Co., Bankers  
and Brokers, 434 Real Estate Trust Building.

Dear Andy:—

I have lost your blue slip which contains the "fourteen questions," but as I am sure they refer to the number of books I have written, how many times I have been married, and how many children I have, I deny them all.

I am afraid the story of my life for the last few years would not make very exciting reading, and would probably be more interesting to the Rev. Charles Wagner than to the members of the glorious Class of '95.

I can only say that I am enjoying life and trying not to grow fat. Looking forward with great pleasure to seeing you and all the fellows in June, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

**ARTHUR L. WHEELER.**

Philadelphia, March 11, 1905.

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**ROBERT RALPH WHERRY****Claremont, California.**

Orange grower, President of Claremont Co-operative Water Co., Director in North Palomares Irrigation Co., Claremont, California.

MARRIED: Helen Barrows Warren, September 30, 1902, Claremont Cal.

Helen Roberta Wherry, July 2, 1904, Claremont, Cal.

Dear Classmates:—

It is over five years since I have seen a '95 man, and in all that time I have only seen two Princeton men, one of the class of '88 and the other of '02. You can imagine something of my eagerness to get back to Princeton next June and to clasp the hand of every '95 man there.

Since writing my Triennial letter, in which I told you of my studies in the N. Y. Law School, my admission to the New York Bar and my hopes of being admitted to the New Jersey Bar, my history has been as follows:

In February '98 I was admitted to the New Jersey Bar and in the following October I entered the law office of Ex-Senator Wm. A. Stuhr of Hoboken where I remained for about eighteen months at the end of which time I entered into partnership with my brother, J. Fred. Wherry of the class of '93, under the firm name of Wherry & Wherry.

We had just fitted up offices in Newark, New Jersey, and were about to begin an active campaign for the position of Supreme Court Justices of the United States when I suffered a complete breakdown in health and was compelled, after regaining sufficient strength for the journey, to come West for an entire change of air and scenery. My mother accompanied me.

We spent nine months in Arizona, living most of that time on the desert ten miles from Phoenix, at a little village called

Scottsdale. There amid the yap yap of the coyote at night and the doleful call of the mourning dove by day, I regained considerable of my health and strength.

About this time the Boxer troubles broke out in China and the papers began to tell of the horrible massacres of all the foreigners in Peking, going into such minute details that it was scarcely possible to believe, even in the light of subsequent events, that almost all the stories were the fabrications of an idle and vicious press.

As my father was in Peking at the time and we hadn't heard from him for months, you can imagine our feelings when we read these stories from day to day. Add to this a temperature which, for the last six weeks of our stay in Arizona hung around the 114° in the shade mark, day after day, week after week, and you will not be surprised that I lost fifteen pounds and most of the strength which it had taken me so long to build up.

From Arizona we came to Southern California where we received the news of the lifting of the siege. A cablegram from my father brought the glad tidings that he was still in the land of the living. With the weight of anxiety off my mind I began again to improve in health.

In the following June I bought an orange ranch near the little college town of Claremont. I named the ranch, with fitting ceremonies, "Nassau." Here I have been ever since with an occasional trip to the mountains or shore in the summer time.

On September 30th, 1902, I was married to Miss Helen B. Warren, a daughter of Col. E. W. Warren and a niece of the late Gen. G. K. Warren. On July 2nd, 1904, a daughter, Helen Roberta, came to add further sunshine to our lives.

Of professional work, since coming West, I have done little, though I have been admitted to practice in this State.

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My degrees and titles, professional and otherwise, are as follows: A.B.; LL.B.; Attorney and Counselor at Law in New York; Attorney at Law and Master in Chancery in New Jersey; Attorney at Law in California; Attorney, Counselor, Proctor and Advocate of the United States Courts for the District of New Jersey; President of the Claremont Co-operative Water Company, and a director in the North Palomares Irrigation Company.

I live a life bucolic by necessity rather than choice. The life of an orange grower, while in many respects very pleasant, is not what I should naturally have chosen had my health permitted me to continue in the active practice of law.

Princeton has done much for me and I love her passionately as every true son of hers should.

For her I have not done much except to say a good word when I could and to keep my Decennial Memorial Fund subscription paid up.

I hope to meet you all at Princeton in June.

Yours for Princeton and '95,

**ROBERT R. WHERRY.**

Nassau Ranch, Claremont, Cal., February 15, 1905.

## **GEORGE WHITE**

### **Marietta, O.**

410 Fourth Street, Marietta, O.

Secretary and Treasurer of The Permian Oil & Gas Co., (a corporation for the production of crude petroleum and natural gas), St. Clair Building, Marietta, O.

MARRIED: Charlotte McKelvy, September 25, 1900, Titusville, Pa.

David McKelvy White, August 8, 1901, Edgeworth, Pa.

Mary Louise White, Sept. 28, 1902, Pittsburgh, Pa. Died, Dec. 3, 1902.



Dear Andy:—

My triennial was penned the day before I left home for the Klondyke, and being in that remote land for two and a half years only one of your touching appeals to the slothful broke through the Canadian system of losing the mail.

Do you want me to give you a few pages "of vital oxygen" fresh from the valley of the Yukon? Well, this certainly would be an opportunity for me to get even with you for past insulting appeals by postal card. That I can make good this threat against space and printer's ink was proven last Winter, when I addressed a Marietta audience (standing room only—it was free) and at the end of two hours had not exhausted my reserve fund of dreams. But cheer up, Andy! I will spare you and the class this time.

The only '95 man I saw in the Klondyke was Charley Cochran; but he did not stay long and I was left as the sole representative of the great and glorious class of '95 in that land of gold and mosquitoes. I met Post Wheeler, '91, on the trail one day, resplendent in full beard and buckskin suit, and inasmuch as the size of his poke indicated literary work rather than mining, I have since been on the lookout for the result of his experiences; but as yet they have not pierced this Western wilderness.

Agreeable company was hard to find and many a Winter night (which included most of the afternoon) I have spent the time living over again the good old college days. In the hardships we were forced to endure I cannot say that Latin and Greek were of any material help to a man when he came to cut trees, whipsaw lumber and build boat; but perhaps portions of Jeremy Ormond's philosophy could be applied while a man was waiting hungry and cold for a pot of frozen beans to thaw out over a fire of green wood.

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My ideas of gold mining, for some reason, did not include the days of dreary pick and shovel work. Yet that was the only way to get to the bed rock, and it was accomplished with some appreciation of the comparison between the actual work at hand and those visions of the Supreme Court or Bank Presidency which I had entertained at Commencement. But when the "pay" is struck, and the dust is panned, all one's troubles are forgotten and one can enjoy the most resplendent day dreams imaginable. I think at one time I was planning a dormitory as a gift to the University, but alas!—the pay "pinched out." No, my gentle classmates, I did not try to break any of the attractive layouts of those games of chance which were the undoing of a great many of my fellow Klondykers. All of which goes to prove the advantage of a college education.

On my way out I called on sky pilot Ben Harrison at Skagway. Ben had a nice little church, and from what I knew of the town there was a large field for the exercise of his pastoral duties. I learned by chance that Cap Summers was a banker (not faro-bank) at Juneau, and as the boat touched there, I went up to see him and found him wreathed in smiles over a new member in his family.

After my return to the East in the Summer of 1900 I was married, and moved to Pittsburg, engaging in the production of crude petroleum and natural gas. Two years ago I moved to Marietta, and, as I like the town, expect to stay here for some time. The only fault I have to find with Marietta is, that it is too far from Princeton and there are no '95 men here. Dick Brown was out this way one day last Summer and glad I was to see him. I go back to Titusville two or three times a year and see Chris Payne and Willie Egbert.

I am a Democrat in politics, and judging from the result of last year there is no immediate danger of holding office. Auto-

mobiling is my hobby and last year I enjoyed trying to climb the perpendicular hills that surround this country. I am a member of the University Club of Pittsburg and the Marietta Country Club. The reading of this letter will be sufficient answer to the question about literary work. I expect to be at the decennial this Spring.

The greatest mistake I ever made was at the class election when I thought there might be a better Class Secretary than Andy Imbrie. Now will you be good, Andy?

Yours truly,

GEORGE WHITE.

Marietta, O., February 22, 1905.

**HOWARD ERSKINE WHITE**

**31 Nassau Street, New York.**

Rye, N. Y.

Lawyer. Firm of White & Otheman, 31 Nassau St., New York.

MARRIED: Virginia Thomas Shoemaker, October 14, 1899,  
Ogontz, Pa.

Thomas Shoemaker White, Nov. 10, 1901, New York.

Stanley Cleveland White, Jan. 22, 1903, New York.

My dear Andy:—

Did it ever occur to you that your official position as chief inquisitor of the Class of '95 makes you a sort of personification of conscience? You ask us to pause in our headlong career of rainbow chasing, and coming down to hard facts, set out in uncompromising black and white the history of our doings since graduation.

How can you expect replies to be at once truthful and prompt? If they are to have the former good quality we will all put off the ordeal until the last moment in order to spare ourselves as long as possible a square look at our own shortcomings. But truthful the letters must be, for I do not doubt

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that you have stowed away in that capacious card index of yours, statistics about each of us, religiously compiled, which would enable you to detect even the slightest lapse from historical accuracy. I have reason to know that out of that card index springs your omniscience about class matters, which has made you for the last ten years at once the terror of those whom you pursue and the joy of seekers after knowledge.

I have not wandered far from New York during these ten years, and hence my story, like many a better one, will have to depend for its success on local color and personal interest. One who would gather together a law practice in this big city must sit up with it faithfully and see that it is kept warm and comfortable. In the ten years since leaving College I have not been away from New York at any one time for more than two or three weeks, and then only during the summer, when I could keep in touch with the office.

Seven years ago, in 1898, Ned Otheman and I joined forces for the practice of the law in the firm of White & Otheman, and at the present time we are still jogging along together with no immediate prospect of any change. We are doing our share of the business, or at least we like to think so, and while we have had no sensational cases, we see on our shelves a slowly growing list of court reports in which now and again our name appears as counsel. We are just beginning to get over our feeling of astonishment at an occasional meeting with individuals who have heard of us and at being recognized by our august judges and court officials. We can occasionally hear ourselves addressed by name by the wearers of the judicial ermine without feeling an impulse to stick in an awakening pin to see if it is all a dream.

I suppose our experience has been that of other young lawyers. Our practice has been very general and the only cases we have had the courage to refuse have been those dealing

with matrimonial difficulties. Otheman says that, being a bachelor, he is too innocent to understand them, and that I, as a happily married man, have not sufficient sympathy for the couples who scrap. So there you are. We leave them alone.

We have had little or nothing to do with criminal law, for, however, it may be elsewhere, it is practically impossible in New York to combine that branch of work with civil cases.

Personally, I take most pleasure in that part of the practice which leads me into court; but this I find is a small and unremunerative part of the average lawyer's work, so I may be found on the vast majority of days in the year comfortably ensconced at my desk trying to look busy.

With politics I have had little or no experience, nor have I been called upon by appreciative fellow citizens to become Mayor of New York or any other municipality, as have worthier members of the Class. For two or three years after graduation I worked more or less energetically, particularly in 1896 and 1898, when the cart-tail knew the tramp of my feet and the elevated road and I had nightly battles to determine which of us could roar the louder. But I gradually withdrew from the field, for I came to the conclusion that I could not make a success both of Law and Politics, and as between the two I had little doubt as to the relative advantages as a means of support. I still take a very keen interest in civic matters, but from the standpoint of an amateur rather than that of a professional.

For ten years I have constantly felt the stirrings of ambition to produce a literary masterpiece. The stirrings are still there, the masterpiece is not, so on this part of my history I can only report progress and hope for better luck at the twentieth reunion. My authorship has been confined to the publication of a short course of lectures on Commercial Law, which I have

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prepared for and delivered to the graduating class of Steven's Institute of Technology.

I have occasionally emerged from my honored retirement, as they say of the "Sage of Princeton," and have turned out an after dinner speech or two.

So you see my tale of public life is soon told. I wish it were more exciting and shed more honor on the Class. However, I am still alive and kicking. My ambitions are just as keen as they were ten years ago, so there is still some hope for me.

In private life I have settled down into a contented and sedate married man. The auspicious event took place in 1899, and I have lived in New York ever since. Two young Princetonians, respectively three and a half and two years old, keep me busy trying to be a model father and to bridle my tongue lest they learn from me "foolish and profane speech and manners." Taking it all in all, this is the hardest task I have in life at present. I am about giving up my house in New York and in May shall lead the life of a suburbanite at Rye, New York, where I am going to give my boys a taste of real country pleasures.

By way of recreation I have tried to accomplish something in the line of music and have managed to gather in a good deal of enjoyment from it myself, without unduly afflicting my family and friends. Semi-occasionally I raise my voice in the aid of good and worthy objects, knowing that "Charity suffereth long and is kind" (clerical members of the Class will please not criticise this bad example of exegesis).

I sometimes wonder whether all men in the Class have felt the passing years as little as I have. I cannot see that I feel much older than the day we said good-bye to Princeton. To be sure I look back at our ten years and know that I have not passed through them without feeling their effect. We all

of us know more of the realities of life than we did. But I notice that when the Class gets together, the years disappear and we are all pretty much as we used to be in College days. Characters have perhaps altered, but the same old spirit is there. There is no less warmth in the handclasp, heartiness in the greeting, or loyalty to one another. I suspect that this is the Princeton spirit that never grows old and never forgets.

And so, although I have not been able to get back to Princeton as often as I should have liked, the unalterable friendships of the old days have been during these years, and are now, among my choicest possessions.

Otheman and I are counting the weeks to Commencement and Reunion week will see our office left to our minions of assorted sizes, ages and sexes, while the firm goes off to turn the clock back ten years and generally comport itself in a way that is no particular business of our clients.

My chief hope is that the list of absentees may be small, so that in fact, as in spirit, Princeton will see a true reunion of the old Class.

Faithfully yours,

HOWARD E. WHITE.

New York, April 10, 1905.

**ALBERT ISRAEL LOSEY WHITE**

**Kinney Street, Newark, N. J.**

Minister, First Presbyterian Church, 820 Broad Street, Newark,  
New Jersey.

My dear Andy:—

This is the time I've got you. In the good old days when you were on the "Lit" you could turn down all the stuff I sent you. How familiar that scrawl of yours—"Returned with thanks"—became to me, and how I used to dread the mails that brought back those classic efforts! But now I scorn

the postman's whistle, for you've got to publish what I send you. It's Nemesis, old man, Nemesis, and you're going to get all that's coming to you with ten years' interest!

In the first place, I haven't done a blessed thing that's of interest to anybody, and this letter is nothing but wind; just a cold and cheerless gust of words; and when it has passed the boys will wrap their automobile coats a little tighter around them, shudder, and wonder if the sun will ever shine again. But the sun will never shine with the same pleasant smile it used to have in Old East when you and I were there, when you used to keep me awake nights memorizing those epileptic, prize-winning ebullitions of yours to the rythmical tramp of Bishop McNulty practising hundred yard dashes in the room above you.

My pleasures have been few since those days, although I have caught a few good fish with Abbey & Imbrie tackle—and lost a great many more. But I have been loyal to you, Andy, for I've advertised your company from Canada to West Virginia, from Cape Cod to the diocese of Paul Burrill Jenkins on the confines of Kansas: come fish or go fish, I've stuck to "A. & I." These are the limits of my travel, but I have been a voluminous writer, yet a lucky one, exposing some ten thousand sheets of type-written manuscript to the public gaze without being seriously considered at a coroner's inquest. Besides, I have written a book, but with that brave heart Old Princeton develops in all her sons, I have the courage and consideration not to publish it. So Princeton has not lived in vain; please congratulate me on having felt her influence, but congratulate yourself the more.

I confess to having made a few speeches; don't blame me, I had to make most of them. I suppose I could have escaped a few "after dinner" speeches, but in moments of weakness I consented, and the Rubicon once crossed I had to go on. Little



Bill Libby survived one or two of them, so I don't believe they did any harm.

The greatest mistake of my life was made when I did not wait to enter college with you fellows and take the whole course with you; I shall never cease to regret it, and yet I am sure it would have been impossible; the circumstances were beyond my control.

I met "Pat" Murphy the other day for the first time since he left college, and he didn't know me. Poor Pat! It's too bad, isn't it? I'm living in Newark in these days and out of choice. It's my taste, so you needn't be sufficiently ill-mannered to find fault with the choice. I'm a member of the Historical Society, and as I ride the antiquarian horse, the library of the New Jersey Historical Society here is a very real charm. Then I'm a Mason, and beyond that I leave non-professional clubs alone.

I have never done anything for Princeton, so she has no pride in me, but I love the dear old spot, with its sheltering elms, as a loyal son should love it. I spent more years there than you did and I hear her call from both sides of the railroad; the call grows louder every year and I'm going back in June.

Faithfully yours,

ISRAEL WHITE.

Newark, N. J., March 1, 1905.

**ALLAN DERRICK WILLIAMS**

**Uniontown, Pa.**

Lawyer. Secretary-Treasurer and Attorney for Belton Coal and Coke Co., and Whetstone Coal and Coke Co., Uniontown, Pa.

My dear Andy:—

Your hurry-up letter, reaching me a few days ago, reminded me of my negligence and made me feel like using the same two words employed by a certain Princeton professor of philoso-

phy when he, having accepted an invitation to take a ride on a bob-sled, found himself buried in a snowdrift with only his head sticking out.

After my admission to the Fayette County bar, in 1897, I immediately began practicing law in Uniontown, Pa., and experienced the usual hardships of the young practitioner. In June, 1900, I sailed for Europe and had to miss our reunion of that year. Several Princeton men were on the boat going over, and we had some jolly times singing Princeton songs in the evenings after the other passengers had retired. I saw the noted Passion Play and found it very interesting. While sitting in a hotel in Vienna one evening, I heard parts of an old, familiar song, beginning "Here's to you." I knew there was a Princeton man on the premises, and found him entertaining some of his friends. I ran across Will Hudson, of the class of '93, in Geneva. He had been traveling several months and had laid over to improve his health and his French before entering France. We spent a month traveling through France and England. Had a most delightful trip with a crowd of fine fellows.

In the spring of 1901, I became attorney for several coal companies, who were buying coal lands along the Ohio River, near Wheeling, W. Va. I lived at New Martinsville and Moundsville until this winter, when I returned to Uniontown to resume my law practice. I expect to make this my future home. I have no military record to boast of, but, in the cadet department of my prep. school, we were taught to always keep as close as possible to the base of supplies. Acting upon this principle, I live with my father.

I like the profession of law and am sure I should not have been satisfied with any other. I enjoyed my experiences in West Virginia, but found the work very difficult. In examining land titles it is hard to locate a corner described as "a

sucker in the Ohio River"—a fish is apt to move or die in the course of twenty-five years; and a man who wills his "soul to Almighty God, hereinafter named" is liable to get his whole will mixed up, and the lawyer examining the title is supposed to know what it means.

While in Charleston last summer I ran across Sunfish Walker. He was rounding up his friends for a political meeting. Every man, woman and child in West Virginia is a politician, and I was not surprised to find old Phil in the ranks. I believe he is the only '95 man living in the State. While in West Virginia I joined the Elks and Masons, taking the Knight Templar and the Shrine at Wheeling. Am also a member of the Princeton Club of New York, the Princeton Club of Western Pennsylvania, and the Laurel Club of Uniontown, Pa.

Tommy Hudson and I are the only '95 men living in this town. Tommy was very successful in his fight for District Attorney, and "Bill" Leggate and I know of a new and novel way of conducting a campaign, originated by Tommy. I have never aspired to political honors, but have done what I could to help swell Pennsylvania's majority for the G. O. P.

After carefully reading your blue circular, I have come to the conclusion that the greatest mistake I ever made was in not having a hobby.

Yours very sincerely,

ALLAN D. WILLIAMS.

Uniontown, Pa., February 20, 1905.

**LINSLY RUDD WILLIAMS**

**839 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Physician.

My dear Andy:—

Ever have I been one of those who was grateful to you for

## THE GYMNASIUM.



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carrying on so successfully the laborious tasks accompanying the class secretaryship, and ever have I tried to lighten your burden by answering promptly your urgent appeals for the "black and white" on paper and on check.

With my usual eagerness I write to tell you the story of my life, uninteresting though it may be to you; still you have asked for it and you must not be denied. I look back with pride upon a certain warm September day in the Fall of '91, when I became a member of our class. I heard Dr. Patton's sage advice, none of which I took, though I have always regretted not taking the opportunity to read; an opportunity so amply afforded us at Princeton, which Dr. Patton so strongly urged at that time.

After four happy years I decided rather through the accident of my nickname than from any serious bent, to study medicine.

For this accident I have been truly thankful, and I managed to graduate with the degrees of M.A. and M.D. from Columbia, acquired, I trust, with a little more work and credit than my former degree from Princeton. After two and a half years of very pleasant though hard working hospital life and a recreation trip of five months abroad, I found myself in the Fall of 1902 at the above address, only just starting to earn an honest penny.

My work interested me intensely and I soon began to devote my time to general medicine, with a special interest in pulmonary diseases. I have kept busy at the Vanderbilt Clinic, at the House of Rest for Consumptives, Seton Hospital for Consumptives at Spuyten Duyvil, and at a new Hospital for Surgical Tuberculosis in Children at Coney Island.

The social side of my life I have not neglected, either, Caddy Arnold being with me at various odd times, as he was one of the few Colonial men in the city. Hamilton, though here,

seems to be kept busy with his automobiles, and since he has taken unto himself a wife I rarely see him—perhaps my fault.

I need not tell you, Andy, how much I enjoy short talks with you at the University Club. Would that they were longer and more frequent.

My one regret in medicine is that I see few of my Princeton friends, though I have made many in the profession and enjoy the privilege of membership in our local societies and also in several smaller and more enjoyable medical fraternities.

Matrimony has not as yet fallen to my lot, though all of my confreres in the Colonial Club have set me a good example, except Walter Lord, and he is incorrigible. My hopes at this time are high, however, and I trust I will not much longer be compelled to rusticate as a bachelor.

I enclose a small check to your order; I am only sorry that it is not more, for the object of the decennial memorial is a most worthy one, and I hope to be able soon to add more to my subscription for that purpose.

Always, sincerely your friend,

LINSLY R. WILLIAMS.

New York, January 12, 1905.

[I publicly acknowledge my gratitude to Doc for his refreshing promptness in answering my class letters. This contribution to the Decennial Record arrived within twenty hours from the time I mailed my request for information. It was the first letter to reach me.—A. C. I.]

**ALFRED McCALMONT WILSON**

**care of Gen'l U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.**

1st Lieut., 20th Infantry, U. S. Army, Manila, P. I.

MARRIED: Edythe Pardee, Dec. 31, 1902, Highland Park, Ill.

Wilson left the class in January, 1893, and shortly afterward

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received an appointment to West Point. He was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the United States Army on June 1, 1899, and when last heard from, in 1904, had been promoted to the First Lieutenant in the 20th Infantry, then stationed at Manila, P. I.

### **EPHRAIM KING WILSON**

**Snow Hill, Maryland.**

Wilson was a student in the law school of the University of Maryland and in 1898 was a member of the law firm of Kerbin & Wilson, in Snow Hill, Md.

A couple of years later he was practicing law by himself, but for the past two years on account of ill health has been living in the west. He writes that at the present time he is not occupied.

### **MAURICE JOHNSON WINFIELD**

**Logansport, Ind.**

Lawyer, 400 Broadway, Logansport, Ind.

MARRIED: Abby Rogers, June 1, 1897, Logansport, Ind.

Winfield studied law in his father's office at Logansport, and was admitted to the Indiana bar in 1896. He has been practicing in Logansport ever since that time. He promised to write a letter for the book if I would send him a duplicate for "Blue Circular No. 10"—which I did at once, and about which I reminded him four or five times. For a while Winfield was the most bashful letter writer in the class; but he has since been outclassed by that triumvirate of sphynxes, Foster, McNitt and Miller.



**WILLIAM ALEXANDER WOOD**

**Ansonia, Conn.**

General master-mechanic, American Brass Co.

MARRIED: Lilian Warren, December 3, 1895, Cold Spring,  
N. Y.

Dear Imbrie:—

Your circular, No. 10, has caused me a great deal of trouble. Once a week my wife has shown me this circular and asked me what I am going to do about it. To keep peace in the family, I promised faithfully to answer all questions, but I honestly say until this minute I have not had the courage to keep my promise. I would a great deal rather have some of my neighbors or business friends tell you how much of a success I am.

Some time ago, I was an expert for a defence in a case before the Superior Court of Connecticut. It looked as if the Judge would not accept me in this capacity as I was too modest to pose as an expert. At lunch the lawyer for the defence told me that I was the most modest man he had ever struck, and that he wanted me to go back on the stand and tell the court what a great man I was. I realized that my reputation was at stake, so fifteen minutes after I had gone back on the stand there was no question in the Judge's mind about my ability.

Among the years of my life, the years at Princeton stand out bright and sweet. I would not exchange their memory for anything on earth. The first night at Princeton, I linked arms with Knox Taylor and Joe Polcar in the front row of the rush, and I feel that I have linked myself with the best college and its best class. Before going to Princeton, I was engaged in mechanical engineering. I went there more with an idea for a general education than a particular one.

After leaving college, I went back into mechanical engi-

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neering, and have followed it successfully ever since. Ten years ago, I walked into this town a stranger among strange people and my experience ever since has been one of progress. I probably have done as well as most fellows from the sixth division. All of these years I have been closely identified with the brass and copper industries of the Naugatuck Valley. Probably 75 per cent. of the copper and brass used in this country is handled and manufactured by our concerns. I am pleasantly located here in the city of Ansonia, the home of the "Ansonia Clock." It is not a typical New England city, as it is made up of a cosmopolitan crowd. They do not ask you here who your grandfather was nor what your bank account is, but what you know. The very air here is charged with "hustle" and a man has got to keep on his feet or be trampled on.

Four years ago, our town was having its labor troubles, with the usual results. A political change was looked for and Wood was picked out to lead the campaign, but the labor people got together and if a man ever was battered into humble servitude he was.

You, of course, know that this is the Yale territory, as we are only thirteen miles from New Haven and Princeton men are consequently few and far between. I am the only Princeton man in this town and I know only one in the Valley. Occasionally Scovill comes through here with a bundle of bonds under his arms and he is the only man from our class that I see at all.

I believe on the whole this covers my experience for the last ten years and will give the class an idea of what I am doing.

Yours very truly,

W. A. WOOD.

Ansonia, Conn., February 25, 1905.

**LOUIS CLAYTON WOODRUFF**

**Southington, Conn.**

102 West 48th Street, N. Y. City.

Teaching.

Dear Andy and Classmates:—

I will not attribute my delay in writing to the hackneyed “many duties devolving upon me,” etc., but it must have been for some such reason or I would have replied long before. However, I hope that this literary attempt will be received in time to be published along with the other letters, all of which will materially assist the future historians of our country. For we all know that the “Decennial Letters of the Class of '95 of Princeton University” will be a standard book of reference in all those well-equipped libraries, which, à la Prudential, have the staying qualities of Gibraltar. (By the way, this is not an “ad,” for I am not in the insurance business.)

My profession ever since leaving college has been plain, simple, monotonous, straightforward, every-day teaching—gently(?) assisting fellows over that road you and your sons’ fathers have trod before. Therefore, there is no need of enlarging upon this subject, as your A. B.’s, etc., etc., presuppose a thorough acquaintance with the traffic along that line.

If I had followed a different profession, as most of you have, I could write perhaps a more interesting letter, but you will have to take it as it is, a remnant from a votary of the “Simple Life.” Please pardon any indiscretions or discrepancies (with tender memories of Urban’s vocabulary), for I am not accustomed to writing decennial letters, but after the practice of a few more decades, I will try it again.

The weirdest feature of the whole programme seems to me to lie in the fact that we have been away from Alma Mater ten years. It is always a great pleasure to meet a fellow whom

we have not seen for several years, and they all look so natural, the only difference being that the top of the head in most cases has a sunny spot of greater or less rotundity, and the upper lip a shaggy appearance.

Being a trainer of youth, it is extremely difficult to expiate on the "heights attained," etc.; but if I could only have been the trainer of our '93 football team! Well, you know the result, 6—0. That was a game we will never forget. It is a source of the greatest delight to visit the old college, but how lonely without the presence of the old fellows,

"Whose distant footsteps echo"  
Round the walks of Old Nassau.

I have seen Parker more than any other '95 man for two or three years, and he will treat any of you royally if you call on him. He still continues to be a winner, even with the girls.

When I started this epistle, I knew not where the Muse would take me, but "what is writ, is writ."

I expect to attend the reunion and hope every man will be there, even if he has to walk. My heart is still filled with joy over Princeton victories of any description, and I am imbued more than ever with that old-time spirit so predominant in the great and glorious Class of Ninety-five, which attaches us all so closely to Old Nassau.

Most fraternally yours,

LOUIS CLAYTON WOODRUFF.

New York, April 7, 1905.

**LEIGH WYMAN**

**St. Louis, Mo.**

4026 Russell Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Agent for Transportation Company on Mississippi and Ohio Rivers—The Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke Co.—22 Gay Building, St. Louis, Mo.

## 428 Princeton, '95—Decennial Record.

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MARRIED: Fanny Fearn Clapp, September 28, 1899, Alton,  
Ills.

Helen Hadley Wyman, September 4, 1900, Joplin, Mo.

Dear Andy:—

Your elaborate appeal ought to bring out all existing information about the Class of '95, and undoubtedly most of it is interesting. With every wish to contribute, I can't think of anything in my past ten years that should be of interest to the other members of the class, and I am therefore not going to attempt an essay, even on the complete specifications you have furnished.

My experience since graduating includes two years at teaching, a mining venture in Joplin, Mo., two years' traveling salesman and varied office work. Am now with the Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke Company, engaged in a general transportation business on the Mississippi and its tributary rivers.

I hope to see you all in June and get acquainted with the changed faces and the changed Princeton, for I have never been back since the day we all left together, and I have seen less than a half-dozen members of the class since then.

With a full appreciation of your tireless efforts for the class organization and with good wishes for all, I am

Very sincerely yours,

LEIGH WYMAN.

St. Louis, February 16, 1905.

### **ROBERT LANSING ZABRISKIE**

**Aurora, N. Y.**

Electrical Engineer.

MARRIED: Aubin Markham Wells, May 11, 1899, Princeton.  
Louise Morgan Zabriskie, December 20, 1901, East Orange,  
N. J.

Robert Lansing Zabriskie, Jr., Jan. 14, 1904, East Orange, N.  
J. Died, Sept. 16, 1904.

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To the Rest of the 244, Greetings :---

For the autobiography of my infancy, you are referred to the family Bible and the Triennial Record. Beginning with the last year of the nineteenth century, I was taken into the New York Telephone Company and served in various capacities, finally arriving at the position of Second Assistant to the Traffic Engineer. My experiences were varied, but not particularly exciting. One of the first and most impressive was walking over many miles of Westchester County in mid-winter, through snowdrifts of unknown depths. Another, repeated ad infinitum, was pacifying East Side subscribers who didn't know what they wanted and couldn't have said it in English if they had. My political career rose and fell during this time and consisted in receiving and transcribing election returns.

During this transforming process I joined the army of suburbanites and commuted from East Orange, where I spent the night, and if fortunate, an hour of daylight. I learned by bitter experience that mosquitoes are not suffocated by smoke as quickly as human beings. Aside from this, I enjoyed life in New Jersey and New York and ran up against College men continually, particularly Cornellites. I did not get a bit jealous.

One day I saw Joe Jessup peeking around the corner of my office door, looking for a job. I had the good fortune to make a favorable appeal to the chief and Josie was captured. He was delighted for a couple of months. Then he forgot to come to see me any more and confined his visits to the other end of the wire. So I suppose he has it in for me if he ever gets me in a corner. Before he soured on the job, however, he permitted me to assist him in properly tying the knot that made him one-half, the other being the better. At last accounts he was explaining to the millionaires of Larchmont and Mamaro-

neck how utterly impossible it was for the operator to make a mistake in reporting the line "busy," evidence of the office boy and stenographer to the contrary notwithstanding. Josie used to be a good boy, but telephoning takes that out of one in a short time.

Last Spring I acquired the ever popular complaint—"Office work is so hard on one's health, etc., etc.," and came up here in the country, where I have built a home for my little family and find it much more interesting than catching the 8.13 train six days a week. We have all the delights and most of the discomforts of country life, including a lake large enough for boating, swimming and fishing, and some hunting. I have sat in the blistering sun, like every true son of the late Izaak Walton, and have seen the other fellow pull in the fish. I have also tramped numberless miles and lain behind bushes till I froze to the ground for the pleasure of seeing a flock of ducks not less than a mile away. That was when I was younger and didn't know any better. Now I am settling down as a respectable family man and directing my superfluous energies to landscape gardening. As I write I can look out on an embryo flower and vegetable garden, from which I hope to supply the esthetic and epicurean senses of my family.

Come in and see us whenever you are in our part of the country. You will always find a clean bed; a warm welcome, and a tooth brush ready for you. Between times I am trying to keep the electric lights going and casting my eye on anything that takes place in our town in the engineering line.

ROBERT L. ZABRISKIE.

Aurora, N. Y., February 21, 1905.

# Necrology.

## **HERBERT MONTGOMERY BERGEN**

Bergen entered the class in freshman year in 1891 and remained with the class two years. He was drowned in Lake Michigan on July 22, 1893.

## **HARRY OLIVER BROWN**

After graduation Brown studied at the New York Law School for one year, when he took a position in the Right of Way Department of the American Telegraph and Telephone Co., of New York. Later he became the special agent of the Telephone Co., and traveled extensively in the Eastern States in the interests of that organization. His home was in New York City. On May 27, 1903, he married Miss Mary Edna Smith, of New York. He was taken ill with pneumonia while traveling in the South, and died at Decatur, Ala., on March 21, 1904. His wife survives him.

## **RHODES CLAY**

After leaving Princeton, Clay studied law at his home in Mexico, Mo., where he was afterwards admitted to practice. He was elected a member of the Missouri House of Representatives on the Democratic ticket. On July 10, 1902, he was shot and killed in the streets of Mexico, Mo., by an attorney at law of that town. He was unmarried.

## **HARRY PRESLEY COBB**

Cobb entered Princeton in freshman year in 1891 and remained with the class for only a part of the course. He died November 21, 1894.



**ERNEST DICK EGBERT**

In the fall of 1895 Egbert was superintendent of the Shenango Mining Co., coal miners at Jackson Centre, Pa. He was taken ill with pneumonia and died at his home in Franklin, Pa., on February 1, 1897, after an illness of one week. He was unmarried.

**HORATIO WHITREDGE GARRETT**

Shortly after graduation Garrett was attacked by a painful disease, and though he underwent a very serious surgical operation he never recovered, and after a long illness died October 2, 1896, at Leamington Spa, England.

He was married October 16, 1895, to Miss Charlotte Doremus Pierson, of Summit, N. J., who survives him.

**AUGUSTUS FREDERICK HOLLY, Jr.**

In the fall of 1895 Holly became a member of the Real Estate firm of Holly & Porter, his partner being his classmate, Clarence Porter. In March 1896 he took a position with the Real Estate firm of Trenholm & Simmons of New York City, where he remained a little more than a year when he went into business with his father, where he remained until ill-health prevented him from continuing his work. He was married November 7, 1901, to Miss Mary Hartwell Chittenden of Brooklyn, N. Y.

After a long illness extending over a period of two years he died at Lakewood, N. J., on December 14, 1904. His wife survives him.

**SAMUEL HOWE**

In the fall of 1895, Howe went in the grain business with his father in Chicago. He was engaged in this business up to the time of his death December 26, 1900. He died of pneumonia at his home in Chicago. He was unmarried.

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**FRANCIS KENNEDY**

Kennedy left the class at the end of junior year. In the fall of 1895 he went abroad and studied philosophy at the University of Jena and later at Leipzig where he received the degree of Ph.D. In September 1897 he became demonstrator in experimental psychology at Princeton. In June 1898 he was called to the chair of philosophy in the University of Colorado at Boulder, Colo. He remained there until he was stricken with typhoid fever and died February 19, 1901. He was unmarried.

**EDWARD BOWNE KENYON**

Kenyon entered the class in freshman year in 1891 and remained three years. After a short illness he died August 3, 1894.

**WILLIAM REMSEN LANE**

After graduation Lane studied medicine for some months at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

Early in 1896 he gave up the study of medicine and took a position with the Hanover Fire Insurance Co., of New York, of which company his father was president. He had only been with the company a few weeks when he contracted pneumonia and died February 15, 1896, at his home in Orange, N. J. He was unmarried.

**EDWARD McCORMICK**

In September 1895, McCormick became an assistant in the engineering corps of the Pittsburgh Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In 1899 he was assistant Supervisor of the Altoona Yards. In June 1900 he was transferred to the position of assistant Supervisor in the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Harrisburg. In 1901 he was supervisor

of the Tyrone and Clearfield Divisions with headquarters at Osceola Mills, Pa. Later, in 1901, he became supervisor of the Bald Eagle Valley R. R., with headquarters at Tyrone, Pa. On March 1, 1903, he was promoted to the responsible position of supervisor of Division No. 1 of the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Railroad, a part of the Pennsylvania System, with headquarters at Chester, Pa.

Shortly after this he contracted sciatic rheumatism which affected his heart finally causing his death September 9, 1903. He was unmarried.

#### **EDWARD MUNN**

In October 1895 Munn studied law in the office of his father in Newark and after admission to the bar was a practicing attorney in that city, up to the time of his death July 1, 1903. He was married October 10, 1900, to Miss Katheryn Florence Gillette at East Orange, N. J. His wife and a son, Joseph Gillette Munn, born November 3, 1901, survive him.

#### **ROBERT LORTON NORTH**

In September 1895 North took a position with the Philadelphia Milling Co. In March 1898 he was a member of the firm of Erric & North Co., manufacturers of emery and corundum wheels, platers and polishers machinery. This business afterwards became the North M'f'g Co., with offices in Philadelphia and Cleveland, of which he was treasurer.

After a very short illness he died January 12, 1901, of typhoid fever at his home in Germantown, Pa. He was unmarried.

#### **ARCHER WHITNEY SEAVER**

In the fall of 1895 Seaver took a position with the Warner H. Jenkins Co., Engineers and Contractors for road building,

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paving and roofing. His headquarters were in Philadelphia but during the greater part of 1896 he represented his firm in Boston. During 1897 he superintended construction work at Sandy Hook, N. Y.

In 1898 and 1899 he was engaged in mining at Waynesville, N. C. In January 1900 he became general manager and treasurer of the Gray Iron Casting Co., of Springfield, Ohio. He was married April 10, 1900, at Kattawa, Ky., to Miss Marion Catlett Skinner of Waynesville, N. C. In 1901 he removed to Covington, Va., and there engaged in the iron business where he remained until he died October 25, 1901, of typhoid fever. He is survived by his wife and a son, Archer Whitney Seaver, Jr., born in Waynesville, N. C., January 31, 1901.

#### **FRANCIS NICOLL ZABRISKIE**

After graduation Zabriskie studied medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. At the outbreak of the Spanish War he enlisted in the 22nd New York Volunteer Infantry and was stationed at Fort Slocum, New York. At the close of the war he was mustered out of service and lived part of the time in New York City and part of the time at Claverack, N. Y., where he had a summer home.



INTERIOR OF THE GYMNASIUM.



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I.

## Lawyers and Liars.

By Charles C. Cresson, Jr.,

Assistant United States Attorney for the Western District of Texas,  
San Antonio.

**T**HUS has the title of this screed been set down by him who must and should be obeyed, "Scriba Imbrie." (Letters of Imbrie, Feb. Vol., p. 2).

So if this is not politic, if I am forced to divide our Class of '95 into two divisions, separating the sheep from the goats, and from the 251 members shown by our last record, (Princeton '95 Records, 1895 to 1900, pp. 38 and 40) to separate the 59 lawyers from the 192 in that contrasted second class, let the libel not be ascribed to me. But "honor where honor is due"—let Mr. Imbrie be held responsible; sue him for damages, ye abused 192 individuals, remembering that it has been held, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." Perchance the foundation for your suit would only be in our celebrated Texas doctrine of mental anguish set out in the case of Sorell vs. The Western Union, since no one could prove you had been actually damaged. If so, your sole legal representative in Texas takes the case on contingency. You see we must "hustle for business," even at the risk of barratry.

But "Andy" cannot get away from advice and questions, vide (id. letter, p. 2), "What does a lawyer ten years out of college think of his profession?" "Make your article as long or as short as you like."

This second suggestion of terseness reminds me of the Irishman's reply when asked by Pat what was wanted from him as toastmaster. Says he, "Pat, all we want from you is silence,

and mighty little of that.' Thus admonished, I will be brief.

Like every other profession, business, occupation or trade, the law has its pleasures and pains, advantages and drawbacks, rewards and penalties. Naturally, we its followers are prejudiced in its behalf. Whilst personally it is the only work I have ever pursued since graduation (our old college days we cannot think of now as work!), so I cannot speak in comparison, nor from varied experiences, or knowledge of other fields. Moreover, I must stand up for our profession, for sections 8, 9 and 10 of the Code of Ethics of our local Bar Association provide as follows:

8. An attorney should strive, at all times, to uphold the honor, maintain the dignity, and promote the usefulness of the profession; for it is so interwoven with the administration of justice that whatever redounds to the good of one advances the other, and the attorney thus discharges not merely an obligation to his brothers, but a high duty to the State and his fellow men.

9. An attorney should not speak slightly or disparagingly of his profession, or pander in any way to the unjust popular prejudices against it; and he should scrupulously refrain at all times, and in all relations of life, from availing himself of any prejudice or popular misconception against lawyers, in order to carry a point against a brother attorney.

10. Nothing has been more potential in creating and pandering to popular prejudice against lawyers as a class, and in withholding from the profession the full measure of public esteem and confidence which belong to the proper discharge of its duties, than the false claim, often set up by the unscrupulous in defense of questionable transactions, that it is an attorney's duty to do everything to succeed in his client's cause.

An attorney "owes entire devotion to the interest of his

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client, warm zeal in the maintenance and defense of his cause, and the exertion of the utmost skill and ability, to the end that nothing may be taken or withheld from him save by the rules of law, legally applied. No sacrifice or peril, even to loss of life itself, can absolve from the fearless discharge of this duty. Nevertheless, it is steadfastly to be borne in mind that the great trust is to be performed within and not without the bounds of the law which creates it. The attorney's office does not destroy man's accountability to his Creator, or loosen the duty of obedience to law, and the obligation to his neighbor; and it does not permit, much less demand, violation, or any manner of fraud or chicanery, for the client's sake."

But first let us look at the disadvantages, trials and drawbacks of the lawyer's life and calling. The paragraphs just quoted show the ideas in a measure of the average layman about attorneys. Certainly, many times are they unjustly abused, oftentimes wrongly mistrusted. It is said they are parasites, living off the misfortunes of others.

The start of a professional career is slow, the beginnings humble and lowly. When the student just emerges from the classroom to enter the field, it is with a feeling of knowing much. Soon he finds he has just learned how to study; he has the foundation, now it is his to raise the superstructure. And work, hard work, must ever be the companion of the successful lawyer. By his profession alone he can never hope to become immensely wealthy, for business careers, with their captains of industry, offer seemingly greater monetary rewards for less effort.

In contrast let us look now at the bright side of the picture, and the scales of justice will quickly tip in our favor. The law is one of the four great noble professions, classed with the ministry, medicine and military service. Not as much as these does it live upon the woes, trials and tribulations of man,

though, perchance, it may not be so unselfish or noble a calling as that of the doctor or of the preacher.

But, surely it is the career for a college man. It is where broad-minded, cultured, liberal men are needed. Here a man should be "jack of all trades and master of his own." To-day, in a mining suit the expert witnesses, learned in geology, discuss the minerals and strata, and he must know their jargon to meet them on their own ground. To-morrow, in a damage suit for personal injuries he weighs and measures the value of a lost limb or appraises severe permanent injuries to the back, hip and spine, or a cerebral trouble, with the accompanying medical terms in the doctors' lingo. And the next day, in a patent case, he becomes an expert machinist; a business contract broken, and he studies the marts of commerce. The variety is endless, always the turn of the wheel. Whilst through it all, permeating the whole, ever runs the law, practice, pleading and procedure, the lawless science of the law, a myriad code of bewildering precedents. Yet with it all the lawyer is much the master of his own time and hours, he more than any of the rest of laboring mankind can select the hours for his work and recreation.

And then a lawyer knows the human side of the profession, the close touch with life, its joys, sorrows, comedies and tragedies. All the panorama is spread before you on the criminal side of the docket. For over two years as prosecuting attorney for this city, and now as prosecuting attorney for the United States at this point, I have seen and heard enough to fill volumes to make one laugh and weep; there was material enough to keep busy the pen of the humorist or tragedian for many articles.

Every man loves to advise, to give instruction; and this is the province of the counsellor. So do people grow to look up to them, to take their directions on other matters. They help

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to make the sentiment of the country, mold its opinions. Trained to speak, accustomed to argue, they are before the public eye until the lawyer's life is for the public, his is the open door to a political and public career. The halls of Congress and the political offices show the lawyers in a vast majority. As for the captious criticism it should not hurt, for beneath it all lives the idea that "it were better for heaven and earth to pass away than for one jot or tittle of the law to fail."

And in closing this brief sketch I cannot do better than to follow the words of Judge John F. Philips, of Kansas City, in his address before the Colorado Bar Association: "I never recall the striking phrase, the man 'of high erected thought seated in the heart of courtesy,' without the conception that it is a word picture of the truly accomplished lawyer. For he treads the mountain ranges of thought and sentiment, a prince among scholars and gentlemen, to whom courtesy is as native as azure to the sky and modesty to a woman."

II.

# Uncle Sam's Ambassadors.

By John W. Garrett.

*Legation of the United States  
The Hague. The Netherlands.  
March 21, 1905.*

MR. JOHN W GARRETT

*to the*

SECRETARY OF THE CLASS OF '95

## SUBJECT

*Uncle Sam's Ambassadors*

## SYNOPSIS

*Replying to instructions of February 27, 1905; giving a bare outline of the present condition of our foreign service and of my views, as a man out of college ten years, of the profession I have chosen.*

To His Excellency Andrew C. Imbrie,

Secretary of the Class of '95,

New York.

Sir:—

Referring to your unnumbered despatch of February 27, 1905, received March 10, by which I am informed that the

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Executive Committee of the Class of '95 has decided that it would be a good plan if the Decennial Record had a few special articles by various men regarding their chosen professions and instructing me to prepare and forward such an article on Uncle Sam's Ambassadors, and stating further that this article is not to be considered as a substitute for my letter of the 14th instant but in addition thereto, and that it is hoped that I can let you have it before the first of April, etc., etc.,

I have the honor to report as follows:

It is a darn shame to the Class, Mr. Secretary, that you, after drawing up your little list of chosen professions, should have found, when it came to picking out a man to write up the business of diplomacy, that there was no choice left you. Our foreign service seems to offer few attractions to Princeton men. We have no ambassadors: I am not quite sure, but I believe that we have never had one. Of the other chiefs of mission two are graduates and one is an A. M. of Princeton and there are four and possibly more secretaries.

I have given in my letter a sort of outline of some of the things that make the work of a diplomat as interesting as any work in the world. The service, it is true, can be said to offer little in the way of a permanent career, for it has been always our custom to change our representatives abroad frequently. There are some men now in the service who were appointed ten or twelve years ago, one has been in for more than twenty years, and another for thirty, but these are, after all, exceptions, though there is an unmistakable tendency now-a-days to keep men in and to use, to the country's benefit, the knowledge and experience that can be acquired only by active and long continued service. If there is any advantage in the system of frequent changes that can outweigh the disadvantages it is shown by one thing in our service which is, perhaps, more than any other, devoid of "dead-wood."



It is not exaggeration to say that our embassies and legations are kept pretty busy. We Americans are eager for information on a thousand subjects and both willing and ready to ask for it. A mere half-sheet of note paper written on, in a more or less earnest way, by some seeker after knowledge may mean many hours of extra work for the Legation, for the business of the Legation is far from being all official. It may range all the way from something affecting the relations of the whole of our great country with the other parts of the world to the sending of a few old postage stamps to some small boy whose "nerve" is his most apparent trait.

The diplomat must keep his Government well informed of the condition of the country to which he is sent and, especially, in these days, of the condition of its commerce and industry. He must care for those of his fellow-countrymen who, generally without looking for it, get themselves into trouble. He is sent abroad, not as they used to say, to lie for his country's good, but as a missionary of international peace, to tell the truth about her and make her better known and known for what is best in her and so to smooth out the little or great misunderstandings and maintain and promote the good relations that happily exist or that one hopes may exist between nations.

The number of our public servants sent abroad is comparatively small. For instance, Great Britain, with less posts than we have, has more than a hundred secretaries and attaches; Germany has just under a hundred, and France, with the same number of posts, has in her service twice as many men as Uncle Sam has in his.

Not very long ago I came across a copy of our diplomatic list for the year 1874. At that time the highest ranking officers in our service were the envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, of whom there were thirteen. There were

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eighteen ministers resident, accredited to nineteen countries, and a total of fifteen secretaries. The last published list of the men sent abroad to guard American interests shows that we had in the service in the early part of 1905 eight ambassadors, twenty-seven envoys, accredited to thirty-four countries, two ministers resident and two diplomatic agents, one of whom was also envoy to Greece. There were less than fifty secretaries of embassy or legation. Since the publication of this list two new legations have been authorized by Congress and changes or additions have been made in some of the old posts.

Leaving out of consideration the states composing the German Empire and two or three "special cases," as they may be called, there are in the world forty-nine powers, not including the United States, that receive diplomatic officers. Twenty of these are in Europe, five in Asia, four in Africa, and the remaining twenty in the western hemisphere. With the single exception of Abyssinia the United States will be represented during the course of the present year in every one of these countries.

This increase in our foreign service is in keeping with the immense growth of our interests abroad and with the great expansion of our over-sea commerce, and it must continue to keep pace with their increase.

We have not suddenly become great overnight. Our position is the result of a hundred and twenty-nine years of sure, strong, wholesome growth. But the realization of the part we have to play in the great world came to most of us only when we had passed the intensest years of our internal building-up and when our surplus products, raw and manufactured, pressed us into seeking markets wider even than our own broad continent offers. We turned to the East, where more than a quarter of the population of the world lives and needs the things we have to sell in quantities that are vastly increasing

every year, and we looked towards those countries nearer home in which this century will see millions of added population, and where, for us, self-protection, not alone commercial, must enter into our way of looking at what goes on.

I have tried with very vague and indefinite success to comply with your instructions by giving a glimpse of the work that we are sent abroad to do, of the opportunities it offers, and of my way of looking at those opportunities. In trusting, Mr. Secretary, that you will not be over-critical of my effort,

I have the honor to be, sir, with renewed assurances of my highest consideration,

Your obedient, humble servant,

JOHN W. GARRETT,

Secretary of Legation.

### III.

## The Simple Life.

By Paul Griswold Huston,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE simple life, gentlemen, is very complex. It is a hard thing for one who has been accustomed to the bewildering conveniences of civilization to make up his mind to do without them. Yet such is the delight of a life lived, say, as Adam experienced it, that, once the preliminary struggle is over, there is no power on earth could bring one back (of his own will) to the intensity and nerve-shattering pastimes of a metropolis. Sometimes, alas! Fate wills that the first taste of outdoors shall be but a foretaste whose full realization is never to come. Yet, even then, the simple life has had its influence and attractiveness.

The fellows of '95, as I remember them, were characterized by a simplicity born of Heaven. I have little doubt but that every man among them could follow Stewart Edward White through the forests and mountains without a misstep, or a badly cooked meal, or a word of regret at having brought along too heavy an outfit. Now, if that be a fact, they are then already past masters in the simple arts. If not, some of them have much to learn.

A man who is a devout disciple of Charles Wagner's philosophy (a veritable "pious Aeneas," that is) will be competent to prepare his venison by roasting it over the coals after the manner of the heroes in Homer and Virgil; he will enjoy shepherding with Corydon and Thyrsis, or eating a dinner of herbs with Phyllis, in memory of Milton's classical attainments; or he may become a grape dresser, and have a vineyard as cele-

brated as John Burroughs's, or dwell a secluded recluse amid the trees, as Thoreau did by Walden Pond. Nay, he may even don the cowl, and wander among the heathen, preaching the gospel of simplicity, as another St. Francis.

If there be such a one, and if he think that he is living the simple life, pray do not undeceive him. He is the most complex mortal alive, and doesn't know the difference between a clevis and a surcingle. For the simple life cometh without observation. No man can say unto himself, "Lo! forthwith to the meadows a-Maying!" and then go out as a man born in the fields. No young bachelor (or benedick) of '95 can read Wagner's book and then determine to be simple in living. He may like the book, and it may help him: but he will go along just as he did formerly. He will not change for the book's sake.

In other words, I question the efficacy of the message of the simple life to most educated people. Plain living and high thinking are not the practice of the college man of to-day; and it is true of most of them that they have never had such an experience. People of culture either must have known the abstemious life in early days, before the Fall, or they will turn to it at the last with anything but real appreciation. College ideals at present are not those of the simple life, but of a life which is the most intricate in its workings and subtle influences of any. Until university ways themselves are different, the simple life can be to educated men but a shadowy ideal, a mere creation of poetic fancy. Men will think they are living it, but they will not know it; or, if they do, they will soon tire of it, as did the transcendental rustics of Brook Farm fame.

Subjoined is a brief list of accomplishments necessary for the practice of a simple life:

One must first of all know how to harness a team and drive at a gallop with but one hand on the reins. He must know

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what a clevis is, and whiffle-trees, and the reach, and thills.

He must be able to tell a good milker from a beef, and know how to gauge his heifer accordingly. He must be able to kill and dress a 300-pound hog—or any number of them. He must be able to tell when his sheep are fat enough to go to the market, and how soon the dew will be off the clover enough for the flock to graze.

He must be able to tell the signs of the weather, so as to make hay when the sun shines. He must understand the use of the crosscut saw, and know what kinds of wood are most fitted for wedges, if his iron ones get lost or are too heavy. He must know how to make a maul. He must be familiar with the kinds of wood that snap, so as to get the right sort for his firewood. He must know whether his land is good for corn or clover, and how much timothy to mix with his clover.

He must be able and willing to wear patched pantaloons, and to sleep in his clothes for a couple of weeks without a change or a wash.

Now if he is really able to do these things, ten to one he is not a college man.

There would thus seem to be the pleasure of discovery ahead for most cultivated people who attempt summarily to adopt the abstemious life. I am assuming, of course, in all this, that the neophyte in question is to live the simple life in the out-of-doors, as he ought to, with all his Anglo-Saxon heritage, and not as an Italian fruit vender.

Yet, for one who truly loves "the dinner of herbs where love is" in preference to "the stalled ox," there is no dream more delightful than the simple life in its actuality. He may take his enjoyment of books with him, if he will, and he will but find it stimulated and encouraged by the songs of birds, and the music of brooks, and the green, swaying trees; or he may leave the four long years of college behind him, if he

can, and he will find their sophistries supplemented by the liquid notes of the thrush, and the azure of the sky, and the ineffable beauty of sunset and of dawn. It is possible for a man to know his Virgil, his Homer, his Milton, aye, even his Dante, and yet (and perhaps for that very reason) be a lover of whatsoever things are beautiful and true away from books. Happy the mortal that can combine the better qualities of both ways of seeing life.

I would not altogether discourage the fad of the simple life. Let those who will make a start towards it, and perhaps in three or four generations we shall find their children's children living it in the old-fashioned way—making strips of the papaw serve for harness, manufacturing soft soap from wood ashes, cooking their meals over an open fire with a crane, boiling maple sap for the old-time sugar to last all through the long year, and reading the Bible in King James's version. Some of our ancestors lived thus, and actually, even in New England, welcomed their hired help to the same dining table on terms of equality. But the trouble with the present mania for simplicity is that our modern world is such that, as Mr. Dooley has already suggested, a man must first take a "simple" Pullman, and have his meals for a time in a "simple" dining car, in order finally to reach a spot of virgin green grass where he can live as he thinks he wishes to,—after the manner, say, of Touchstone and Audrey, or of the Duke and his comrades, in the Forest of Arden,—and "live like the old Robin Hood of England," and "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world."

In other words, it is well nigh an impossibility to live the simple life with any enjoyment, and for the rich voluntarily to choose to live as do the poor of necessity, except for a man of remarkable adaptability and openness of nature; and men of that stamp are uncommonly few. Yet let the leaven

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work. In time it may result in a more wholesome way of living. But the genuine simple life, the life of independent self-reliance and self-resourcefulness, is one lived only by men of greater caliber than most of us, and is one that may well be envied.



#### IV.

## The Village Parson.

By Frederick Wheeler Lewis.

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Saginaw, Mich.

THE caption of this topic presents the vista of a rustic and shady street entirely innocent of people with the single exception of a mossy looking individual approaching in the distance, whose measured step and precise decorum advertise him as the preacher even before the cloth is seen. He is not, however, a member of the Class of 1895, but of the Class of 1795. The trolley pole and the telephone wire have hauled the villages up to the cities until they have lost their former character and breathe the breath of modern life: they are simply cities in little. And there is not much you can predicate of the "city pastor" that you cannot predicate of the "village parson," except, perhaps, that you must write his salary with four figures instead of three.

Unworthily, therefore, as I may depict the life of the young minister, it will not be because of a provincial standpoint. Although the twenty-five reverend gentlemen of the Class are scattered from China to Bulgaria and Alaska, and from the wilds of Washington to the effete atmosphere of New England, I may, without presumption attempt to speak for them all. Life is increasingly more of a piece. Broadly speaking we are "up against" the same things. I hail from the habitat of David Harum, and I remember that he once said, "There's as much human natur' in some folks as they is in others and sometimes more."

If there seemed to be a tone of complaint in my reference to the minister's salary I hasten to correct the impression. It is

true, as our Secretary once remarked, that "the pecuniary compensation of the average minister is very nearly microscopic," but we knew that it would be in advance. And we do not quarrel with this condition. The campus life of Princeton taught us not to be "knockers." It is just as unmanly for a minister to be complaining of his financial pinch as it is for the Arctic explorer to parade his physical sufferings. The typical Princeton man will say less and less of hardship and more and more of privilege. And if, in the current discussion about the usefulness of middle-aged men, the references to the ministry crystallize in the question, "Shall old ministers be shot?" even then the son of Nassau will approach his forties with thankfulness and begin from there to "dive deeper and deeper into obscurity" without grumbling. It is because of the "other things" in his calling. He is richly compensated.

The young minister feels discouraged only when he cannot move men as he would like. One day I went into a house of mourning. There was amazingly small concern that the family's provider had been taken away. Even the widow was stolid. I viewed the remains with her. Still no feeling was apparent. I tried my best to make her sensible of her loss, but in vain. At last I said, "Would you like to have me offer a prayer?" Reluctantly she responded, "Why, yes, you might get off one." You can imagine what sort of a prayer I made under such circumstances. But that was not quite as bad as what was said to a friend of mine in Rochester one day. A man who was much the worse for drink came into his study to inquire how he might be saved. At length the two knelt down in prayer. The minister prayed with great unction and deep feeling. Presently he finished and arose. His visitor, however, still kneeling, looked up and said, "Well, doctor, I don't feel a damn bit better!" And yet, such "jars" as this are trifling in comparison with the many other hard proposi-

tions we have to face. There is great need in our profession, as there is everywhere else in life, of patience and determination. And so I cannot be too thankful that in Princeton I saw so many trackmen "run it out," and witnessed so many games where we lost in the first inning and won in the ninth. The football game was never over till the whistle blew. This lesson has never been forgotten. It's as true in the church as on the gridiron.

It isn't necessary to tell the men of our Class who have lived with us that ministers are nine-tenths human. Most of us are ambitious. Some of us, alas, look upon each church we have as a springboard for the next. But this unworthy and often mercenary spirit would grip us more powerfully if it were not for the constant rebuke which commercialism received in Princeton. According to the last Minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church the number of candidates for the ministry is larger this year than it was last. The tide has turned in this denomination. It has also turned in that other church in which Princeton has so many friends, the Episcopalian. So the hope of the "village parson" that the kindly operation of the law of supply and demand might result in his elevation to the dignity and emoluments of a city parish must be abandoned. We thank Princeton that in the ruin of our hopes we are still content.

I would like to tell how Princeton's way of rating every man at his true worth has helped us to keep near the common people with whom we have so much to do, how the institutional character of the principles imbibed there has led us to translate our fancies into facts and become "doing men," how the perfect replica of the outside world in this veritable microcosm has enabled us to know human nature as we never should have done and how the accent of Princeton, while put upon a genu-

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ine individualism, suggested, nevertheless, intelligent and generous co-operation with others.

But I must hasten on to acknowledge our indebtedness to Princeton for making men of us. A minister needs to be a man before he is a minister. And if any of us have succeeded in doing this we know where the thanks largely belong. I recall the ideals of campus life, but I also recall some of the men who were over us, and especially the remark of Booth Tarkington. Woodrow Wilson had been heard in the lecture room several times and various favorable comments had been made, but Tarkington pithily remarked, "That fellow is a man." There were others like him in the faculty and in the undergraduate body, but the men we most delight to honor are those of our own class. They helped us more than any others. We knew them the best. And they stood closest acquaintance. Some have left us, but their manhood is a more consecrated memory than ever. And because of all we saw and felt and tried to live there, we trust we sufficiently value men. We parsons of the class hope that the refrain of some recent lines eulogizing Auburn Seminary graduate is also true of every minister of Princeton Ninety-five:

"Here's the man that's after a man, I say,  
He's the man that's after a man."

In calling for sentiments from a "Village Parson" you have run the risk of being preached at. The temptation is irresistible, for there is one thing I want to say: Do not forget Princeton idealism. Those who discount the church and religion because of the supposed advance of a hostile scientific thought are not up to date. In the years since the century opened the pendulum has returned. Science is idealistic and turns anew to religion for the ultimate explanation of all. Now there is a remarkable experience in our history as a class: I cannot believe that I am alone in treasuring as if it were yesterday

the sacredness of that last Sunday night before we graduated and what we said and did not say and do after our Commencement Banquet. Is there anything more real in our Princeton lives than those hours under the dear old elms, closed in by the darkness, but every man's heart burning within him? Can we be material after such an experience? Can we be sodden and dull? Can we not strive toward Princeton's idealism? No, I am not addressing individuals, but the Class. I have referred to a matter of Class history. We are considering today larger and larger social units. We talk of the "public conscience" and of "national morality." Now I submit to you the conception of the Conscience of Ninety-five! The glory of a Ninety-five which not only bulks large in the financial, political, and other worlds, but the glory of a Ninety-five which has worshipped for four years at a noble shrine and which continues true to that shrine. It is the shrine of ideal manhood.

V.

## The United States Army.

By Capt. Courtland Nixon, 2nd U. S. Infantry.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE opinion is prevalent that the United States Army is a class of easy-going, well-kept, well-clothed, self-satisfied people, who are unoccupied nine years out of ten. To be sure, in active service they do have a hard time that tenth year, but they are made so much of the rest of the time, it is no wonder that energy, to command attention, seems useless.

Let one of you business or professional men who closes his office between 3 and 5 in the afternoon try the following for a spring day.

A couple of hours' drill in the forenoon, with inspection of minute details as to the clothing, equipment of the men; their quarters, for cleanliness and sanitation; their mess, to see that the best cooking, largest variety, and due economy are obtained and maintained. Follow up the instruction of recruits to insure to the Government prompt and efficient return for their pay. Investigate derelictions of duty and discipline, and try to mete out just punishment and such punishment as will best suit the conditions at hand and defeat the unworthy traits of character of the particular man. Then turn, with the assistance of a clerk that you have probably trained in his position, to take up the routine paper work and scrutinize the records, letters, reports, etc., for the correction of errors, for which they would otherwise be returned to you.

In the afternoon you may be a member of a board to examine officers and enlisted men for some higher position; or a mem-

ber of a court martial to try a case of grave violation of regulations; or a counsel to defend the rights of the accused.

Possibly some special duty has blown your way from the Commanding Officer's desk, and you can use the spare hours to survey and plat a piece of land which the Government desires to rent or purchase for use in target practice. Or some special daily trip may be made to watch irrigation ditches and see that the full share of water is flowing undiverted. So far you have been discharging duty commensurable with your rank. You have been doing things you are supposed to know about. But to be sure that you do know, two hours a day (except Saturday and Sunday) for five months each year will be spent in Post schools by line officers.

Recitations are held on subjects that will fall to your lot in military or civil capacities in the different grades of rank. These tasks are required and expected—they are but steps by which a force of men are trained for the expert uses of civilization.

Older officers frequently have some professional hobby or specialty. They say Capt. Light is a fine shot. He may be fond of target practice, and have spent hours and days experimenting with the service arms in different conditions of atmosphere from tropical sunshine at the seashore to a cloudy day in mountainous altitudes.

If building construction or the transportation and supply of an army interests a technical man, the Quartermaster's Department will furnish ample work.

The accomplished linguist can carry professional research to translating articles by foreign leading military authorities and later may try life as military attaché, which John Garrett tells us is so interesting.

The unique status of military law has a fascination that draws many into a deeper study of its source and its possibili-

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ties in conjunction with civil law in our new possessions during and after the smoke of hostilities.

A long head for regime and administration will qualify for the duties of adjutant, while the man with business foresight makes for the good of all in a military village by managing a Post Exchange, or Commissary.

Did you ever talk with a volunteer or regular officer about the serious or amusing incidents he has experienced in trying to bring order out of chaos in some town or province? After the campaign, the days of occupation require many hours of anxious thought, as J. B. Gordon's chapter on "Reconstruction Days" tells us—but he did not encounter the difficulties of dealing with a foreign race with methods as strange as their tongue.

To organize and efficiently run a hospital, compel the attendants to care for the appliances and property purchased for them, to clean a town with a force of laborers, is to utilize on broader lines the experience gained in the interior economy of a company. You may read about the tutorial system in the Alumni Weekly and gain points on organizing schools. Police forces have to be instructed in law and order; perhaps you find yourself in the amusing predicament of extricating your own soldier from some very serious offense that the day before with all dignity you impressed the police board must be punished under all conditions. Try some day to re-start the cog wheels of a municipality with the power of salary and honor and not graft.

Armies have always been used after hostilities as a civilizing force. That brings me to say that versatility and adaptability are the characteristics of Army life. These cover all I have said before. Fight to-day, teach peace to-morrow. Mounted on a fine horse in some inaugural parade, you may swell your chest with pride at the sound of applause—yet an hour



later, while waiting in the station for your train, the same uniform will bring some woman to you with a demand that as an attendant you carry her bundle to her train while she follows trailing a child.

Eat breakfast with the corral boss and take dinner in the finest appointed club with His Highness Cousin Lord Upsky. The social life is all anyone can desire—when any exists.

Dear old Nassau's honor system is the best training in the world for you in the army, where an officer's word and integrity is never questioned; and Princeton's democratic spirit will make the right kind of a fellow to meet a spy or a Lieutenant-General. Above all, her educational system will give ability and contentment—for either one alone may lead to ruin. If a man is stocked to overflowing, while in college, with Princeton's spirit and enthusiasm let him turn to the Army, and he will find himself in the larger field of Patriotism. At first he takes his hat off when he hears "Old Nassau"; later it is to "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Forgive me for a lot of disconnected facts, but I just know each day that the next mail will bring one of those sharp-pointed prods from Andy.

There are business men, lawyers, diplomats, and others who will interest you, but before you pass on let us say "How" to the Army, and thank Fortune that at the tenth bivouac from Princeton we have all had a pretty good march. Fine country, fair roads, good rations, and jolly camping sites at the third and fifth halts.

## VI.

# The Schoolmaster

By Joseph Curtis Sloane.

Headmaster of the Lake Forest School, Lake Forest, Illinois.

EVERYONE'S sense of humor has its limitations and a school-master usually finds that his, like that of many others, stops at his own actions. So the rays of humor in his profession are usually visible only when they strike the luminous screen of other's acts. Parents are the source of greatest joy and happiness. Their vagaries are numerous but generally typical and can easily be classified. I should rather say that they are the different manifestations of the same force. Perhaps the most widely spread species is the parent who knows exactly how his or her (there are no sex limitations) boy should be trained and taught. How well we recognize the opening words: "George is a good boy but very peculiar and I think his teachers have not understood just how to manage him. Now he needs a firm hand, but George can't be driven. You can lead him anywhere if he likes you but you can't drive him." We find on subsequent investigation that George's only peculiarity is a hydrophobic objection to work and a firm determination to do as little as possible.

The parent who knows exactly how his son should be taught is another frequent visitor. This type is never deterred by the fact that he has usually been himself a complete failure in the management of his boy. The boy usually arrives with a string of studies that his father does not wish him to take. This list as a rule includes every subject with which the human mind can busy itself. Remonstrances are met with the remark

that "History (or whatever it may be) won't be any use in the lumber business in Yellville, Ala." This kind of a parent produces the kind of a boy who after long thought informs you that "The Trojan War was caused because Menelaus ran off with a woman to the Holy Land." The parent who takes an over zealous interest is not so frequently met as are some others, but occasionally one is found. It was an earnest mother of this type who wrote to me that she did not wish her sons (aetate. 16 and 17) to read the Vicar of Wakefield and David Copperfield. My amazement can be imagined when I found that the objection was because of the immoral character of some of the scenes in these books!!! Shades of Dickens and "Household Words"!! Of Oliver Goldsmith and the "Young Person"!! I presume that our libraries in "The Home" will soon be reduced to "Susie's Six Teachers" and the "Elsie" books.

The open season for parents is not defined by law, but the chase goes on most merrily in the spring and late summer. Then it is that the schoolmaster's diary holds such entries as these:

Aug. 4.—Six parents to-day with boys. At least half seem to have control (of a sort) over the boys. A large percentage.

Aug. 8.—Three parents with boys. All misunderstood in previous schools.

Aug. 11.—Eight letters to-day. Two want a course in shorthand and typewriting; one wishes to know what we can "do" for a pitcher with a good out-drop; one wants a school for a backward (beautiful euphemism!!) boy of eighteen in the sixth grade; one wishes "katalog" (latest thing in up-to-date spelling); the rest more or less valuable.

Aug. 12.—Landed two.

Aug. 20.—One mother accompanied by shrinking youth of fourteen. Mother talked four hours by the watch. Was able

to extract five coherent words from boy; they were, "Have you a football team?" Something in that lad's eye makes me think that when mother is not present his language will flow more freely. It will if there is anything in heredity.

Sept. 1.—Visited by a youth who announced his intention of entering and was graciously pleased to approve of our equipment, methods and system. By judicious questions, discovered that he had been sent away from three schools. Regret that we cannot avail ourselves of his services.

Sending boys away brings out a variety of traits in parents. They vary all the way from blaming it all on the boy to blaming it all on the school, and the gradations are many. Mothers go into hysterics and fathers blackguard you until you feel that you must be an inhuman monster who lives but to mangle and crush all this is best in the boys, and who takes a terrible glee in the sufferings of parents. If ever a man needs a "*mens conscia recti*" it is during such scenes as these. As the material with which we work is the most delicate, valuable, and interesting in the world, so our failures and disappointments are felt the most keenly.

No schemes of penalties has yet been devised which punishes only the boy for his own misdeeds. When that is done school teaching will be relieved of one of its greatest burdens.

Our colleagues in the profession occasionally add to the gaiety of nations. School catalogues and teachers' conventions are the best hunting grounds for this kind of humor. A man at the head of a school in the East, according to his catalogue, proposed to teach children of seven "History as to the realization of self in time" and "Geography as the realization of self in space"!!! This is culled from Illinois: "Into this process, this symphonic system of perfect culture, religion necessarily enters." This is by the same hand: "No wonder that this critical period proves fatal in so many cases; that it

becomes a mere downward plunge over passions' precipice or a pitiful drifting along lines of least resistance into the lowlands of degenerate ease." In many other instances the humor does not concentrate itself sufficiently to be quoted, but is ridiculous enough to the professional eye which knows only too well the "patter" of the school showman.

Teacher's conventions usually cause more acrimony than laughter, but there must be a certain joy among the ironic gods when a man who is down to speak on the "Uses and Abuses of Intercollegiate and Interacademic Athletics" reads a long paper on the "Growth of the Play Instinct in Children." Another booked to make an address on the same subject, sends a paper on "Football," whose well-worn leaves attest its yeoman service on many another occasion. I seem to remember that President Eliot said or wrote that "The mind of man had proved inadequate to the task of arranging a course of study for children up to the age of nine years"!!

Poor Education! So often misrepresented by her friends and fooled by her enemies! She must have a certain inherent grandeur to sustain her or she would have long since been overcome by mockery.

## VII.

# A Doctor's Life.

By Douglas Ward, M. D.,

Rochester, N. Y.

**H**OW do the life and labors of a doctor compare with those of other men? The life of a doctor in general practice is different, totally different, from that of a business man. The doctor, when he begins to practice, must learn new methods of work and of dividing his time. At first all his time is his own, at the end none of it is his own, and between times it is all of it his and yet none of it his. He says that he will be in his office for two or three hours a day at stated times, and yet in emergencies even these hours cannot be kept. A doctor can never be absolutely certain that he will be free at a given time. On the other hand, he is, as a rule, his own master: he has no one over him saying "do this" or "do that"; he can usually arrange his work so that it can be done at almost any time; so if he wants a game of golf in the morning, he makes his calls in the afternoon (provided he is lucky enough to have any to make) and vice versa. Would you rather have your work crowded into a short space of time during which you must work hard and steadily, or would you prefer to have it spread out with breathing spaces between times, but so that you could never be sure that it was all done for the day? That is the great difference between a physician's life and another man's: as a rule he has plenty of time that is his own, but he is absolutely sure of none of it. He has for the most part to give up social life, because social engagements must be kept, and they are very hard for a doctor to keep. To dine

out seems to be a sure way to cause many patients to want their doctor immediately.

You have all heard of the proverbial hardships of a physician's life, but do you know much about particular instances? Let me describe to you a little trip I took not many months ago. A boy developed appendicitis at a small town about sixty miles from Rochester, his doctor made the diagnosis one Saturday afternoon, he decided that an operation was necessary, and sent to the city for a surgeon, wanting him to come as soon as possible and bring a nurse. There were no more trains Saturday night, so the best that could be done was to catch the first train Sunday morning. It left Charlotte, which is seven miles from Rochester, at 5:50 A. M. The only way to get to Charlotte was to drive, and that takes about an hour. The doctor arises at 4:15 A. M., dresses quickly, goes to the barn to feed his horse, returns to the house for a bite, which his wife is preparing for him, eats it hurriedly, harnesses his horse, and starts. The mercury stands at seven below zero on this particular morning, so that plenty of robes and furs are in order. Fortunately, the night is clear and perfectly still. The doctor picks up the nurse and her bag, and the seven miles are quickly passed by as the snow crackles under the horse's hoofs and crunches beneath the runners of the cutter. They reach their destination just as the train is due, but the train is an hour late. The little country station is practically deserted, but there is a slumbering fire in the stove and a little shaking, with the opening of a few dampers, soon starts the coals burning brightly, and there is plenty of warmth and comfort and even time for a snooze. After a time the train pulls in leisurely, and the doctor and nurse board it and are carried to their destination. Another two-mile drive to the very shore of Lake Ontario, then the preparation and the operation. It is over, and now the doctor is on his homeward

way. He drives quickly to the station to catch the first train, but again the train is late, and this time it becomes later, ever later, the Sunday afternoon passes slowly by, and the train, which was due at 8 A. M., still does not appear. Report says it is blocked in a snowdrift, and, in order to get home that night it is again necessary to resort to the cutter and drive eight miles across country to a neighboring town on another railroad. By this time a wind has sprung up, and it is getting dark, and the zest which was present at the early morning drive is gone. The drifts seem to be getting deeper and deeper, the horses pull slowly and more slowly, so that, when at last the station lights can be seen glimmering in the distance, they are a most welcome sight to the doctor, who is tired and cold. But his troubles are over now, for the train soon appears, it speeds along quickly, Rochester is soon reached, and a bright, warm fire welcomes the doctor home again. The patient recovered.

There is hardly anything so heartrending as to see a young person, who yesterday was perfectly well, suddenly taken very sick, and dying in two or three days in spite of everything the doctor does. When I was in the hospital, a beautiful girl was brought in one night, suffering from appendicitis. She had been married just one year, idolized her husband, and he her. They were extremely happy, had wealth and health and everything this world can offer, but in just three days she died. A case like that takes the heart out of a doctor, and, if he has a faint suspicion that perhaps something more might have been done, that, if he had resorted to extreme measures a little sooner, he might possibly have saved her, then he blames himself, too, and that hurts the most of all.

Then there is the other scene: a poor old woman has cancer and is dying by inches, but no matter how poor she is or how much she is suffering, she hates to go. She knows that she has got to die, the doctor knows she is dying, and yet



he must try to cheer up each day, to make her a little brighter, a little more comfortable. It is an awfully hard thing to do.

But these are the difficult and unpleasant parts of a physician's life, and there are many bright sides too that help to make up for the dark. To see a patient relieved from suffering and getting well, to see a mother happy in having brought forth her first-born son, to cure a father and return him to his family, and to see the bright and happy faces that gather around to meet him, all these things make a physician's heart glad and repay him for much.

The doctor in his work comes into such close contact with the serious side of life that it is hard to forget it and get away from it even for a time. It is necessary for him to have some means of recreation that will direct his thoughts to other things, and he must have the power of thought concentration that will enable him to forget for a while the worries of life. But you can't be a conscientious doctor and avoid all worries, so, if you are looking only for pleasure in this life, don't select the profession of medicine.

If a man has a keen sense of humor, he will be able to find many a little incident in his practice that will delight him, but it usually has to be enjoyed in silence, or he can tell his wife, if he has one who can hold her tongue.

The pay of a doctor is, as a rule, poor. There are some surgeons who get their thousands for an operation, but they are few, and even they usually do many other operations for nothing. They say that the average income of the physician in New York State is \$750.00 a year and that means that many are starving. I haven't starved so far, in fact am just about to take unto myself a wife whom I also hope not to starve.

If any of you will come to Rochester you shall taste of a doctor's fare and will be most royally welcome.

## VIII.

# The College Man In Business.

By D. M. F. Weeks.

Manager of Studebaker Bros. M'fg Co., Kansas City, Mo.

**S**UBORDINATING all financial considerations for the moment, success in business for any man, largely means that he is the one who makes the plans and assumes the responsibility rather than the one who executes the plans of others. The compensation which follows is proportionate to his responsibilities and the value of his plans, and is irrelevant to this discussion. To what extent then and just how does a college education make success in business possible in the light of this interpretation?

Every one will agree that the fundamental requirements for business are health, hard work, fair-mindedness, ambition, experience, nerve, ability to handle and mix with men, power to generalize and systematize and finally, a never-say-die instinct.

Now the effects of college upon a man's life are all subjective, not objective. College does not make the world give him a hearing. It starts a process in him which makes such a man of him that he creates an opening and fills it so well that most men are glad to get him. College does not give him the keys to the Sub-Treasury or keep him from being a superfluous member of society if he is foreordained for a life of ineffectiveness. If he is weak, the seven years spent among the fellows in preparatory school and in college will make him stronger. If he naturally is sound timber, this miniature world will so align him with the conditions of competitive existence that you cannot starve him or discourage him or lick him.

On the other hand, this miniature world will make him wise beyond his years to the adjustments of society. He has experience of a general character in miniature form, and like a sponge, he is quick to absorb the details of any proposition. If he had gone instead from high school into business, he would at this time be a saturate solution with a particular label, well down toward the bottom of the scale. The graduate has himself in hand and knows himself and his fellows. He has the nerve to build a railroad if necessary—and he will come pretty near doing it. The high school boy has hung a cheap tag on himself—he is on a stool at ten dollars per week and he does not know how to get off. The graduate's mind is a ferment, he cannot stop his habit of thinking; the other's is a half page of an encyclopedia. One says:—"You cannot find work and responsibility enough to bury me,—give me access to the data and I will find a way to win; if I don't, it costs you nothing." The other says:—"I want your O. K. on this before I put it through."

When a boy decides on a college education, he decides to subject himself to four years of hard work without any immediate compensation. He may do so reluctantly, but before he gets his diploma he will have acquired unconsciously the habit of work and the expectation of having to work and this habit he can never outgrow.

During his four years course he naturally becomes interested in the reasons why men have done things rather than in the things themselves. He gets the thinking habit. He cannot help but generalize and philosophize with the conventions which men impose upon themselves in law, in finance, in religion, in economics, in politics and in trade. This makes him a man with a philosophy and when he enters business the philosophy of events leads naturally to the philosophy of business and he becomes a planner,—a man who directs salesmen

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and not a salesman. He becomes an accountant who hires book-keepers and not a book-keeper,—a banker and not a counter of cash,—a man who is after a result and not a machine with his eye on the clock. He may not remember a word of Greek or Latin, but his college training has started a fever in his bones which will not die out and which keeps him from remaining a subordinate. His bank account keeps pace with his development, faithfulness and judgment.

When a man has spent four years among an average lot of fellows—good, bad, and indifferent—none of whom were born for his especial delectation, he grows to learn that the world was not made for him altogether, and that he needs a lot of revamping in order to fit into the order of things. He finds that the responsibility of the whole world does not rest on him entirely, that good, wholesome, clean fun is the only thing which keeps him young, and that fairness and ability are the only things which give him influence and power, empty-handed.

He goes out into business knowing what he needs to find out and how to find it. His college bred instinct makes him fair-minded—a mixer among, and a handler of men. He stays in training, lives outside himself, gets into the game of life until he can approach anyone above him, mix well with his equals, and get the work out of those under him. As a result, he becomes a business getter, a man of results,—a business man.

An average boy with health and a taste for business, who has spent four years at a college where the humanities of men crop out, who has adjusted himself, and responded to the influence of the daily moods of his fellows, will make a business man. The field is wide open for him in the West where age and pedigree count for less than soundness and square dealing—where men broaden and grow in response to the subtle influence of broad acres, pure air and hardships. He will win because of the fever in his bones which will not let him rest,

because he knows how to work out what he is after, because he knows you cannot down him and because his heart has grown big enough to take in all manner of men.

Just let me live by the side of the road where the race of  
men go by,

They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
wise, foolish, and so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat or hurl the  
cynic's ban?

Just let me live by the side of the road and be a friend  
of man."

SEPTENNIAL REUNION--1902.



# '95 In The Spanish War

(Reprinted from the Quinquennial Record.)

## **JAMES FREDERICK DALE**

### **Sixth United States Cavalry.**

“I enlisted as private in the Sixth United States Cavalry, May 11, 1898. Joined regiment at Tampa, Fla., May 14th, being assigned to Troop I; was honorably discharged October 31st, 1898, having participated in no battles, sieges or engagements, or otherwise gained distinction. While in the South I was taken with typhoid and malarial fevers, necessitating a two months' stay in the field hospital at West Tampa, and in the United States General Hospital at Fort Monroe, Va.”

## **WILLIAM HILL FULPER**

### **Passed Assistant Paymaster, U. S. N.**

“Being Paymaster in the Naval Reserves of New Jersey I entered the regular Navy on May 24th, with the rank of Lieutenant. On April 16th I went aboard the monitor Montauk, at League Island Navy Yard, and went with her to Portland, Me. I joined the U. S. S. Resolute at the Navy Yard, New York, on May 19th. Detached from the Resolute on October 23d and ordered home.

“The Resolute was in three principal engagements; the Bombardment of Aguadores, on July 1st; the Battle of Santiago, on July 3d, in which Admiral Cervera's fleet was entirely destroyed. The Resolute's participation in this battle is a matter of history.

“Our third and last battle (which was the last battle of the war), was the action at Manzanillo, the afternoon of August



12th and morning of the 13th, the last shot of the war being fired by the U. S. S. Newark at 6.32 the morning of the 13th.

“The Resolute being commanded and manned almost exclusively by Naval Reserves has received extraordinary praise from the Navy Department. And as a compliment for hard work the Resolute was made the flag ship of the North Atlantic Squadron and took the peace commission to Havana, and remained in Cuban waters at Havana and vicinity for about six weeks, when we were compelled to leave on account of yellow fever breaking out aboard ship.”

### **PAUL GRISWOLD HUSTON**

#### **First Ohio Volunteer Infantry.**

“When the war first broke out I determined that I would volunteer, but ‘the folks at home’ opposed it so that I was kept out of it for several weeks. But after a while this feeling grew so strong upon me that I went down and enlisted, on June 6, in Company M, of the First Regiment of the Ohio National Guard, which was recruiting up to its full quota of one hundred and six men, expecting to receive orders to join the rest of the regiment at Port Tampa City. I knew the Captain and had been a classmate of the First Lieutenant in High School. But after two weeks had passed and it was not called out I went over to Fort Monroe, the recruiting station of the Sixth United States Infantry, and was examined and passed, intending to go in as a volunteer regular just for the war, which was permitted. Had I done so I might have been in the battle and charged up San Juan Hill. But again the folks at home objected, so I compromised and enlisted in the First Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which just at that time had sent a detail up to Cincinnati to recruit up to its full strength. That was on June 22, my birthday. The next day thirty of us new recruits were sent southward, and we reached Port Tampa

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City on Saturday, June 25. After marching over to the regimental encampment we were allowed to choose our Companies and I chose Company A, and was, with five others, at once enrolled.

“From that time forth we expected daily to get orders to march on board the transports for Cuba. The call ‘To Arms!’ was sounded once, to see how quickly the regiment could line up, and we were required to keep our knapsacks ready to sling at once for the transports. As it turned out, we did not go, but we thoroughly expected we would.

“We changed camp while there, as the water began coming up to the edge of the tents at high tide, on account of the southwest winds. There also we were constantly in expectation and the call ‘To Arms!’ was again sounded. It was here that we saw the poor, wounded, brave old soldiers after the great battle, waving their hands and handkerchiefs to us from the car windows of the hospital train. I was on duty as ‘kitchen police’ that day and had to stay in camp, but many of the boys went over and talked with them when the train stopped. Later, when I was sent up northward again, on the hospital train, sick with typhoid, a lieutenant and colored trooper bearing scars were in my car.

“I had been in camp not quite a month, when, on July 17, I was taken down with the fever and the next day had to go in the hospital tent. There I stayed, first on a litter and then on a cot, for ten days, until, on July 27, the hospital train arrived, and about twelve of us who were the worst were taken over to it in ambulances and were sent northward. That fact helped us as much as the medicine, and the sight of green grass and trees and the Kentucky hills gave us new courage. Two men died on the journey from exhaustion.

“We were taken to Fort Thomas, Ky., a beautifully situated regular army fort on the Kentucky hills opposite Cincinnati,

which is now and was then used as a temporary hospital for the sick and wounded. I was there five days, but as soon as my strength permitted my father came over and brought me home in a carriage, and there I lay in bed for some weeks before I could dare to face the sunlight. I was sent home on a thirty days' furlough, but that had to be extended to sixty days later, on account of my weakness.

"Finally, our regiment was ordered home to be mustered out, being at the time at Jacksonville, in Lee's Corps. They had also been in camp at Fernandina after I left Port Tampa City, and before that had encamped at Columbus, O., Chickamauga and Ringgold. Now Johnny was coming marching home for good and the boys were not sorry, now that the need of fighting was over. I managed to get down to see the boys come in, on September 16, and I was as glad to see them again as I shall be when I see the men of '95 at a reunion. What a fellowship the army is! I have just had a letter from my nurse in the regimental hospital, signing himself, 'Your Comrade.'

"Well, we finally were all mustered out of the service on October 25. I do not regret my short glimpse of army life one whit, but I would give all the four years of college for that brief month down at Tampa, far away in the southland, among the pines and palmettos, the magnolias and Spanish moss, for there, amid the bugles and wearing the blue as a volunteer soldier, I was getting a lesson in patriotism and love of country that college never taught me. It will always live with me as a rare part of life. We saw no battle, but we saw the wounded and saw cannon pass toward the docks, and saw transports filled with troops go steaming away from our country toward Santiago, and we had at least shown our good intentions."

**CHARLES BORIE LEWIS****First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry.**

“I had been a member of the First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, for two years, but was unable to accompany the troop when first called out, on account of a severe accident. I finally recovered in time to join them at Newport News on the 28th of July, when I enlisted in the United States service, preparatory to leaving for Porto Rico.

“We sailed on the transport Massachusetts and landed at Ponce, Porto Rico, and from there escorted General Brooke’s wagon trains to Guayama and were about to take part in that engagement when peace was declared. Finally sailed for home on transport Mississippi, arriving September 10th, 1898, Mustered out of service November 11th, 1898.”

**JOHN WALTERHOUSE LORD****First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry.**

“I was in the United States service from July 22d to November 21st, 1898, serving as private in the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, on its Porto Rican campaign, which began on July 26th and ended September 10th.”

**FRANKLIN BLAKE MORSE****Troop A, New York Volunteer Cavalry.**

“In respect to the men who were either in the army or navy during the Spanish war, I should say that I received a circular letter from Professor Libbey, of Princeton, and gave him a few statistics. You say, ‘don’t give mere statistics.’ I did give William statistics, but, with your license, I will write you an outline of my experience, which you are welcome to do anything you wish with.

“On the 19th of July it was ordered that the Rough Riders,

or such of them as were in fit condition, under Roosevelt in Cuba, should go to Porto Rico, and take part in the campaign there. The troops who were left behind with the horses, at Tampa, were to join Roosevelt at Porto Rico. As soon as I heard that the Rough Riders were to take part in the proceedings, I decided that I would like to be with them. It had been my intention to join the regiment at the outset, but I had thought that the war would never come, and that Spain would have more sense; so I let the matter slide, thinking it would be only a waste of time to go down to Texas, and spend two or three weeks there in camp and then be sent home.

“When the war was declared, I found that it was too late to get mixed up with this organization, as there was already a waiting list, so I didn't bother my head further, until this order of the 19th of July, of which I just spoke. I immediately rustled around and as there were no recruiting stations in the vicinity, I went to my old friend, *The Sun*. There I found an old partner in crime—reportorial crime—who piloted me around the city to various places to see what could be done. Finally, it was suggested that I go down to Fort Wadsworth Hospital, where Major Brodie of the Rough Riders had been sent North from Santiago, where he had been wounded. I presented myself to the Major in due form, and he looked me over, and decided that I was a husky sort of an individual, and said that he would be glad to have me in his command. He, therefore, wrote me a personal letter of introduction to Colonel Roosevelt, with the wish that I be assigned to duty.

“Then came the question of transportation. Being nothing but an ordinary citizen of the United States (thank God!), I had no license to get on any of the Government transports. Once more I appealed to my friend, and, with his help, managed to get an interview with the Quartermaster-General down in the army building in New York. Here I explained to him

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my wishes and my intentions, and my motives, and, seemingly, they were in accord with what he thought proper, for he, without question, made me out a pass direct to Porto Rico.

“At this time my father was in Duxbury, Massachusetts, where he was summering; away from business cares and troubles. The transport Roumania, on which I was to sail, was to leave at daybreak the next morning. I telegraphed my father that I had a chance to join the Rough Riders, and was going to avail myself of the opportunity. A few hours later the reply came, and it was a satisfactory one. It practically said ‘Go ahead, and take care of yourself.’ We started off at daybreak, as scheduled, after I had rushed around the city to secure such garments as I thought necessary and fit for one in my position. I looked a good deal more like a hobo than a United States soldier.

“Our first stop was at Newport News, Virginia, where we stayed for about a week, thanks to the indecisive traits which the Government was exhibiting at that time. Troops would be ordered on board, and then they would be told they didn’t need to go. Finally, we did get started, with four batteries of artillery on board. One of them was a Missouri battery, and among its numbers, was our small young friend Guy Warren, a typical soldier. It is almost needless to describe life on a transport, for there has been so much of it of late that it would be mere repetition. Suffice it to say that the horses had all the breathing space, and the men were down under the water with all the smells, flies, and other disagreeable things.

“Six days later, I was awakened while sleeping on some baled hay by the noise of booming something. I didn’t know whether we had been attacked, or what had happened. On getting up I found that we were within a stone’s throw of the shore, and, with rare intuition, decided that we were

aground, and that we were signalling for help. I have prided myself always on my perception. This was no exception to the rule, and I was right. We lay on the rock, or sand, for the entire day, and toward evening floated off with the high tide. The first night was spent in Guanica harbor, Porto Rico, where we remained overnight, and it was there that I first learned that the Rough Riders were not on the Island, nor were they to come, the order having been rescinded, and they were sent to Montauk Point instead.

"Here I was, fourteen hundred miles from home, 'wet walking,' and about fifteen dollars in my trousers. What to do next was the question. I was offered, by three of the batteries on board, enlistment with them. These offers I thanked the officers for, and begged that they might be held open, as it was known to me that Troop A, of the New York Volunteer Cavalry, was in Ponce, Porto Rico. I decided to remain on board and go to Ponce, where the four batteries had orders to disembark, and there I made up my mind to look for the Troop. In the event that I did not find them, I had decided to join one of the batteries.

"We arrived at Ponce the next day, and we anchored in the harbor. We lay around there all day, and the men on board loafed on the deck smoking cigarettes and buying mangoes and various tropical fruits from the natives, who came alongside the transport in small rowboats. I was waiting, along with the rest of them, for a chance to get ashore with the first boatload. While in a semi-comatose condition, brought about by tropical climate, cigarettes and laziness (inherent), I heard the anchor chains commence to grate as the anchor was being pulled in. I immediately ascertained the cause for this phenomenon. Orders had come that the troops proceed to Arroyo, some fifty miles further down the coast. The only thing left for me to do was to get ashore somehow.

The ship had already started, and I got some of the boys to hang on to one of the mangoe boats while I went down stairs into the hold and got such clothes as I could together. Dashing upstairs, I bounded in a few leaps across the deck, and slid down the side of the ship on a rope, into one of the mangoe boats, and thus reached shore.

“It was dark by that time, and after getting a few native crackers and some fruit, I lay down under a wagon on the dock, to seek sweet repose. The town was under military jurisdiction, and all the streets patrolled by sentries, and anyone out after nine o'clock was arrested on suspicion. I fell asleep and before long—I don't know how long—I was wakened by rough handling. A sentry demanded an excuse for my presence in the neighborhood. I immediately told him the story of my life. He decided that I was not lying, so allowed me to lie in peace. So long as he was on all was rest, but every two hours the sentry was changed, and so, every two hours, it was necessary for me to tell the story of my life. For two nights I went through this experience, and finally found Frederick R. Coudert, Jr., who was the Lieutenant commanding the Troop. Again I told the story of my life. There was no vacancy in the Troop, so that there was nothing to do but take me in as a servant. This I was perfectly willing to do, so long as I was permitted to take part in any of the fighting bees that might chance to occur. I was informed that I should be treated with all consideration and with all the respect due a trooper, but it was presumed that I understood that if captured at the front, and it was learned that I was not an enlisted man, I should be shot. This I did not know, but said 'yes,' and, after assuring them that I was willing to take the chance, I was fitted out with a horse, ammunition, arms and the other paraphernalia necessary.

“Then began the life of a trooper—(a trooper, by the way.



being a valet to a horse), and I remained with Troop A until November 28th, when the Troop was mustered out of the Government service. We had many pleasant fellows along, among them being Tom Slidell, and Tom Pierson, of our class, and, altogether, while it was not child's play, it was a pleasant experience, and, as it turned out, a safe one. I had the pleasure of shooting my carbine off once. This at a Porto Rican sea gull, which I missed. The revolver was only used in stirring up the natives when they lagged at their work. It proved a good instrument for urging them on, backed up by a hard scowl, or a determined expression.

“As to my rank, I never reached a higher pinnacle than the position of a private. My only engagement was the brush with the sea gull, but, even with these disadvantages, or advantages, it was good to get home on the 10th of September. The trip back was like a cruise on a pleasure yacht compared with the trip down. Many of the horses were left behind, so that the men were enabled to sleep in the stalls, where they hung their hammocks. I might go into a recital of a great many incidents which happened on the trip, but I will refrain from doing so as I want a little material for conversation occasionally. If I give it all to you now I shall have nothing left for myself.

“About four days after landing, I was taken with typhoid fever, and underwent the usual siege, thus rounding off my career in the army in an eminently proper and fashionable way, according to all precedent during this war. No man has really gone through the war unless he has had yellow fever or typhoid.”

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**EDWARD MUNN \*****D Troop, First Volunteer Cavalry.**

(“Roosevelt’s Rough Riders.”)

“My record in our late war was merely the counterpart of hundreds of others who got no further than a poorly equipped camp in Florida.

“I was unfortunate in not being drawn as one of the members of Squadron A, N. G. N. Y., when they decided by lot who should compose Troop A, which finally went to Porto Rico. Therefore I went to Tampa and was enlisted on June 17th in ‘Roosevelt’s Rough Riders,’ or, more properly, the First Volunteer Cavalry.

“The troop I was assigned to had already gone, leaving a small squad to care for the horses. I took that glorious part in the war, and came North with the others of my regiment who remained in Tampa, arriving in Jersey City on August 11th. I was immediately sent home, and remained until October 15th, or thereabouts, in bed with typhoid fever. A few days later I got over to New York, was paid off and mustered out of service.

“Should Colonel Roosevelt ever want his own command to get together, very few indeed, even of those who merely saw the war by proxy, would fail him. Certainly I should be proud to serve under him again, but would see that I got there earlier, and in time for the show, whether law examinations were about due or not.”

\* Deceased.

**COURTLAND NIXON****Second United States Infantry.**

“I received and accepted my appointment as Second Lieutenant of Infantry on July 28, 1898. I had a uniform made

and reported for duty at Atlanta, Ga., within five days. There I was assigned to the duty of drilling and disciplining a squad of recruits assembling at Fort McPherson. On August 14th we moved to a camp in the pine woods at Newnan, Ga., near a pretty lake. This lazy, enjoyable life ended in a month, when we started for Montauk, L. I., to join our regiment, the First United States Infantry, which had just returned from the Cuban campaign. The regiment had about 450 men and a dozen officers. I fell heir to the command of Company B of about 30 men. Imagine me as I went about giving orders to old soldiers with six months to twenty years' service! Well, it got cold at Camp Wyckoff and in one week after our arrival we took transport to New York City, there changed cars for Anniston, Ala., making in less than two weeks a nice buffet car excursion of over 2,000 miles.

"At Anniston the work began. Recruits came pouring in, and, in addition to my regular duties, I had to drill them three hours a day and equip them; at the same time acquaint myself with all the intricate methods of army 'red-tape.' We were ordered to prepare for Cuba by October 20th, but the order was changed and we went to Huntsville, Ala., instead.

"The company was now 90 men strong (the regiment 1,000), but at times there were only 10 officers present; therefore I fell into all kinds of traps. On one occasion I longed for an earthquake, as in the midst of a review a battalion fell to my command.

"One day a poor soldier in my company died, and we turned out as escort at his funeral. As the procession started the commanding officer asked me if I had a prayer book, as there was no chaplain. I had not, so I stepped into a book store and borrowed a new Bible, and was informed that a certain chapter in a certain epistle was appropriate. At the critical moment I became painfully aware that I was reading from the

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second epistle instead of the first, for the passage had absolutely no connection with the event. Since then I am known as "the parson," though I am not likely to be recommended for the job of chaplain.

"Well, only when one can realize what regular army discipline means, can one understand the terrible strain necessary to keep from giving the soldier the least chance for disrespect or familiarity, for this ruins discipline. Thanks to my father, the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Nixon, I learned this before I entered the army.

"I left Huntsville December 26th, after a good Christmas dinner, and embarked from Port Tampa, Fla., December 29th, arriving in Havana December 31st, where I saw the old year out in one of the open interior gardens of a quaint old Cuban house. We left Havana in two days and went to Pinar del Rio, the capital of the western end of the Island, where at that time we were the only regiment. The winter climate there was all that could be desired—high, dry land, with little or no rain, and a fairly cool wind blowing all day.

"We saw the flags raised in Havana at noon on January 1st, 1899, when Uncle Sam assumed control, and it was the best sight of all to see one of them floating from the mast of the wrecked Maine when the guns roared from old Morro Castle.

"In March, 1899, I was ordered, with one battalion of our regiment, to Guanajay. The thing that impressed me most about the Cubans is their filth, and this town was a fair sample. We made the people clean the streets; but if you open the door of a house and look through the parlor into the interior court, you may see horses, chickens, pigs, dirty dish water and closets without sewers all within twenty feet of the bedrooms on the ground floor.

"In July, 1899, I was promoted and assigned as First Lieutenant of the Second Infantry, with orders to join the regi-

ment at Cienfuegos. From there I was ordered to Sancti Spiritus, one of the oldest towns in the Island, founded in 1514. As there were only three officers there I enjoyed writing letters from Lieut. Nixon, Post Adjutant, to Lieut. Nixon, Summary Court, or Post Ordnance, or Engineer Officer, or Signal Officer, or Post Exchange—so you see I had enough red tape and plenty of chances to cuss myself out in different capacities.

“If the army is to be increased, as the country now seems to demand, I only hope it will be done by lineal promotion, rather than by jumping officers from civil life over the heads of those who have seen long service.”

### **THOMAS HAINES PIERSON**

#### **Troop A, New York Volunteer Cavalry.**

I enlisted in Troop A, New York Volunteer Cavalry, in June, 1898, and served with them at Camp Alger, Virginia, and later in Porto Rico, where we saw no fighting but had rather a strenuous time. We returned to this country in the early part of September, and were mustered out of the United States' service about one month later. I look back upon my service as a private soldier in the United States Army with a great deal of pleasure.

### **JOHN PRENTISS POE, JR.**

#### **Fifth Maryland Volunteer Infantry.**

“I had been in the Fifth Maryland Regiment for over three years when war was declared and had reached the high position of a corporal. We went to Pimlico (near Baltimore), on the 25th of April, and stayed there until the 19th of May, being mustered into the service of the United States on May 14th. We left for Chickamauga on the 19th of May, reaching that place the 21st of May. I saw Phil (commonly called Sun

Fish) Walker there. He was a Lieutenant in the First West Virginia. I, of course, stood at attention, saluted him, and then said 'h'yar Phil!' I met him just as I was leaving camp one evening about dusk. Seeing an officer on horseback approaching, I saluted, when, to my surprise, he asked me if I knew a man in the Fifth Maryland named Poe. I immediately made myself known to him. I hadn't seen him for five years. Our regiment was ordered to Tampa from Chickamauga on Thursday, June 3d, with seven other regiments, in a provisional division under the command of Gen. Snyder. We thoroughly expected to go with Shafter's Corps, but I have since been told that there were not enough transports to take the division. I met Ed. Munn and Gordon Johnston, '96, and Bernis Bergen, '96, in Tampa. The two former were in the Rough Riders and the latter in the Fifth Ohio. We stayed in Tampa 10 weeks, leaving there August the 15th for Huntsville, Ala., where we stayed about three weeks, reaching home September 7th and being mustered out October 22d."

### **WARREN LOCKHART SAWYER**

**Assistant Paymaster, U. S. Navy.**

"Although my 'War Record,' as you are pleased to call it, is not made up of thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, nevertheless, as you urge me, I will endeavor to give you the exact facts without coloring.

"For some years previous, and at the time of the outbreak of the War with Spain, I had been a member of the Naval Reserves, State of New York. Almost immediately after the declaration of War we were ordered out for duty at the mine fields, in the Narrows, at the entrance to Long Island and off Sandy Hook. I was detailed with a number of others to duty off Sandy Hook. The United States Government having no small craft of any account for such duty, hired ocean-

going tugs, upon which we were placed and quartered. Our duties consisted in guarding the mine fields, piloting vessels through them, keeping all vessels outside of the three-mile limit after dark, and incidentally keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy, or, in fact, for anything suspicious.

“After about four weeks’ duty off Sandy Hook, I took a mental and physical examination, and entered the United States Navy as a seaman. Early in July, 1898, after having passed another mental and physical examination, I received an appointment as Assistant Paymaster, with the rank of Ensign, and was presented with my commission as such. I was ordered to U. S. receiving ship ‘New Hampshire,’ which was supplying men to the various ships of the Navy. After a few weeks’ service aboard the ‘New Hampshire,’ I was ordered to the Navy Department, Washington, D. C., where I was on duty under Capt. John R. Bartlett, U. S. Navy, Chief of U. S. Auxiliary Naval Force, as Paymaster of the Headquarters of that force.

“I remained on duty at Washington until December, 1898, when I was ordered to the ‘U. S. S. Badger,’ then in ordinary at the League Island Navy Yard. She was placed in commission and I was on duty aboard of her, as her Paymaster, at sea and at the Norfolk Navy Yard, until February, 1899, when I was detached from her at Hampton Roads and ordered to Washington, D. C., where I settled my accounts and was honorably discharged from the United States Navy in February, 1899. Thus ended my career as a ‘hero.’ ”

### **THOMAS SLIDELL**

#### **Troop A, New York Volunteer Cavalry.**

“I was enlisted about June 1st and encamped at Camp Alger, Va. I went with my troop with General Brooke’s first expedition to Porto Rico, but saw no fighting. We were

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ordered home in the early part of September. I was in good health during the entire campaign.”

**RICHARD STOCKTON**

**Sixth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.**

He enlisted the last of April and was mustered into the United States service at Mt. Gretna, Pa., on the 11th of May, as a private in Company C, 6th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. He was soon moved to Camp Alger, Falls Church, Va., where he spent most of the summer. From there he was moved to Camp Meade, Pa., where he received a thirty days' furlough, at the end of which he was mustered out, as corporal on the 17th of October.

**PHILIP GEORGE WALKER**

**First West Virginia Volunteer Infantry.**

“The West Virginia National Guard was called out on the 26th day of April, last, of which organization I was a member, and held a commission as Second Lieutenant in the same. Our two regiments were consolidated, and being a junior officer in the National Guard, I did not receive a commission in the new regiment.

“I enlisted as a private in Company B, First West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, on the 29th day of April. On the 2d day of May was appointed Sergeant Major of the regiment by the Colonel, and on the 12th day of May, there being a vacancy, was commissioned Second Lieutenant and assigned to Company E.

“From Camp Lee, Kanawha City, West Virginia, our regiment was ordered to Chickamauga Park on the 16th day of May. We arrived there on the 18th day of the same month and were among the first regiments to arrive at this camp.



“While encamped at Chickamauga Park I served in various capacities, as Battalion and Regimental Adjutant, and was, for quite a while, in command of Company E.

“On the 26th day of September, at Camp Poland, Knoxville, Tenn., I was detailed as Judge Advocate of a General Court Martial of the Second Brigade, Second Division, First Army Corps, in which capacity I served about two months.

“On the 10th day of December, at Camp Conrad, Columbus, Ga., I was detailed as Aide-de-Camp on the staff of Brigadier-General John A. Wiley, at that time in command of the First Brigade, Second Division of the First Corps. While on the Brigade Staff I acted a great part of the time as Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade. On the 6th day of January, 1899, I was promoted to a First Lieutenant, and about the same time or the latter part of December was transferred to the staff of the Second Division. General Wiley took command of this Division about the middle of December. While on the staff of this Division I acted for a short time as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Second Division. Was mustered out of the service of the United States on the fourth day of February, 1899, at Columbus, Ga.”

### **GUY SCOTT WARREN**

#### **Light Battery A, Missouri Volunteers.**

“We were called into service April 26th. Captain Rumbold received his notice at noon that day, and two hours later all his men were in camp. On May 4th we encamped at Jefferson Barracks, where we remained until May 16th, when we left for Camp George H. Thomas at Chickamauga, arriving there on the 18th. July 23d we marched to Rossville, Ga., where we took a special train for Newport News, Virginia. Arrived there two days later, and left Newport News on the United States transport ‘Roumania,’ July 27th. August 3d the vessel

went on the rocks at Guanica, Porto Rico, where it remained for about nine hours before it was gotten off. The next day it sailed from Ponce Playa, where we were ordered to disembark, but after making preparations for unloading, we received orders from General Miles to proceed at once to Arroyo and there disembark, as General Brooke was very much in need of artillery. We landed under the protection of the guns from the cruisers 'Cincinnati' and 'Gloucester' on August 4th. The battery went into camp about a mile and a half from Arroyo, and remained there until the 13th, when camp was broken and we marched to Guayama, where we at once took a position in the second line of battle ready to attack the Spanish works at that point.

"The batteries were in position, the guns were loaded, and the men waiting the order to 'begin firing,' when the message from Washington was received, notifying us to cease hostilities, peace had come.

"August 28th the battery left Guayama and started on the return trip to Ponce. That night we bivouacked at the Hacienda Carmen, after a march of twenty-seven miles through rain and mud. On the 29th we broke camp there and marched to Ponce. We made 47 miles in one and a half days, which is considered splendid time for artillery, when 20 miles per day is considered forced marching. We pitched camp just outside the city of Ponce, where we remained until September 7th, when we received orders to strike tents and march to Ponce Playa, and on the 8th we were on board the United States transport 'Conco,' and seven days later we arrived in that 'good old' New York Harbor, with a homeward-bound pennant 120 feet long streaming from the mainmast. We went alongside in Jersey City, and by ferry to Weehawken. We left there on the 16th for St. Louis, and upon our arrival went into camp once more at Jefferson Barracks. On the 22d, with

the exception of the guard, we were furloughed until the 20th of November, and on the 1st of December were mustered out of the United States service.

“Major Rodney, U. S. A., was in command of our battalion of artillery, composed of four batteries, namely, Battery B of Pennsylvania, 27th Indiana Battery, Battery A of Danville, Illinois, and Battery A of St. Louis. I was ‘lead driver on the Third Section caisson.’ ”

**FRANCIS NICOLL ZABRISKIE \***

**Twenty-second New York Volunteer Infantry.**

“In May I joined Company A of the 22d New York Volunteer Infantry. The regiment was then at Camp Black, at Hempstead. I served as private. The 22d was ordered in June to garrison the three forts at the mouth of Long Island Sound—Fort Slocum, Willetts Point and Fort Schuyler.

“The battalion to which I belonged was at Fort Schuyler. In September the regiment assembled at Fort Slocum, on David’s Island, where it remained until the 23d of November, when it was mustered out of the United States service:”

\* Deceased.

Chorus of the

# Ninety-Five March.

Composed and written for the Quinquennial Reunion, June 8-13-1900

Fac-Simile of the Original Music by L. F. Pease, '95, and  
words by H. E. White, '95.

The image displays a handwritten musical score for the chorus of the 'Ninety-Five March'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written in cursive below the vocal line. The first system includes the lyrics 'Oh, the people all stars and land by de class we want be. The best by', with a tempo marking 'Temp. de marche' and a dynamic marking 'mf'. The second system includes the lyrics 'for So we sing them the song, which marching a long to. Tell them just'. The third system includes the lyrics 'who - we are. pf. So listen and <sup>know</sup> we are the whole show and', with a dynamic marking 'sf.'. The piano accompaniment is written in a simplified style, using block chords and single notes.

Oh, the people all stars and land by de class we want be. The best by  
Temp. de marche mf

for So we sing them the song, which marching a long to. Tell them just

who - we are. pf. So listen and <sup>know</sup> we are the whole show and  
sf.

men to be in the game *and* com-in-to. ten to do things up

The first system of musical notation for 'The Ninety-Five March'. It consists of three staves. The top staff contains the melody with lyrics 'men to be in the game' and 'com-in-to. ten to do things up'. The middle and bottom staves provide harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking 'f' (forte) is present in the middle of the system.

learn, So. listen and hear our name Ninety-five - Ninety

The second system of musical notation. The top staff has lyrics 'learn, So. listen and hear our name' and 'Ninety-five - Ninety'. The accompaniment continues on the lower staves. A dynamic marking 'ff' (fortissimo) is visible in the middle of the system.

five win the great-est class a: live Jim a cheer.

The third system of musical notation. The top staff has lyrics 'five win the great-est class a: live' and 'Jim a cheer.'. The accompaniment continues on the lower staves.

Land and cheer Win the class of ninety five - Ninety-five

*marcato*

The fourth system of musical notation. The top staff has lyrics 'Land and cheer Win the class of ninety five - Ninety-five'. The bottom staff has the word 'marcato' written below it. The accompaniment continues on the lower staves.

## Vital Statistics.

	Married	Single	Total
Living members of the Class - - - -	137	107	244
Deceased members of the Class - - -	5	11	16
Total - -	142	118	260

	Boys	Girls	Total
Living children - - - - -	48	62	110
Deceased Children - - - - -	5	4	9
Total - -	53	66	119

## Comparative Statistics.

	No, of members	Married	Per cent. married	Children	Per cent. of children to marriages
Princeton '95 - -	260	142	55%	119	84%
Yale '95 - - - -	249	112	45%	78	70%
Pennsylvania '95 -	161	63	39%	47	76%
Columbia '95 - -	100	34	34%	24	70%

Mr. W. F. Atkinson, Secretary of Cornell '95, reported April 15, 1905, that the total number of men and women in his class was 644, of whom 193 had up to that time answered his requests for information. Of those who replied, 128 were married and had 125 children.

Mr. Albert H. Newman, Secretary of Harvard '95, wrote April 14, that it would be several weeks before he could obtain complete information about his class.

To Mr. Benj. I. Spock, Yale '95, Mr. John D. McMullin, Pennsylvania '95, and Mr. Frederick Coykendall, Columbia '95, I am indebted for the information about their classes which I have printed above.

# Summary.

**BUSINESS.** ..... 87

## Manufacturing and Commercial (62).

Auchincloss,	Green,	F. B. Morse,
Barr,	Hall,	Murphy,
Bissell,	C. L. Hamilton,	Pogue,
Bowman,	C. M. Hamilton,	Porter,
Brady,	Harris,	Richards,
Brooks,	Hencken,	Schumacher,
D. Q. Brown,	Hoagland,	D. Speer,
Bunting,	S. A. Hodge,	F. C. Speer,
Burns,	Illingworth,	Stockton,
Canby,	Imbrie,	Taylor,
Chapman,	James,	Thompson,
Darby,	Koch,	Trenchard,
J. T. Davis,	Kumler,	Upson,
Dilley,	La Fetra,	Valliant,
Dunlop,	Libby,	Warren,
Edwards,	Logan,	Weeks,
V. E. Egbert,	H. F. McCormick,	Westcott,
Fry,	S. R. McCormick,	Wherry,
Fulper,	McNitt,	G. White,
Furness,	Minott,	Wood.
Gould,	Mitchell,	

## Financial (22).

(Includes Banking, Brokerage and Insurance.)

Blair,	Herrick,	Post,
Borie,	Huntington,	Roe,
Buckingham,	Johnson,	Scovill,
H. L. Crawford,	Marsh,	Summers,
Davey,	Moses,	Vaughn,
Dechant,	Newbold,	Wheeler.
Foulke,	Perkins,	
Harding,	Phillips,	

## Transportation (3).

Cochran,	Roberts,	Wyman.
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**LAW.** ..... 55

Andrews,  
Arnold,  
E. G. Bergen,  
Biddle,  
Corwin,  
J. S. Crawford,  
Cresson,  
Dixon,  
Dray,  
Dunn,  
Farries,  
Fisher,  
Flemming,  
Frame,  
Harvey,  
J. Hayes,  
Hendrickson,  
Hirshfield,  
Hoos,

Hudson,  
Hunt,  
Hurst,  
Inch,  
Janvier,  
R. L. Kennedy,  
Leggate,  
Leidy,  
Loder,  
Lord,  
McCammon,  
Neill,  
H. Nelson,  
Nevin,  
Otheman,  
Parker,  
Payne,  
Platt,  
R. E. Ross,

T. Ross,  
Rutter,  
Sawyer,  
Seymour,  
Sinnickson,  
Snyder,  
Stewart,  
Thacher,  
Van Sellar,  
Waldo,  
Walker,  
Weiss,  
A. R. Wells,  
H. E. White,  
A. D. Williams,  
E. K. Wilson,  
Winfield.

**MINISTRY.** ..... 26

Bone,  
Bradshaw,  
Butler,  
Candee,  
Carter,  
Caton,  
Condit,  
Conrow,  
Cooke,

Craig,  
Dexter,  
Faris,  
Fisk,  
Furnajieff,  
Hardin,  
Harrison,  
Hatch,

Haynes,  
Koehler,  
F. W. Lewis,  
Lukens,  
McNulty,  
Master,  
Sherman,  
Smead,  
I. A. L. White.

**MEDICINE.** ..... 24

T. Bailey,  
Beveridge,  
Bradner,  
Cramer,  
W. Davis,  
Decker,  
Ewing,  
Foster,

Francis,  
Harlow,  
Holden,  
L. C. Kennedy,  
Loughran,  
Love,  
W. H. Morse,  
Otto,

Robertson,  
Shaw,  
Stone,  
Sutton,  
Wadhams,  
Ward,  
W. H. Wells,  
L. R. Williams.



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### **TEACHING. .... 12**

Cook, J. F. Crawford, Flint, Hartzler,	Huston, Irvine, MacColl, Park,	Sloane, Smith, Urban, Woodruff.
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### **CIVIL ENGINEERING. .... 9**

Barton, Gibbs, Kellermann,	A. H. Nelson, F. A. Norris, J. D. Paxton,	J. W. Paxton, Pierson, Poole.
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### **UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SERVICE. .... 6**

Belden, (Treasury Dep't), Elmer, (U. S. Navy),	J. W. Garrett, (Diplomatic Service), Nixon, (U. S. Army),	Paterson, (U. S. Army), A. M. Wilson, (U. S. Army).
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### **ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING. .... 5**

Carpenter, J. E. Hayes,	Jessup, Offutt,	R. L. Zabriskie.
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### **JOURNALISM. .... 4**

Carroll, Dale,	E. M. Norris,	Polcar.
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### **RANCHING. .... 3**

Drake,	H. L. Hodge,	Miller.
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### **MUSIC. .... 2**

Baird,	Pease.
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### **MINING. .... 2**

C. B. Lewis,	Poe.
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## Summary of Occupations.

501

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**CHEMISTRY.** ..... 1

R. W. Bailey.

**NO OCCUPATION [when last reported]**..... 7

Colby,  
Curtis,  
De Forest,

Hager,  
Leeds,

Reynolds,  
Slidell.

**UNKNOWN.** ..... 1

Teal.

**DECEASED MEMBERS.** ..... 16

H. M. Bergen,  
H. O. Brown,  
Clay,  
Cobb,  
E. D. Egbert,  
H. W. Garrett,

Holly,  
Howe,  
F. Kennedy,  
Kenyon,  
Lane,  
E. McCormick,

Munn,  
North,  
Seaver,  
F. N. Zabriskie.

**Total**..... 260

# Geographical Distribution in 1905.

*NOTE:—An asterisk (\*) following a name indicates that the “permanent address” is not the same as the place of business or present residence. In such cases refer to the detailed information printed above each of the letters in the body of the Record.*

*The Class Secretary believes that the following table will prove especially interesting to the members of the class when traveling, for it makes it possible to determine quickly the names of the '95 men in each city and town.*

<b>Alabama.</b>	<b>Colorado.</b>	<i>Wilmington,</i> Canby. Janvier.*
<i>Birmingham,</i> Park.*	<i>Boulder,</i> Buckingham.	<b>District of</b>
<i>Montgomery,</i> H. Nelson.	<b>Connecticut.</b>	<b>Columbia.</b>
<i>Wylam,</i> Park.*	<i>Ansonia,</i> Wood.	<i>Washington,</i> Elmer.*
<b>Alaska.</b>	<i>Bridgeport,</i> Marsh.	<i>La Fetra.</i> McCammon.
<i>Juneau,</i> Summers.	<i>Brooklyn,</i> Hatch.*	<i>Nixon.*</i> J. W. Paxton.*
<i>Skagway,</i> Harrison.	<i>Hartford,</i> Urban.	<i>A. M. Wilson.*</i>
<b>California.</b>	<i>New Haven,</i> Seovill.	<b>Florida.</b>
<i>Claremont,</i> Wherry.	<i>Southington,</i> Woodruff.*	<i>Yalaha,</i> Drake.
<i>Fort Miley,</i> Paterson.	<i>Willimantic,</i> Hatch.*	<b>Illinois.</b>
<i>Los Angeles,</i> C. B. Lewis.	<b>Delaware.</b>	<i>Chicago,</i> Burns.
<i>San Francisco,</i> Flint.	<i>New Castle,</i> Janvier.*	<i>Chapman.</i> Dray.
		<i>Harding.*</i> Hoagland.

Johnson. H. F. McCormick. S. McCormick. R. E. Ross. Rutter.*	<i>Cumberland,</i> Roberts.*	<b>Nevada.</b>
<i>Evanston,</i> Harding.*	<i>Govans,</i> Garrett.*	<i>Tonopah,</i> Poe.
<i>Highland Park,</i> Rutter.*	<i>Snow Hill,</i> E. K. Wilson.	<b>New Jersey.</b>
<i>Lake Forest,</i> Sloane.	<i>Towson,</i> Cook.	<i>Asbury Park,</i> Beveridge.
<i>Paris,</i> Van Sellar.	<b>Massachusetts.</b>	<i>Camden,</i> Cramer. Westcott.
<i>Peoria,</i> Carroll.	<i>Hancock,</i> Carpenter.*	<i>East Orange,</i> Davey.*
<b>Indiana.</b>	<i>New Bedford,</i> Richards.*	<i>Englewood,</i> Bradner. Platt.*
<i>Logansport.</i> Winfield.	<i>Northampton,</i> Butler.	<i>Flemington,</i> Fulper.
<b>Iowa.</b>	<i>Pittsfield,</i> Carpenter.*	<i>High Bridge,</i> Taylor.*
<i>Corning,</i> A. R. Wells.	<i>Stoughton,</i> Ewing.	<i>Jersey City,</i> Hendrickson. Hoos. W. H. Wells.
<i>Maquoketa,</i> Reynolds.	<b>Michigan.</b>	<i>Liberty Corner,</i> Condit.*
<b>Kansas.</b>	<i>Saginaw,</i> F. W. Lewis.	<i>Long Branch,</i> Conrow.* Shaw.
<i>Sabetha,</i> Fisk.	<b>Missouri.</b>	<i>Montclair,</i> Love.
<b>Kentucky.</b>	<i>Kansas City,</i> Thacher. Weeks.	<i>Newark,</i> Bissell. Holden. Illingworth.* Murphy. I. A. L. White.
<i>Lexington,</i> Warren.	<i>St. Louis,</i> Faris. Valliant. Wyman.	<i>Orange,</i> McNulty.*
<b>Louisiana.</b>	<b>Minnesota.</b>	<i>Plainfield,</i> Taylor.*
<i>New Orleans,</i> Offutt.	<i>St. Paul,</i> R. L. Kennedy.	<i>Princeton,</i> Belden.* Harris. E. M. Norris. J. D. Paxton.*
<b>Maryland.</b>	<b>Nebraska.</b>	
<i>Baltimore,</i> Harvey. Hurst. Lord.	<i>Grand Island,</i> J. F. Crawford.	
	<i>Omaha,</i> Polcar.	

J. W. Paxton.\*  
Stockton.

*Riverton,*  
Candee.\*

*South Orange,*  
Minott.\*

*Summit,*  
Libby.\*

*Trenton,*  
Dale.

Dixon.  
Hunt.\*  
Moses.\*  
Smith.

*Westfield,*  
Darby.\*

*West Orange,*  
Auchincloss.\*  
Condit.\*

**New Mexico.**

*Silver City,*  
H. L. Hodge.

**New York.**

*Albany,*  
Poole.\*

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Dexter.\*

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Andrews.\*

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C. M. Hamilton.\*

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Corwin.

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Barton.

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Pease.

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Auchincloss.\*  
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T. Bailey.

Belden.\*  
Bergen.

Bowman.  
Brown.

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Caton.

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Darby.\*

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Inch.

James.  
Koch.

Leeds.  
Libby.\*

Loder.\*  
Loughran.

McNulty.\*  
Minott.\*

F. B. Morse.  
Moses.\*

Nevin.

F. A. Norris.  
Otheman.

Parker.  
Perkins.

Phillips.  
Pierson.

Platt.\*  
Porter.

Post.  
Roe.

Sawyer.\*  
Schumacher.

Scovill.\*  
Sherman.\*

Slidell.  
F. C. Speer.

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Taylor.\*  
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L. R. Williams.  
Woodruff.\*

*Norwich,*  
Dexter.\*

*Nyack,*  
Sawyer.\*

*Port Chester,*  
Loder.\*

*Prattsburg,*  
Waldo.\*

*Rochester,*  
Poole.\*  
Waldo.\*  
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*Rye,*  
H. E. White.\*

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Lukens.

*Watkins,*  
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	Borie.*	Leidy.
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Pogue.	Baird.*	<i>Rochester,</i>
Thompson.	<i>Milford,</i>	Fry.
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Leggate.*	Biddle.*	Cooke.
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